

William Maurice McNabb



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German Drama

DRAMATISTS OF THE XVIIIth AND XIXth CENTURIES

1. GOLDONI.

2. GOZZI.

3. ALFIERI.

4. VOLTAIRE.

6. GOETHE.

7. SCHILLER.

8. HEINRICH KLEIST.

9. GRILLPARZER.

5. LESSING.

In this picture the French-Italian group of four figures is brilliantly harmonized. Goldoni (1), Gozzi (2) and Alfieri (3) are characteristic Italian types of differing physiognomic importance; Voltaire (4), reading from an open book, is also as talently pictured as Calderon in the previous picture seeking and hunting between the leaves. The great German dramatists at the right, Lessing (5), Goethe (6) and Schiller (7), are as regards likenesses highly idealized, while Heinrich Kleist (8) has been placed at the opposite end of them. Grillparzer (9) sits in the middle, "A Lonesome Man," with uplifted knee, head deep in thought, resting in the hand, holding the laurel wreath with his left.

German Drama

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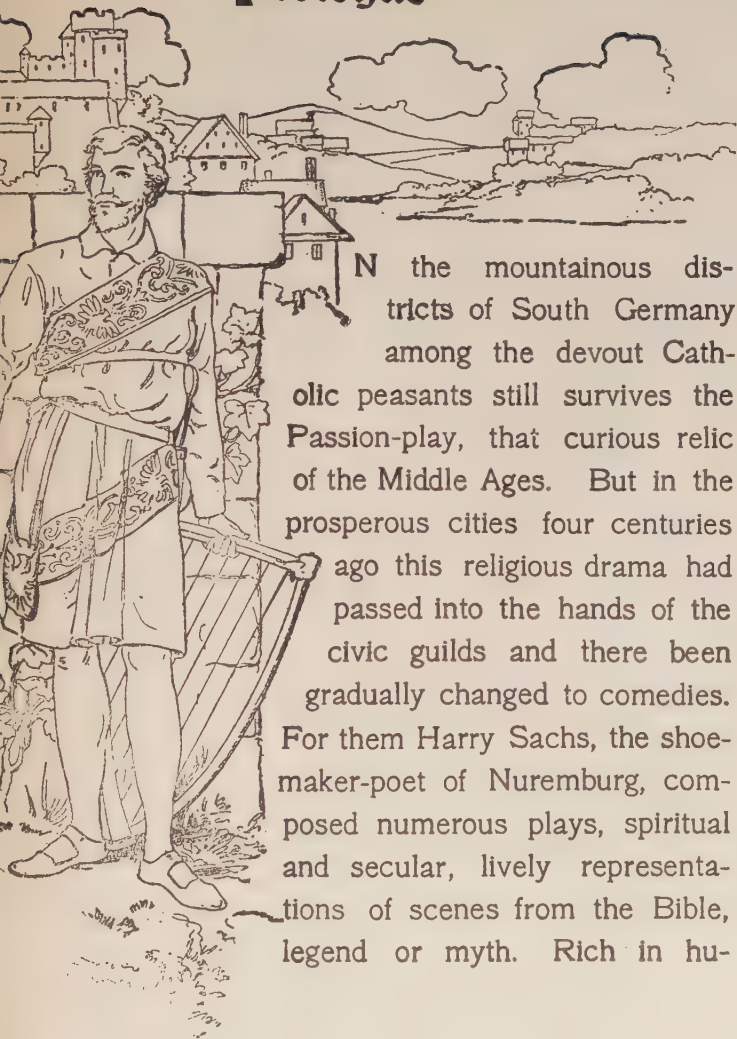
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Prologue



IN the mountainous districts of South Germany among the devout Catholic peasants still survives the Passion-play, that curious relic of the Middle Ages. But in the prosperous cities four centuries ago this religious drama had passed into the hands of the civic guilds and there been gradually changed to comedies. For them Harry Sachs, the shoemaker-poet of Nuremburg, composed numerous plays, spiritual and secular, lively representations of scenes from the Bible, legend or myth. Rich in hu-

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mor, they were highly acceptable to the burghers, whose views of life they expressed. But this popular drama, neglected and despised by the educated classes, fell into a deplorably low estate. Nor was it helped by the rude vigor and bloody combats imported by the strolling English comedians at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The intellectual ferment of the Reformation was lost in the atrocities of the Thrity Years' War. Princes, careless of literature, struggled for absolute power; the people, driven and slaughtered like cattle, submitted in sullen silence. Yet there was an occasional oasis in the dreary desert of literature. Opitz translated into German ancient tragedies and Italian pastorals. Gryphius brought comedies from Latin, French, Dutch and English. In high schools and universities Latin dramatic exercises were regularly performed. But these had no effect on the degenerate popular farces, half extemporized by the actors, as in the Italian *commedia dell' arte*. The privileged buffoon, Hans Wurst, was the lord of the comic stage.

But in the early part of the eighteenth century Leipsic became a literary and dramatic centre. Through the influence of Gottsched, French tragedy

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and comedy were accepted as models. He himself imitated Addison's *Cato* and Gellert wrote sentimental comedies. But the still more learned Lessing, interested in an attempt to establish a theatre at Hamburg, opposed the domination of French rules and vindicated the supremacy of Shakespeare. His first plays were domestic dramas appealing to patriotic sentiment; his last, *Nathan the Wise*, was broadly humanitarian.

Wieland began a translation of Shakespeare. Then came a period of dramatic extravagance known as *Sturm und Drang* (Storm and Stress), taking its name from a play bearing that title. The author, Von Klinger, was but one of a group of Shakespeare-worshippers who made little effort to harmonize their imitations with the requirements of art.

Then we come to the time of the great Schiller, the most popular of all German dramatists, with a genius second only to that of the giant Goethe, to whose plays, however, his own were preferred by the masses of the people, who could not fully understand the meaning of Goethe's writings, especially of his *Faust*. Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*, his masterpiece, is given at the end

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of the volume, as also is Schiller's *Wallenstein's Camp*; for the Wallenstein trilogy is in tragedy what the other play is in comedy—the strongest production of each. Hans Sach's admirable farce, *Raising the Devil*, one of his most amusing pieces, is also given, and there is Müllner's powerful Fate drama, the *Twenty-fourth of February*, formerly one of the most popular tragedies on the German stage.

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German Drama.

PART I.

I

Before the Thirty Years' War.

The Renaissance came very late in Germany, for such was the coarseness of the age, at the close of the mediæval period, that only the industrial arts could attain to any importance. German industry and trade had reached a wonderful degree of prosperity, and German discoveries had almost changed the face of the world. Among them were the arts of printing, engraving and wood cutting, which were directly advantageous to literature and intellectual life; but jealousy between the nobility and the bourgeois classes had produced civil wars, and the antagonism of parties had weakened the power of the nation. Amid such a struggle there was no room for the fine and liberal arts, poetry and the drama being almost neglected, in common with painting, sculpture and architecture. From the thirteenth century, when the epics of chivalry came to an end, until the seventeenth, not a single poem was produced which could satisfy the most elementary claims with regard to purity of form. Versification degenerated

into a mechanical counting of syllables, and even the language was barbarously mutilated. While dramatic spectacles were much in favor, there was no drama of any artistic value. Humorous realism of the Aristophanic type was most in accord with the tastes of the time; but there was no Aristophanes. The manners of the age were essentially coarse and licentious. Of women, who had been worshipped as saints in the days of the Hohenstaufen, all possible evil was said, and many were burned as witches. Shamelessness reigned supreme, and refinement had given way to vulgarity and coarseness.

The Renaissance.

At length the example of other European literatures, and especially of Italy and France, began to be felt in Germany. Poetry passed into the hands of scholars, who imparted regularity and purity to language and metre. At this period the lower classes were the audience for whom poets and dramatists wrote; for in the centres of intellectual life the plebeians were in power, and gave the tone to all the literature of the time. The popular song, the story, the comic anecdote, and, above all, the drama now attained greater prominence. The nobility cared only for romance, and when, in the seventeenth century, they began to take an interest in poetry, the drama still continued to follow the tastes of the people. Meanwhile, however, the character of the masses had changed. Toward the close of the middle ages we find them increasingly frivolous, but after the Reformation, increasingly serious. In earlier times

they had laughed at the devil; in later times they regarded him with terror. It is with a portion of this era, from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, that the present chapter is concerned.

Religious Origin of Drama.

As with other nations, the origin of the German drama is essentially religious, and nowhere did dramatic spectacles exercise a greater power over the minds of men. One of the oldest plays of which there is any record was founded on the parable of the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." The latter are children of the world, who play and amuse themselves, thinking they will still be in time for the feast; but the Lord refuses them admission, and even Mary's intercession cannot move him; they are carried off by devils, and break into heart-rending lamentations. The story is that this piece was represented at Eisenach, in 1322, before the landgrave, Frederick of Thuringia. When he saw that even Mary's efforts could not help the guilty, he was filled with despair and anger, and said: "What avails, then, the Christian faith? Will God not have mercy on us for the sake of Mary and all the saints?" And he went to the Wartburg and was unconscious for five days or more, and then was seized by a stroke and died.

Scriptural Subjects.

Dramatic spectacles produced a deeper impression on the mind than could ever be attained by the sermon.

The clergy knew this well, and therefore they cultivated the religious drama, till at last it became independent of their control and served more for amusement than for edification. So far as we know, the parables of the New Testament were seldom used as dramatic themes before the Reformation. In the Old Testament the stories of Joseph in Egypt, of the Judgment of Solomon, and of Susanna, were favorite subjects for plays. Sacred legends furnished the stories of Mary's Ascension, of the Finding of the Cross, of St. Dorothy, St. Katharine, St. George and Theophilus, while church history supplied the character of Pope Joan. But the starting-point of all these plays, the origin of the Christian drama, is to be traced to the dramatic embellishment of the church festivals. Ancient and simple ceremonies were developed into complete dramatic representations. A manger behind the altar, a boy as an angel announcing the birth of Christ, other boys as shepherds coming to adore at the manger,—these were the germs of the Christian play, which in later elaborations extended from the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament to the massacre of the Innocents, and ended with the heartrending cries of the mothers of Bethlehem. The Passion plays arose from the custom of reading aloud, during Passion week, the Gospel accounts of the sufferings of Christ, and assigning to various persons the sayings and dialogues occurring in the narrative, the performance usually ending with the entombment. The Church festival of Easter gave rise to the Resurrection plays. Tableaux vivants of the Creation, the Fall and the Redemption were an adjunct of

the procession of Corpus Christi day, and thus arose the Corpus Christi plays.

Stage Setting.

The Passion plays and Easter plays might be united into one, and would then extend, perhaps, from the baptism of Christ in Jordan to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In the fifteenth century these plays often attained a length of 8000 rhymed lines; they lasted for three or four days, and about 300 people were employed to take part in them. The oldest religious plays had been in Latin, but now only a few traditional Latin hymns reminded people of their original form. At first, as in England, the Church was the scene of these representations; but later a stage was erected in the open air. While the earlier plays had many points of resemblance with the opera, predominance was afterward given to spoken dialogue, written in prose-like couplets. Dramatic art was as imperfect as the scenic appliances. The stage, or more often the playground about which the spectators gathered, was generally supposed to represent a plan of the city, or a map of the country; the actors had no entrances and exits; each had his fixed station, from which he advanced when taking part in the action, and to which he retired when his lines were spoken. Later, scenic decoration was not entirely neglected; a tree, a pillar or a table was introduced, a garden was hedged in or a temple set up; heaven was represented by a scaffolding, to which a ladder gave access, and in a distant corner the very

jaws of hell were seen to yawn. But in the fifteenth century hell had still to be represented by a barrel; a barrel, too, was the pinnacle of the temple, and another barrel stood for the high mountain where Christ was tempted by Satan. Many years might elapse in a few moments without the ending of the act; everything was represented in detail, and there was no idea of concentration. The trouble of any dramatic exposition was simply avoided by making each actor announce what part he was taking. The dramatist treated his subject like an epic writer, and his work was simply a narrative in action.

Similar features may be traced in all these plays throughout the whole of Germany. Like the *Nibelungenlied*, the story of the Wartburg contest, and other popular poems, they arrived at their present form through the elaboration of simple incidents and the collection of the same by the hands of various poets. None of these writers sought his own fame by his work, and few of their names are known to us. Not one of them felt any scruple in borrowing from his predecessors, or taking literal transcriptions of epic poems. Truth in costume and accessories was as little an object with mediæval dramatists as it was with the artists of the fifteenth century; and, indeed, the latter simply transferred to their canvas the impressions which they received from these religious spectacles. As the poets of the ninth century had blended feudal ideas with the life of Christ, so now a bourgeois conception prevailed, and Jerusalem became a mediæval German town in the imagination of German poets and painters.

The noblest poetic features which the drama added to the Biblical narrative date from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, an epoch imbued with poetical sentiment, and which made its influence felt, also, in this sphere of literature. Mary Magdalene is the favorite figure of the dramatists of that period; she is represented as a child of the world, who is converted, and even in her sinful life her character is not without charm. Again, many touching traits were invented in connection with Christ's mother. For instance, in some of the Passion plays Judas has hardly put away the thirty pieces of silver when he is met by Mary, who calls him her dearest friend, and unsuspectingly confides her son to his care. On the way to Calvary she hears the blows of the hammer with which Christ is being nailed to the cross. In her unceasing lamentations the pathetic and the horrible are closely mingled.

Comic Characters.

In the fifteenth century the delight in comic characters becomes greater, and the audacity which would introduce them even into religious plays more marked. The Jews are the victims not only of hatred, but also of ridicule. Thus Judas is made to weigh the blood-money, coin by coin, and the men on watch at the grave are depicted as cowardly braggarts. The dealer from whom the three Marys buy spices had long been represented as a Jewish quack-doctor; in the later plays he receives the addition of a branded thief as his servant and a quarrelsome woman as his wife, with whom he is

constantly fighting. The race between Peter and John to the grave is also treated in a humorous spirit, and the later religious plays generally are full of coarse fun of this kind.

But the devil was the privileged comic character and intrigant *par excellence* in the popular religious drama. His part was continually enlarged; the hosts of hell grew more numerous, the names of the devils more and more eccentric. Chosen representatives of the various classes are brought into the presence of Lucifer; there is the usurer, the monk, the witch and the robber. Lucifer imposes a punishment on cheating craftsmen, but a priest who has been dragged into hell is able to drive even the devil into a corner by the vapor of incense and by his curses, and then easily sets himself free. We see that the serious spirit of the early Eisenach play had completely vanished.

Theophilus and Pope Joan.

The legends of Theophilus and Pope Joan were favorite subjects of the religious drama. Theophilus is a priest who has handed himself over into the power of the devil by a bond, in which he renounces God and the Virgin Mary; afterward, however, he is moved by a sermon and repents. The Virgin herself espouses his cause, and succeeds in moving her son to mercy and in compelling the devil to give up the bond. Pope Joan is an English girl, who goes to Paris disguised in man's clothes, accompanied by a priest, her lover. She is made a doctor there and a cardinal in Rome, and finally

rises to the papacy. At last she is unmasked with shame, and is seized by the devils in hell, whence, however, she is freed by the intercession of Mary and St. Nicholas. This subject was treated by Theodorich Schernberg in his play, *Frau Jutta*, produced in 1480.

At this time the devil also played an important part in German farce. Old German comedy never attained to anything higher than farce. Bodily deformities, indecencies of all kinds, beatings, scoldings and curses, comic surnames, speeches in foreign languages, verbal misunderstandings, literal interpretations of figurative expressions, bombastic speeches—these were the means by which the wit of this age satisfied the taste of a laughter-loving audience.

Moralities.

The German religious drama is divided into the same classes as the French; in this branch of literature, also, France set the fashion, both in the general spirit and in the details of execution. Germany, as well as France, produced Mysteries, Moralities, Farces and Sotties. The Mysteries or Miracle plays were derived from the Old and New Testaments, or from sacred legend or history, including the Trojan cycle.

The Moralities included New Testament parables, disputations, as between Synagogue and Church, or Life and Death, and other pieces with allegorical characters or personified abstractions. The dance of Death, which Holbein has immortalized, is the picture of a Morality play in which Death was made to fetch away the various

ranks or periods of life, one after another, to the dance, and to hold a short dialogue with each.

Farces.

Farces were frequently written in the form of a legal trial; they chiefly deal with questions of love and marriage, and the scene is usually laid in the present. But they also draw their materials from the Arthurian legends, from the poetry of the gleemen, and from that of Niedhart, or from classical, Italian and German tales. We meet with the heroes of the Rosengarten, with Dietrich von Bern, the dwarf-king Laurin, Solomon and Markolf, Aristotle and Phyllis, the Emperor and the Abbot, as in Bürger's ballad of that name.

Carnival-Plays.

The Sottie, or clown-play, was acted on Carnival-night, the day before the beginning of Lent. It originated in processions of maskers, young people going dressed up from house to house and acting small pieces, in return for which they expected hospitality to be shown them. In the simplest form of these plays each person merely recited a speech, in which he satirically characterized the class which he typified. Lovers, women, rustics, penitents and quack-doctors were favorite subjects for ridicule. Sometimes there is a central character round which the others are grouped; for instance, in one farce, a maiden makes fools of a number of men, while in another the foolish lovers all appear

before Lady Venus. Dialogues might be introduced, and we even find traces sometimes of a definite plot, as, for instance, when one maiden is wooed by representatives of various classes, and ends by taking a clerk. These farces are marked by a coarseness and indecency almost beyond conception; for this license, which is often apologized for at the end of the piece, was a special feature of the Carnival.

But the German Carnival-play was not confined to Sotties. The four classes of drama enumerated above were not so strictly distinguished from each other in Germany as in France. The whole of the German secular drama of the fifteenth century may be classed under the head of Carnival-plays. All the plays which were not connected with the church festivals—farces, moralities, and even the secular mysteries—were probably represented on Shrove Tuesday, and we have evidence that even Biblical pieces, like the judgment of Solomon, were acted on the last night of the Carnival. The terrible prophecy of Antichrist was treated in a comic manner, and used to ridicule the clergy, Antichrist being considered as the lord of Shrove Tuesday. Carnival and Lent were personified and made to bring accusations against each other; or various classes would lament over Carnival-night, which leads them into excesses that they afterward regret.

The festival of Carnival-night was an institution of bourgeois origin, and it was in the great towns that it was most faithfully observed. Moralities were produced, we know, from Revel on the Baltic to Basle in modern Switzerland. Lübeck also preferred more seri-

ous plays for Carnival-night. Nürnberg, on the contrary, seems to have been the centre of comic revelry, and it is there alone that writers of Carnival-plays are mentioned by name, as Hans Rosenblut and Hans Folz. Rosenblut was chief gunmaker of the town of Nürnberg; Folz came from Worms, and was a surgeon and barber. Both may be considered as forerunners of the celebrated shoemaker and maistersinger Hans Sachs, who also lived in Nürnberg, and, like them, wrote many Carnival-plays, mastersongs and serious or comic poems in short rhymed couplets.

Roman Comedies.

In a few farces the German drama of the fifteenth century attained something approaching to a regular plot; but it was the German classical scholars who first gave the drama a stricter form. They made the students at the universities perform Roman comedies, and they themselves wrote Latin plays. The best of these, Reuchlin's *Henno*, is derived from a genuine French farce, *Maitre Pathelin*, which in turn owes its origin to the masques of Italian comedy.

Maitre Pathelin, a lawyer, cheats a merchant in a transaction about some cloth, and succeeds by a trick in obtaining the acquittal of a shepherd who has been justly accused by the same merchant, advising his client to answer nothing but *baa* to all questions put to him in court. But when Pathelin demands his fee, the shepherd again answers *baa* and runs away.

Reuchlin was not very successful in his treatment of

the subject; he imitated Terence, and perhaps from his own knowledge of Italian comedy introduced the character of the soothsayer. But, thanks to the good source from which the play is drawn, it stands far above the mass of Latin and German comedies even of the sixteenth century; it was translated by Hans Sachs, and there are two other translations or adaptations of it. Gottsched was not far wrong, especially from the standpoint of his own achievements, in calling this play a masterpiece.

In the fifteenth century Roman comedy was revived in modern European literatures, and we meet with Plautus and Terence in German garb. Unfortunately, the first efforts in this direction remained also the best. Canon Albrecht von Eyb translated two comedies of Plautus, the *Menæchmi* and *Bacchides*; but they did not appear till long after his death, and were then printed as an appendix to his *Spiegel der Sitten*, or *Mirror of Morals*, in 1511. He wrote them in an easy flowing prose, gave German names to the heroes and heroines of Plautus, and put German sentiments in the mouth of his Heinzes, Lutzes and Barbes; he replaced the maxims and expressions of the Roman dramatist by German proverbs and popular illustrations, and thus Germanized these favorite old Latin comedies.

But these promising beginnings led no further. Albrecht von Eyb had written an original prose-work on marriage, and dedicated it to the chief magistrate of Nürnberg; but neither as an original writer nor as a translator was his example followed by the play-writers of Nürnberg. The German drama retained its monot-

onous doggerel couplets, and was thus cut off from all natural freedom of speech and from all the charms of an artistically constructed dialogue. But notwithstanding these and other imperfections the drama was by far the most influential form of poetry in the fourteenth and earlier fifteenth centuries, and a certain tendency to dramatic treatment is noticeable in all branches of poetry at that period.

Three Classes of Plays.

Thus far the German drama, whether in the North or South, whether religious or secular, had been confined to a few forms, and all these early plays might be divided into three classes. They either had many characters and displayed an epic breadth of treatment, like the Passion plays of the fifteenth century, or they were short and sketchy, like most of the Carnival-plays, or they were constructed after the stricter models of ancient comedy. The first two groups of plays were popular; the dramas of the third class were *schul-dramen*, acted at the various schools and universities by the scholars and students. The popular plays were written only in German, the school plays in German or Latin. The link between the popular drama and the modern German drama is to be found in the Latin plays based on classical models. Terence was read in the schools, was acted in the original by the scholars and imitated by the teachers. A multitude of translations of Terence appeared in the sixteenth century, and the numerous Latin imitations of the same poet were

either translated into German or copied in the mother tongue.

Influence of the Reformation.

The Reformation, by improving the schools, gave a new stimulus to the school plays. Every German gymnasium dating from that period has its theatrical history, though but little is known of it. Luther was no enemy of the drama; on the contrary, he believed that it was represented in the Old Testament; he thought that the books of *Judith* and *Tobit* were originally plays, the former a tragedy, the latter a comedy. He recognized in Terence's plays a fair reflection of the outer world, and favored the representation of them as a good exercise in language. He considered the Religious drama as an instrument for spreading evangelical truth, and only required that it should be serious and moderate in tone, not farcical, as it had been under the papacy. The Church festival plays, especially the Christmas plays, were continued under the Protestant régime; the genuine Passion plays alone were banished from within the sphere of Luther's immediate influence, for he disapproved of the sentimental view of Christ's sufferings. Those dramas, too, which were founded on sacred legends—*lugenden*, or *lyings*, they were termed by the controversialists—were banished by the Protestants. On the other hand, the drama acquired a great increase of material through the popularity of the Bible, and all parts of the Scriptures were ransacked to furnish subjects for plays. A great number of polemical dramas, written with a Protestant bias, were

also produced, closely resembling in character those satirical dialogues which were called forth in such numbers by the Reformation. Sometimes a polemical coloring was given to an already existing subject; sometimes the polemical element was confined to the moral which was at that time appended to every play.

The various dramatic forms of the fifteenth century can still be clearly distinguished. But the school drama only recognized tragedy and comedy, and in doubtful cases tragi-comedy. The popular Carnival-play formed a class by itself; the *Sottie*, or clown-play proper, became rarer, but, to make up for this, in some districts the clown and his jokes made their way even into the Biblical plays, notwithstanding Luther's disapproval. The farces received important additions from comic tales and jest-books; the *Moralities* from the parables of the New Testament; the *Mysteries* from the history of the children of Israel, from the life of Christ and the apostles, and from the current tales and novels. German history contributed but little material to the drama of this epoch. As in the fifteenth century, play-writers seldom tried to be original in their choice of material, and did not hesitate to make use of former plays on the same subject, the earliest dramatic version of a story often becoming the model for all succeeding ones.

Dramas based upon the story of the Prodigal Son always introduced flattering parasites, after the manner of Terence, and described profligate life, or else they attacked an effeminate and indulgent education, sometimes with a special application to student life at the universities. The stories of Rebecca and of Tobias fur-

nished an opportunity for dwelling on the beauty of family life, courtship and marriage; the parable of Dives and Lazarus brought forward the subject of social inequality; Judith and Holofernes were made to suggest Turks and Christians.

Hans Sachs.

In the sixteenth century Nürnberg, the eye and ear of Germany, as Luther termed it, set the fashion for other towns, and was regarded as the classic home of the Carnival-play. But from the days of Hans Sachs, whose first piece was written in 1516, Nürnberg dramatists ranged far beyond the old farces. Sachs surpassed all his contemporaries in fertility and artistic power; for there was no province in which he did not try his hand, no interest of the time which did not find an echo in his writings; yet in his versification he persistently adhered to the worst traditions of the close of the middle ages. He had no idea that there could be any fixed relation between matter and form, and in no writer of the sixteenth century is the want of æsthetic culture which characterizes the epoch so apparent. At the same time, he is not incapable of artistic composition, and we may even say that he is the greatest poetical genius that had appeared in Germany since the Minnesingers. Although a Protestant, he had not the combative temperament of a Hutten or a Manuel; his poetry was not inspired by indignation, and he retained his poetical composure in the midst of the troublous times in which he wrote. His power of

easy creation resulted from the peacefulness of his nature; he looked on the world with an untroubled glance, and could enter into his life with a sympathy free from all egotism. What he himself observed he was also able to reproduce in words; but he endeavored to represent many things which had never fallen under his observation, and he made the mistake of thinking that every form of poetry was suitable for every theme. He treated many of his subjects in lyrics and in epic rhymed couplets, as well as in dramatic form. It is a pity that he did not likewise treat them in prose, for his Reformation pamphlets show us that in prose writing he commands a clear and flexible style.

Hans Sachs made use of all forms of literature in his efforts to diffuse information on various subjects; he was a real teacher of the people, and his teaching was of a comforting and conciliatory character, springing from his own kind and gentle nature. He always unites description and reflection; he is a master of description, and makes use of it on every possible occasion, but his reflections are for the most part trivial. He pictures graphically to himself all the scenes which are within his power of imagination. As an instance of this may be mentioned his story of the peddler who goes to sleep in a wood, and has his wares plundered and his clothes damaged by apes. The heat, the weary peddler, the quiet of the wood, the shade, the cool spring inviting to rest, the dream which conjures up before his eyes a vision of the village festival and of large receipts; the devastation caused by the apes, and the exact contents of the basket ransacked by them—all this is most vividly

described. He does not think of telling us at the outset what the peddler's pack contained; we only learn it when the things themselves come to light, action thus taking the place of mere description. In other cases, too, we notice that he tries to give his story a poetic form. Thus, when wishing to describe the latest victories of Charles V, he pictures himself as coming one day into Nürnberg from the country to make purchases, as seeing with astonishment many signs of festal rejoicing, and at length asking an explanation from an old man, who then gives him a short narrative of the events.

In his tales and dramas Sachs frequently endeavors to connect action with motive and to develop character; but he as frequently neglects this altogether, or attempts it only in the most superficial manner. He does not go so far as summarily to dismiss his characters from the stage when he no longer requires them there, but the reasons for their exit are often very insufficient. He divides his comedies and tragedies into acts, but the number of acts is quite capricious, and the division is often made at a most unfitting place. He twice dramatized the pretty story of Eve's good and bad children being examined by God in the doctrines of faith, and some of them answering badly in their examination. Each version has its special merits, but in the second the close of the act is made in the midst of the examination, where it is utterly out of place. With regard to his character-drawing, it is in treating serious subjects that Hans Sachs furnishes us with truly individual personalities, for then he draws them from his own experience. He represents in a touching manner the banishment of

Adam and Eve from Paradise, and effectually enlists our sympathies on the side of our first parents, whom affliction only binds more closely together. Specially charming is his description of Eve's naive fear of God, whose visits alarm her; and of Adam as a father, instructing his boys how to behave before the good God, how to take off their caps, to bow and to give their hand. In Cain, the poet has given us an excellent picture of a naughty boy. The impetuosity and imprudence of the porter of Heaven, St. Peter, are drawn with inimitable humor in all Sach's farces and dramas. Frequently he paints not individuals, but types, like the masks of Italian comedy; in this he was influenced by the German poetry of the day, whose strength lay in satirical caricature. One or more of these typical figures regularly appears in every farce—the Catholic priest and his housekeeper, the cheating landlord, the wicked and quarrelsome old dame, the sharp-witted wandering scholar, the unfaithful wife, the jealous husband and many others. In his invention of dramatic situations, striking speeches and comic scenes, as in his creation of characters, the poet has certain fixed models at his disposal, which he further embellishes by traits drawn from his own observation.

Sachs' literary activity extended from 1514 to 1569. According to his own reckoning he had by the year 1567 written 4,275 master-songs, 208 dramas, 1,558 comic stories, fables, histories, figures, comparisons, allegories, dreams, visions, lamentations, controversial dialogues, psalms and religious songs, street and tavern songs, and a few prose dialogues—in all, 6,048 pieces,

large or small. It is in his farces and fables that he best satisfies the requirements of art; he is less happy in his Carnival-plays, and still less in his other dramas. His first tragedies, *Lucretia* and *Virginia*, dealt with stories of Roman liberty. It was not till 1533 that he turned his attention to the Scriptural drama, and not till 1545 that he began dramatizing tragic subjects drawn from tales, especially from Boccaccio. The period of his greatest dramatic activity falls between 1550 and 1560; in these years he wrote plays in bulk, seizing alike on Scriptural, classical or romantic subjects. He represents throughout the sketchy style of drama; he only gives slight outlines, and does not develop, but compresses.

Hans Sachs died in 1576, in the eighty-first year of his age. Through his influence the Nürnberg school of dramatic art became the example not only for the towns in the immediate neighborhood, but also for Magdeburg, Augsburg, Breslau and Strassburg. And even in the present-day relics of his dramas may still be found in the plays acted by the German peasants of upper Bavaria, as far as Hungary and Silesia. In those districts they have survived like popular songs.

Luther's Circle.

A short time after Hans Sachs had begun to cultivate the Scriptural drama, and about the time when the German Bible was finished, several Biblical dramas and others written with a fixed purpose were produced in Luther's immediate circle. Joachim Greff wrote seven or more such plays, none of which show anything

worthy of remark. Johann Agricola, of Eisleben, a collector of proverbs, wrote the tragedy of *John Huss*. Paul Rebhun tried to improve the technique and versification of the drama, dividing his pieces into five acts, and making each act end with a chorus. His endeavors in this direction were continued by other play-writers. Lastly, there was Thomas Naogeorg, who ranks highest as a writer of dramas with a Protestant bias. It is true he only wrote in Latin, but his plays were often translated, among others by his faithful disciple, Johannes Chryseus

Naogeorg.

Thomas Naogeorg came from Bavaria, and was for a time pastor at Kahla in Thuringia, a disagreement between himself and Luther forcing him to give up his living. His first work, published in 1538, represents the pope, under the name of Pammachius, as Antichrist and as an ally of the devil. The second, *Mercator*, introduces us to a dying merchant, who can find no relief in all the Roman Catholic means of salvation, but to whom St. Paul's doctrine of justification by faith at length brings comfort and peace. His third play, *Incendia*, was written to ridicule duke Heinrich of Brunswick, against whom Luther was at the same time writing a pamphlet. Naogeorg also made a detailed study of the character of Haman in a drama directed against bad ministers, hostile to the Gospel; he depicted Jeremiah in his conflict with idolatry, and branded in the person of Judas Iscariot all traitors to the Protestant cause.

Naogeorg confined his personages, as far as possible,

to male characters. His art did not improve, but rather deteriorated with advancing age; he worked hastily and superficially; his pieces are full of dramatic defects, and he did not keep the requirements of the stage sufficiently in view. But his first dramas are full of Aristophanic scenes, and exhibit a mixture of the terrible and the grotesque, which cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence on all who come in contact with them. His disciple, Chryseus, in his *Hofteufel*, chose the prophet Daniel as his hero, but filled the play with allusions to contemporary events and interests. Daniel is represented as the ideal of a Protestant pastor, and the idolatry which he scorns is called "thoroughly Roman." The "court-devil," who wishes to ruin him, is a venerable priest in a monk's robe, and his allies are some of them bishops, cardinals, or other high dignitaries of the church.

The works of Luther's immediate circle belong to the class of school-plays founded on Terentian models. This kind of drama gradually spread over the whole of North Germany, and acquired fresh vigor from its competition with the Jesuits. The latter had speedily detected the importance of the drama in its effect on the national life. Through their influence considerable improvement was made not only in the composition but also in the performance of popular plays. But the partisans of the Reformation were equally zealous, and at times surpassed them. About 1540 we find writers in Berlin making efforts in the direction of original literary production; but Prussia, Pomerania, Mecklenburg, Brunswick and Westphalia were not fully roused to activity

till after the conclusion of the peace of Augsburg, or even considerably later.

Frischlin.

The chief dramatist of this later epoch was again a South German, Nicodemus Frischlin, of Tübingen, who wrote classical comedies, mostly in Latin; they were produced between 1576 and 1585, and were first performed before the court of Stuttgart. The plots are feeble and full of glaring improbabilities; the comic characters alone show any attempt at character-drawing, and the dialogue is disjointed and artificial. Nevertheless, Frischlin has many happy ideas and a decided comic talent, especially in introducing the slaves and swaggering parasites of Roman comedy. In his *Rebecca* he turns Ishmael into a boisterous youngster, whom he draws to the life; *Susanna* is a satire directed against lawyers and inn-keepers; another of his plays describes the life and ways of beggars and tramps. In one piece, the idea of which is quite original, he describes the tortures which the Roman grammarian Priscian suffers at hearing the corrupt mediæval Latin, and takes occasion to sing the praises of Melancthon as a philologist. A second original work glorifies Luther and the Wurtemberg reformer, Branz, while Zwingli, Karlstadt, Schwenkfeld and the council of Trent are represented as carried off by the devil. In a third, and that the best of all, he represents Cæsar and Cicero as arriving in Germany from the lower world, and being filled with amazement at the glory of the German nation, with its gunpowder,

its art of printing, its empire and its modern Latin poetry, while they are confounded at the condition of two of their own countrymen, a Savoyard peddler and an Italian chimney-sweep. Frischlin gives dramatic expression to three great features of the age: the classical Latin, the Lutheran faith, and the patriotic rivalry with the Romance races. He has none of the passion and bitterness of Naageorg; his view of life is more serene, and his poetry rests on the firm basis of an established order of things. His spirit was not cramped by the daily conflict of a new idea gradually and with difficulty struggling into recognition.

English Plays and Players.

Frischlin's plays extend almost to that period when the more highly developed dramatic poetry of England was destined to exercise a powerful influence on the German drama. The German actors of the sixteenth century, whether scholars or students, whether master-singers or simple bourgeois, were mere dilettanti. In England the art of acting had already been developed to a point which was soon to do justice even to the creations of a Shakespeare. Moreover the dramatic writers who preceded Shakespeare possessed a fair measure of that art in which he surpassed them all. They knew how to choose powerful subjects from all quarters, and as soon as the German book of *Faust* appeared in 1587, Christopher Marlowe converted it into a masterly tragedy. About that time some English players entered the service of a German prince, and

shortly after 1590 they became a recognized institution at two of the German courts. Duke Heinrich Julius of Brunswick and the landgrave Maurice of Hesse each kept a troupe of English players, and each wrote plays for his companies. The landgrave's productions have been lost, but the duke's are still extant. Doubtless the Englishmen soon learned German, for it was their custom to make long tours, and they probably recruited their forces from native talent. Their stage was no longer that of the popular dramas of the fifteenth century, which had hitherto been retained throughout Germany, but resembled in principle that of modern theatres. It consisted of a raised platform as the scene of action, having an opening in the floor from which devils and spirits might ascend. This stage was the scene of murders and executions, of martyrdoms and sudden deaths, of duels, battles and conflagrations. Gorgeous processions were made to pass across it; guns were discharged and fireworks let off with plenty of noise and smoke. There was also an abundance of music and singing, trumpeting and drumming, and the jests and pranks of the clowns ran through all. The utmost realism was aimed at in representation, and no efforts were spared to move the audience to tears and laughter.

Jacob Ayrrr.

Jacob Ayrrer of Nürnberg was one of the leading followers of the English school, and attempted to graft its dramatic art on the style of Hans Sachs. His sixty-nine plays included tragedies, comedies, Carnival-plays

and operatic plays, the last a novelty introduced from abroad. But his productions are far inferior to those of Hans Sachs; he revels in scenic effects, writes in uncouth rhymed couplets, and in his plots seldom rises above a mechanical level.

Duke Julius.

Duke Heinrich Julius showed much more originality and more discrimination in borrowing. He adopted from the English dramas their prose form and the ever-present clown, although the latter was not entirely unknown in earlier German plays. The duke's play of *Susanna* is borrowed from Frischlin's drama of the same name; his *Vincentius Ladislaus* is the capitano of Italian farce, the loquacious, bragging, lying and cowardly soldier. His farces are simply comic tales in dramatized form. It is only in the tragedy of *The Prodigal Son* that he reminds us of the horrors which formed so favorite an element in the earlier English plays.

Classical Plays.

Toward the close of the century several translations were made of the Scotch poet Buchanan's Biblical dramas, which set the example of treating sacred subjects in the severer style of classical tragedy, especially in the manner of Seneca. About 1600 Buchanan's example began to be followed by poets of central Germany and of the Upper Rhine, who in their Latin plays observed the unities of time and place. On the other

hand, we find that at the annual theatrical representations given by the Strassburg academy-theatre, then held in great repute, the ancient dramas were produced together with entirely modern pieces. Plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes and Plautus were acted together with those of Naogeorg and Frischlin. One dramatist even had the audacity to modernize the *Ajax* of Sophocles, and to represent things on the stage which in the Greek play are only reported. A number of new pieces were also put on the stage, the most remarkable being *Saul*, by an unknown writer, and the works of Kaspar Brüllov of Strassburg. All show an improvement in style, a greater mastery of the means of dramatic effect and a more intricate plot.

The Drama in the Sixteenth Century.

While the earlier German drama, even down to Frischlin's time, had always inclined to comedy, we now find tragedy more and more in favor. The comic element was not, however, entirely banished; for farcical episodes were countenanced in tragedies, especially through the introduction of peasants speaking their own uncouth dialect. Comic interludes were now made into regular underplots; thus, side by side with the marriage of Isaac and Rebecca the dramatist would introduce a story of rustic married life, drawn with great fidelity to nature. A change also took place in the choice of subjects; secular topics came more into favor, and ancient myths and Roman, mediæval and modern

stories were dramatized. A number of types of character were also more fully developed, such as parasites, braggarts, soldiers, peasants and witches. The interest then taken in medicine and psychology led to the representation of various temperaments, for instance, that of the melancholy man. Love, madness and overweening pride were repeatedly depicted; and though in the conception of love finer sentiment was still wanting, this was in some degree compensated by the introduction of touching scenes of child-life. Maxims of somewhat trivial wisdom still continued to adorn the dialogue. In the construction of the plot the excitement was enhanced by retarding the climax, and more unity was introduced, even where the strictly classical form was rejected. Though all this applies more immediately to the Latin dramas, yet the change in these exercised its influence on German plays also.

All the elements for the highest form of drama existed at this time in Germany; it was only necessary for them to be united and brought to bear on each other. And, in fact, this process was actually going on. In Strassburg there existed, beside the academy-theatre, a play-house of mastersingers, Wolfhart Spangenberg furnishing the latter with pieces of a strongly moralizing tendency, and at the same time writing many of the German text-books which were supplied as aids to the unlearned among the audience of the academy. In the neighborhood of Brunswick we find a writer of school plays, Johann Bertesius by name, who shows great skill in the construction of German rhymed couplets, composing them in the form employed

by Paul Rebhun, and quite coming up to his level. At Cassel circumstances were most favorable for the development of the drama. The landgrave Maurice built a theatre of his own, the first court theatre in Germany. He selected his actors at first from the pupils of the court school, which he himself had founded; later he employed English comedians. The schoolboys had acted classical plays, among others the *Antigone*. With the advent of the English artists, translations and imitations of English plays were added to the repertoire, and thus it came to pass that even the external form which Shakespeare made use of, namely, the alternation of prose and blank verse, was transplanted to German soil. However German the English comedians may have become, they did not entirely give up their connection with their native land. They brought Marlowe's *Faustus* to Germany, and several of Shakespeare's plays, including *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Julius Cæsar*. They also appropriated many features of German dramatic art. The collection of English comedies in German, published in 1620, offers numerous examples of lively and truly dramatic prose dialogue, sounding like an anticipation of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*.

The English strollers largely owe their success to the buffoonery, the tricks and feats with which their performances were diversified. They had learned much on their way from their brethren in the Netherlands, where at this period the art of grotesque acting greatly flourished. Nor was the aid of other arts neglected, performers in what is termed the equestrian drama

being known, even to this day, as "English riders." From these descendants of the Saxon and Norman mimes German actors learned a variety of tricks and traditions; so that in due time the favorite figures of the popular stage became conventional, and were stereotyped by the use of masks. Even the familiar boorish clown, Hans Wurst, is said to have been imported by the English comedians, having been taken by them from the Dutch of the Netherlands, where he was known as Pickelhäring. Henceforth he became an indispensable character in every play designed to gratify the low demands of the vulgar. No wonder that, with the prevailing grossness and ribaldry, the tastes and sympathies of the educated classes held them aloof from the theatre. Thus matters continued until the awful visitation of the Thirty Years' war cast a blight upon the nation, and the stage was left to the guardianship of marionettes.

The English comedians could not found a German school of drama; nor did they attempt to do so. They merely provided for their repertoire whatever they thought would best amuse their audiences on their professional journeys. No creative poet arose, who, while learning from the English players, as did duke Heinrich Julius, should at the same time unite and develop in himself all the resources of the native drama and become a rival of Shakespeare. The development which had begun in so many different quarters was interrupted at its most promising stage. All the hopes cherished with regard to the German drama were wrecked by the Thirty Years' war, and also by the

want of a capital town with an appreciative and artistic audience. Germany had no capital such as would attract all the highest talent to itself and render the stage independent of the favor of single princes.

Nay, the condition and prospect of German drama was even worse than this would indicate. The higher classes came to despise their native tongue. As they had formerly looked to Latin as the proper language of scholars and the only fit medium of discourse on important subjects, they now regarded the use of French as the distinguishing mark of modern elegance and culture. Such was the feeling and the utterance of Frederick the Great when at the height of his power Voltaire, when residing at his court, declared that he found himself as much at home as in Paris. German, he said, was a language for servants and horses. Little did either king or royal guest suspect the mighty changes which a single century was to make in the relations of their respective countries and languages.

II.

Evolution of the German National Drama.

When, in the midst of the Thirty Years' war, German poets again began to essay the dramatic form, they made no attempt at a national drama. The fancies and superstitions which played so great a part in old romances had been banished from the modern novel in deference to the demands of a more enlightened age; but marvel and magic found a refuge in the drama of this period. The opera and burlesque afforded full scope for a lively imagination, allowing the author to disregard all laws of probability, and these became the forms which dominated the stage. Opera derived its strength from Italy; burlesque was founded on a popular basis, but was also open to Italian influence.

Opera.

Opera was a true product of the Renaissance. It first saw the light in Florence, where it sprang from the wish to revive the Greek drama in its original form. The chorus had long existed in the drama; the recitative was now added to it, and this intermediate between

melody and speech was thought to be the dramatic declamation used by the Greeks and Romans. The aria was next added as an artistic necessity, to relieve the monotony of the recitative; then the chorus began to take part in the action, and the instruments were made to contribute coloring to it; dancing, rich decorations, spectacular effects and frequent changes of scene were added to attract the eye, and the drama, thus embellished, was used to impart new brilliance to court festivals. The first opera, *Daphne*, with text by Rinuccini and music by Peri, was produced about 1594 in a private house in Florence; the second, *Euridice*, also by Rinuccini and Peri, was performed at the ducal court of Florence in 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV of France to Mary de Medicis.

Opitz, who holds a high place in German literature, and had translated a number of classical dramas, made a German version of the text of *Daphne*, and Heinrich Schutz, the greatest German composer of the seventeenth century, wrote new music for it. The opera was first produced at Torgau on the 13th of April, 1627, at the court of the elector John George I, to celebrate the marriage of the landgrave of Hesse with a Saxon princess. Ovid, the teacher of love, sings the prologue, and shepherds form the chorus. Apollo kills the dragon Python and mocks at Cupid, who resolves to revenge himself and show his power over the god; Daphne inflames the passion of Apollo, flies from him, and is transformed before the eyes of the audience into a laurel tree. Shepherds and nymphs then sing the praise of the laurel tree and of the Saxon rue-plant,

and the performance terminates with an anticipation of the much-desired peace.

Mainly on account of the protracted war, it was not till the middle of the seventeenth century that operas began to appear more frequently at the court festivals; but from that time their popularity steadily increased. Love remained their chief theme; to set love songs to soft music was the highest aim of the early composers, and there were some German poets who declared the opera to be the noblest branch of poetry. Andreas Gryphius, though best known as a comic dramatist, wrote German texts for operas, as did many others. But for the most part Italian operas were performed at German courts, in the Italian language and by Italian troupes; or if there chanced to be any German singers or composers among them, they were sure to have had an Italian training. Vienna, Munich and Dresden were the most important colonies of the Italian opera; the towns emulated the princely courts in cultivating it, and it was only in Hamburg that the German variety attained any true and lasting success. Between 1678 and 1738 more than two hundred and fifty operas were performed there. While some of them were still religious in character—a continuation of the older Mysteries—they were mostly drawn from mythology or history, or else they were pastoral plays set to music. There was little that was modern or patriotic about them, and at last they became almost exclusively mere spectacular pieces. Among the musical composers, the light but varied and fertile talent of Reinhard Keiser was the most remarkable. The writers of texts were, for

the most part, quite unequal to their task; their models were Italian libretti, which they deteriorated rather than improved. At last they contented themselves with simply adopting Italian arias, and in 1740 an Italian troupe established itself in Hamburg.

The influence of opera, the delight in splendid accessories, decoration and machinery, made itself felt in the spoken drama also. The artistic drama and the popular drama stood at first in opposition to each other, but gradually an approximation took place between them; the popular drama influenced the artistic drama, and both were affected by the opera. Artistic dramas were written by scholars and acted by students and schoolboys; the popular drama was fostered by wandering actors, who drew materials for their plays from all sources, altering them as they pleased.

Gryphius.

The Silesian Andreas Gryphius was the originator of the German artistic drama. In comedy he showed both vigor and variety, and was acquainted with Shakespearean as well as Latin and Italian examples; but he chiefly devoted himself to the imitation of Roman and early French tragedy, happily reproducing the rhetorical dialogue of the latter in Alexandrine metres. He was the first German to divide his tragedies into five acts. The terrors of the Thirty Years' War had aggravated his naturally gloomy temperament. He grew too fond of the horrible. His comedies, however, were more natural. In *Peter Squentz* he caricatured the

honest German bourgeoisie, surrounding Pickelhäring, the court fool, with tradesmen, including the blacksmith, carpenter, spoolmaker and weaver. In *Horribilicribrifax*, an overdrawn comedy, he shows the swaggering, loud-swearing soldiery of the time. In *Die Geliebte Dornrose* he portrays Silesian village life and happy love.

Other Silesians, Lohenstein and Hallmann, tried to outdo Gryphius in tragedy, and carried his manner to extremes. They revel in executions, prison scenes, ghosts and the cruelties of torture; the horrors of Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* and of similar English plays are continued in their works. Strong realistic effects are combined with bombastic dialogue, moving in stiff Alexandrines.

Christian Weise.

A far higher place as a dramatic writer belongs to Christian Weise. He cultivated all branches of the drama; he was influenced by Gryphius and by the opera; but he also learned much from a direct study of the popular stage. Like Gryphius, he mingled comic and tragic elements in his plays, and was indebted to Shakespeare for some of his subjects. He employs prose almost exclusively, and aims at making his dialogue rapid and dramatic; it is only in moments of great emotion that his style rises above the ordinary level, and on such occasions it is apt to degenerate into bombast. Weise seeks to produce rapid changes of mood in his audience by means of perplexing entangle-

ments and surprising solutions of difficulties. He wished to give faithful pictures of real life, and hence in his plays the high German speech is reserved for the princely characters, and all the others speak in dialect. The wealth and facility of his invention are marvellous, but he did not take the trouble to polish and mold his works thoroughly.

Weise wrote more than fifty dramas, and had them nearly all performed by his pupils, when he was rector in Zittau, between 1679 and 1705. He also wrote Biblical dramas full of realistic elements drawn from contemporary life; but he avoided New Testament subjects, and he never introduced the devil on the stage; the kind of play in which that character flourished was evidently dying out at this time. His historical pieces, in which he seems to have a predilection for revolutions or the fall of favorites, remind us very much of the tragedies of the Silesian school, without coming up to them in horrors. The exceeding stiffness of the serious parts is somewhat compensated by excellent popular scenes, delicious humor and a few situations of strong human interest, into which the author seems to have thrown his whole sympathy. In his original dramas Weise began with loosely-connected satirical pictures and ended with concise delineations of life among the lower middle classes. He passed from farce to comedy, but though at his best in the latter, he is at times stiff, loquacious and dull.

Christian Weise found many followers. The school drama was still in vogue, though not so much as it had been, and religious plays were for the most part mere

recitations, connected with the Italian growth of the oratorio. The frigid allegories commemorative of contemporary events, with which the learned from time to time supplied the theatre, and the pastoral dramas with which, after the close of the war, the idyllic poets of Nüremberg gratified the peaceful longings of the people, were alike mere scholastic efforts. Such works, indeed, helped to keep alive, in the universities and gymnasia, the love of dramatic composition and dramatic representation; but neither these exercises nor the *ludi Cæsarei*, in which the Jesuits at Vienna revived the pomp and pageantry, the mixture of classical and Christian symbolism of the Italian Renaissance, had any influence on the progress of the national drama.

Hanswurst and Harlequin.

Until the second or third decade of the eighteenth century the story of the German stage forms one of the most melancholy chapters in theatrical annals. Ignored by the world of letters, actors sought in turn to emancipate their art from all dependence on literary material. Improvisation reigned supreme, not only in farce, where Hanswurst, or Jack Pudding, with the aid of Italian examples, never ceased to charm the public, but in the serious drama likewise, the plots of which were taken from the old stories of the English comedians, from the religious drama and from the profane history of all times. The strolling companies, which now included actresses, continued to foster the popular love of the stage, and even under its most de-

graded form it upheld its national character against the rivalry of the opera and of the Italian *commedia dell'arte*. From the latter was borrowed Harlequin, with whom Hanswurst was blended, and who became a standing figure in every kind of popular play. He was especially in favor at Vienna, where, from about 1712, the first German theatre was maintained; but for the actor's art in general there was little permanence, and amid miseries of all sorts, and under the ban of clerical intolerance, the popular stage seemed destined to hopeless decay.

Manuscripts.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century till about 1730 the spoken drama disappeared almost completely from printed literature, being entirely supplanted by the text-books of the opera. Popular dramas were not printed, except perhaps for an outline of the plot on theatre programmes. Like the poetry of the mediæval gleemen, they existed solely in manuscript or in the memory of the wandering actors. The manuscripts, too, were often incomplete, giving mere stage directions and leaving free space for improvisation side by side with fixed parts. And these manuscripts, being only intended to help in the production of plays, like the decorations and costumes, were like them worn out and lost; so that the popular drama of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, like the popular poetry of the middle ages, is wrapped in obscurity, and only chance and insignificant fragments have come down to us. The comedians wrote their own plays, and had no scruple in

seizing on other people's property; foreign and native literature, the artistic drama and the school-plays, operas and romances were all made to supply them with materials. But they arranged this material according to their own requirements, and with reference to their favorite effects, and to the likings of their audience. They handled their materials in the same way as the Strassburg playwrights had handled the *Ajax* of Sophocles; they liked to represent everything in detail on the stage, more especially everything horrible, and to leave nothing to mere narrative. They loved to introduce a bloodthirsty tyrant, a Nero or a Domitian, who might be made to rage and rant to any extent, and who would furnish an opportunity for all kinds of horrors. Such tyrants generally have evil counsellors and flatterers by their side; they meet with conscientious opposition, and their tyranny calls forth martyrs and revolutionary spirits; they were the favorite heroes both of the popular dramatists and of their more learned colleagues. Tragedies treating of tyrants, or of kings, princes and other public characters, formed the bulk of the répertoire of the wandering comedians; they were the chief feature in every theatrical representation at this time, but were relieved by comic interludes or by a farce at the end.

Molière's Plays.

For a short time in the seventeenth century it seemed as if the German stage was to be ennobled by French influence, as if the splendid productions of Molière were to guide German dramatic authors to higher aims.

Three years before Molière's death, five of his comedies were published in German, and later there appeared a German translation of his collective prose works. From 1658 to 1692 a troupe of court players was kept in Dresden, of whom Magister Velthen was the leading spirit—and these comedians had various plays of Molière's in their répertoire. There was also a plentiful supply of translations of French tragedies, several of which appeared in Brunswick between 1691 and 1699, and were represented at the Court theatre, under the patronage of duke Anton Ulrich. But with this exception the regular drama found little support at German courts, and it was on their favor that it chiefly depended at this time. French drama had soon to yield to the Italian; for the latter supplied that favorite element of the popular stage, the clown, of whose evolution a brief account will be here in place.

The German Clown.

As early as the sixteenth century the fool had sometimes been introduced as standing jester, and even then the jokes were often left to his own invention. The English comedians transplanted their clown to the German stage, and the character was at once adopted by Jacob Ayrer and duke Heinrich Julius of Brunswick in their plays. From that time forward the clown became more and more a necessary member of the wandering troupes of actors; he attracted the largest audiences, for he was the representative of low comedy. He was the heir of all the popular comic characters in German

life and literature; he was a fool, a Grobianus, a poor devil, and the last metamorphosis of the wandering gleeman; he was servant, messenger, spy, intrigant, conjuror, and was dressed in motley and provided with a cracking whip, like the old gleeman; he was obscene and vulgar, a great eater and drinker, a braggart and a coward; he was the hero of farce, the jester of tragedy, and finally forced his way into the Hamburg opera. He went under different names at different periods, *Pickelhering*, *Harlequin* and *Hanswurst* being the most frequent. *Pickelhering* was the leading character of the English comedians, flourishing throughout the seventeenth century, and appearing even in Christian Weise's works. *Harlequin* was derived from the Italian *Arlecchino*, a character of ancient renown in the improvised popular comedy of that people. In the fifteenth century Italian comedy already exercised a great influence on other nations, and in the seventeenth century it attained an international popularity. In Paris, as will be remembered, there existed an Italian theatre which rivaled Molière's, and from which he derived suggestions for his plays. The first Italian troupe came to Germany about 1670, and of course brought their *Harlequin* with them. Later, the Paris troupe began to act in French, and their pieces, or outlines of them, were collected in print after 1694, the German actors making frequent use of them.

Farce.

Italian farce found everywhere a favorable reception, and especially in Vienna, where farce and every

kind of coarse jesting had flourished vigorously since the middle ages. When, about 1712, a German theatre was established in the Imperial capital, its founder, Joseph Stranitzky, a Silesian, made extensive use of the characters and plots of Italian farce; he himself acted Harlequin, to whom he gave the old German name of Hanswurst, and though this title had been borne occasionally by the clown of the earlier drama, he made him appeal more directly to the Viennese.

Hanswurst and his kindred are a characteristic production of the period about 1600, and unfortunately the clown long continued to restrict the popular drama to the level of that period. Literary influence could not succeed in effecting any change in this leading part, and nothing could gain a footing that did not harmonize with Hanswurst or bring him into stronger relief. The spectacular element was greatly increased; the arts of scenic decoration, enchantments, flying machines, and transformations found favor on the popular stage as well as in the opera. The bombast, too, of the artistic tragedy, after the Lohenstein and Hallmann style, established itself in the popular plays; the Alexandrine and the short dialogue alternating in single lines were introduced side by side with prose, and in verse, as in prose, a stream of high-sounding words was poured out, mingled with the filthy jokes of Hanswurst.

Gottsched.

Such was the state of the German stage when Gottsched appeared on the scene and endeavored to estab-

lish the French classical drama as the only authorized model. The opera and Hanswurst seemed to him the worst enemies which good taste had to fight against. Hence he received with welcome Pradon's very mediocre play of *Regulus*, which was translated from French into German at Brunswick at the command of duke Anton Ulrich, and was performed by the Hoffmann troupe in Leipsic in 1725. The Brunswick translations formed the basis of a new répertoire for the regular drama, and the Neuber company, which sprang from the Hoffmann troupe in 1727, made it its chief business to promote the cause of the artistic drama founded on French models. These actors enthusiastically took up Gottsched's ideas, confined Harlequin to the realm of farce and finally banished him from the stage.

Gottsched made the German stage once more dependent on German literature, and this was his great merit in connection with the German drama. Unfortunately, he did not go beyond preaching imitation of the French and practising it himself; he did not think of rescuing and improving the available materials and workmanship of the popular plays, and thus preserving the national character of the German drama. He broke entirely with the past, and in so doing impoverished the present and the future. Not content with reform, he aimed at revolution, and this he undertook in the cause of a false ideal.

Caroline Neuber.

In this connection due credit should be given to Friderica Caroline Neuber, whose career as an actress-

dramatist was one long-continued effort to reform what had seemingly passed beyond all hope of reformation. As directress of a Leipsic company of actors, she resolved to put an end to the formlessness of the existing stage and to extinguish Harlequin. In this she acted in conjunction with Gottsched, who, unfortunately, induced her to make the French the sole model of the regular drama.

A Dramatic Revival.

Thus, for the first time, literature and the stage joined hands in Germany, and neither the mischances nor misunderstandings that followed can obscure the significance of this union. The results were soon apparent; for not only were the abuses of a century swept away, but a large number of literary works, specially designed for the purpose, were produced on the stage. True, they were but versions or imitations of the French, with an occasional admixture of English, as in Gottsched's *Dying Cato*, and most unfortunate it was that, at the moment of the regeneration, new fetters should have been imposed on the drama and on the art of acting. But the impulse had been given and the beginning had been made. Men of letters began to subject their dramatic compositions to the test of performance; the tragedies and comedies of Schlegel, who did much to prepare the way for Lessing, the sentimental comedies of Gellert and others, and the vigorous popular comedies of the Danish dramatist, Holberg, were brought into competition with translations from the French.

III.

Lessing and His Contemporaries.

Among the authors contributing to Caroline Neuber's Leipsic enterprises was a young student who was destined to complete, after a very different fashion and with very different aims, what she and Gottsched had begun. The critical genius of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing is peerless in its comprehensiveness, its keenness and depth; but if there was any branch of literature and art which by study and practice he made preëminently his own, it was the drama. As bearing upon the progress of the German theatre, his services to its literature, both critical and creative, were simply inestimable. His *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*, a series of criticisms of plays and players, was undertaken in furtherance of the attempt to establish at Hamburg the first national German theatre. While the theatrical enterprise proved abortive, the *Dramaturgie*, established the principle upon which the future of the stage in all countries depends, that for dramatic art the immediate theatrical public is no competent court of appeal. But the direct and most important effect of the *Dramaturgie* was to complete the task which Les-

sing had begun in previous writings, and that was to overthrow the dominion of the arbitrary French rules and French models established by Gottsched. Lessing vindicated its real laws to the drama, made clear the difference between the Greeks and their would-be successors, and established the claims of Shakespeare as the modern master of both tragedy and comedy. His own dramatic efforts were cautious and tentative, but progressive, opposing the realism of the English domestic drama to the artificiality of the French, while holding a judicious mean between English and French examples.

During the whole of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth, the literary history of Germany may almost be compared to a desert, and in the annals of no other modern nation shall we find such a long period of barrenness. The chief diversion is the animated controversy between the school of the pedantic Gottsched, who ruled at Leipsic, and the partisans of Bodmer, who at Zurich brought out from obscurity the long-neglected *Nibelungenlied*. As Gottsched took Racine for his model, Bodmer upheld the value of English literature and translated Milton and Pope. But it was Lessing who first broke a clear, broad path out of this wilderness, who was the true pioneer of German thought. His life was one long battle, one long and bitter fight for truth, tolerance and freedom. If his greatest merits seem to have been overshadowed for a time by the achievements of others, they come all the more clearly to light in that distance which gives us the true perspective. We see him now as he was,

an unshaken champion of the cause of literature, always leading a forlorn hope, always armed to the teeth, always confident of the final victory. Hardly shall we find a nobler instance of well-grounded self-reliance than is furnished by his life.

Lessing's Career.

Lessing was born in Camenz, a small Saxon town, where his father was a clergyman of scanty means and of a severe and stubborn nature. Being the eldest son, it was intended that he should follow his father's calling, as was then the custom in Germany. At the age of twelve he was sent to school at Meissen, and three years afterward to the university of Leipsic. But even as a boy he asserted his independence, entirely neglecting theological studies and devoting himself to languages, literature and the drama. The dictator in literary, as in dramatic affairs, in Leipsic, at that time, was Gottsched, a man of strong ability, but pedantic, conventional and arrogant to the last degree. Young Lessing was one of the first to dispute his authority. In his eighteenth year he completed a comedy which was produced on the stage. Even at that age he recognized clearly the characteristics of French and English literature, and became a partisan of the latter, in order to resist the overpowering Gallic influence which then prevailed in Germany. But he stood almost alone, and there were few hands that were not raised against him. So poor that he was barely able to live, he was stamped as immoral and profligate; his contempt of the reigning

pedantry was ascribed to a barbaric want of taste; and his refusal to devote himself to theology was set down as atheism. The slanders prevalent in Leipsic reached his home, and were followed by angry and reproachful letters from his father. The patience and the good sense with which he endured these troubles are remarkable in one so young. In one of his letters he quotes from Plautus the words of a father who is discontented with his son; in another, referring to his refusal to become a clergyman, he says boldly: "Religion is not a thing which a man should accept in simple faith and obedience from his parents"—meaning that it must be developed through the aspiration of the individual soul.

In his twenty-first year Lessing went to Berlin, where he succeeded in supporting himself by literary labor. He made the acquaintance of Moses Mendelssohn, Ramler and the poets Gleim and Von Kleist, and his mind began to develop rapidly and vigorously in a fresher and freer intellectual atmosphere. Notwithstanding his scanty earnings, he managed to collect a valuable library, and to contribute small sums from time to time for the education of his younger brothers. In 1755 his play of *Miss Sara Sampson* was produced. It was modelled on the English drama, and, as the German stage up to that time had been governed entirely by French ideas, it was a sudden and violent innovation, the success of which was not assured until ten years later, when Lessing wrote *Minna von Barnhelm*. The English authors of Queen Anne's time, especially Swift, Steele, Addison and Pope, had an equal share with the Greek and Latin classics in de-

termining the character of his labors. He was also a careful student of Shakespeare and of Milton, and seems to have caught from them something of the compactness and strength of his style.

After ten years, passed partly in Wittenberg, but chiefly in Berlin, Lessing became the secretary of General Tauenzien, and in 1760 followed him to Breslau, where he wrote *Minna von Barnhelm*, a national comedy drawn from real life, and *Laocoon*, which deals with the limits of poetry and painting, and was published in 1766. It may be said that the great era of German literature commenced with these works. *Laocoon*, in its style, in its subtlety and clearness, in its breadth of intellectual vision, was a treatise the like of which had not been seen before. It was above popularity, for it appealed only to the highest minds; but its lessons sank deeply into one mind—that of young Goethe, then a student at Leipsic—and, as the great poet declares, placed him in the true path.

Lessing spent two more years in Berlin, living from hand to mouth, and then removed to Hamburg to assist in establishing a new theatre. The experiment was not successful, and was followed by another and more disastrous failure. In partnership with a literary friend he commenced the printing and publishing business upon an entirely new plan; but as neither he nor his partner had any practical knowledge of printing, they speedily ended in bankruptcy. Thus, in 1770, Lessing, at the age of forty-one, found himself penniless, deeply in debt, his library sold, his father writing to him for money and his sister reproaching him with being a

heartless and undutiful son. But during the three years that he lived in Hamburg he had written his *Dramaturgie*, a work second in importance only to his *Laocoon*.

At this juncture the duke of Brunswick offered Lessing the post of librarian at Wolfenbüttel, with a salary of 600 thalers, or about \$450, a year, which position he retained until his death. He visited Mannheim and Vienna, and accompanied the duke in a journey to Italy; but travel seems to have left little impression on his mind, for in his letters to his betrothed wife there is nothing about either the country or the antique sculpture, concerning which he had previously written so much. Returning to Wolfenbüttel, he passed here his remaining years; but they were not happy years, for his life was full of troubles, relieved only by his literary work. He was oppressed by the burden of the debts contracted in Hamburg; he missed the society of his most valued friends, and his health began to give way. Soon after his return from Italy he married Eva König, the widow of a Hamburg merchant. The union brought perfect happiness to both, but it did not last, for in little more than a year she died in childbirth.

Very touching are the letters which Lessing wrote at this time to his friend Eschenberg, on the death of his wife and child. On the 3d of January, 1778, he says: "I seize the moment when my wife lies utterly unconscious to thank you for your sympathy. My happiness was only too short. And it was so hard to lose him, this son of mine! for he had so much understanding—so much understanding! Do not think that the

few hours of my fatherhood have made me a very ape of a father! I know what I am saying. Was it not understanding that he came so unwillingly to the world?—that he so soon saw its unreason? Was it not understanding that he grasped the first chance of leaving it again? To be sure, the little fidget-head takes his mother with him, and from me!—for there is little hope that I may keep her. I thought I might be even as fortunate as other men, but it has turned out ill for me.” A week afterward he writes: “My wife is dead; now I have also had this experience. I am glad that no other experience of the kind remains for me to endure—and am quite easy.” After his bereavement, Lessing found consolation in literature and in caring for his four step-children, to whom he was tenderly attached.

Emilia Galotti.

Meanwhile he had extended his fame by several important works. Soon after settling in Wolfenbüttel he found in the library an ancient manuscript, which proved to be a treatise of Berengarius of Tours on Transubstantiation. Lessing was thus induced to write an essay on Berengarius, vindicating his character as a serious and consistent thinker—a publication that was much admired by the leading theologians of Germany. In 1772 he completed his second tragedy, *Emilia Galotti*, which had been begun many years before in Leipzig, the first one being the prose drama of *Philotas*, published in Berlin in 1759. *Emilia Galotti* was suggested by the Roman legend of Virginia; but the scene

is laid in an Italian court, and the entire play is conceived in accordance with the modern spirit. In some of the characters there is high imaginative power, as in the prince of Guastalla and his chamberlain, Marinelli, who weaves the intrigue from which Emilia escapes by death. The diction is at once refined and vigorous, and there are scenes in which some of the deepest passions in human nature are sounded with perfect art.

Nathan the Wise.

The closing years of Lessing's life were embittered by a violent theological controversy, bringing upon him the displeasure of the Brunswick government, which confiscated some of his writings. Thereupon, as he wrote to a friend, he resolved to "try whether they would not let him preach undisturbed from his old pulpit, the stage." In 1779 he completed his *Nathan der Weise*, begun three years before, and now gave poetic form to the theological ideas already developed in prose. The governing conception is that noble character may be associated with the most diverse creeds, and that there can be no good reason why the holders of one set of religious principles should not tolerate those having entirely different views. As a play, the work has serious imperfections, but as a dramatic poem it is one of the finest creations of the eighteenth century. The characters possess true vitality, and several passages, especially the one setting forth the parable of the rings, have a depth and spontaneity which are the unmistakable notes of genius.

When *Nathan the Wise* was ready for the printer, Lessing issued a prospectus announcing that it would be published by subscription, his object being probably to secure a little more from the publication than he could expect from a bookseller. His father had died in debt, and though he had barely sufficient for his own needs the calls for assistance from his elder sister were sharp and frequent. It is almost pitiful to read his appeal to his friends, informing them that the price of the work will be one groschen—two and a half cents—for each printed sheet, and that they may deduct a commission of fifteen per cent. for their services in procuring subscriptions. As the edition did not exceed two thousand copies, the author's profits must have been extremely moderate. In his correspondence Lessing declares his weariness of the theological controversy, and speaks of the play as "an attack in the flank," as its leading idea is religious tolerance. The three principal characters—Nathan, Saladin and the Knight Templar—represent Judaism, Islam and Christianity; and the lesson to be deduced from the plot is simply that the test of the true religion lies in deeds and works, and not in the mere profession. The story of the rings is that of the Jew Melchisedech, as told by Boccaccio, in the third tale of the *Decameron*.

Lessing had ever contended that the stage might prove as useful a pulpit as the church, and in *Nathan* he strove to preach the universal brotherhood of mankind; its hero is a Jew of ideal and pure morality. The whole purpose of the drama was a stricture on class prejudices and an enunciation of the innate truth that

underlies all forms of creeds. The following is from the scene between Nathan and the Sultan.

Nathan.—Sultan, I am a Jew.

Saladin.—And I a Mussulman. The Christian stands
Between us. Here are three religions, then,
And of these three one only can be true.
A man like you remains not where his birth
By accident has cast him; or if so,
Conviction, choice, or ground of preference,
Supports him. Let me, Nathan, hear from you,
In confidence, the reasons of your choice,
Which I have lacked the leisure to examine.
It may be, Nathan, that I am the first
Sultan who has indulged this strange caprice,
Which need not, therefore, make a Sultan blush.
Am I the first? Nay, speak; or if you seek
A brief delay to shape your scattered thoughts,
I yield it freely.

Nat.—(Aside.) Strange! how is this? What can the Sultan
want?

I came prepared for cash—he asks for truth!
Truth! as if truth were cash! A coin disused—
Valued by weight! If so, 'twere well, indeed!

Sal.—I hope that henceforth I shall rightly bear
One of my names, "Reformer of the world
And of the law!"

Nat.—A noble title, truly;
But, Sultan, ere I quite explain myself,
Permit me to relate a tale.

Sal.—Why not?
I ever was a friend of tales well told.

Nat.—Well told! Ah, Sultan! that's another thing.

Sal.—What! still so proudly modest? But begin.

Nat.—In days of yore, there dwelt in Eastern lands
A man, who from a valued hand received
A ring of priceless worth. An opal stone
Shot from within an ever-changing hue,

And held this virtue in its form concealed,
To render him of God and man beloved,
Who wore it in this fixed, unchanging faith.
No wonder that its Eastern owner ne'er
Withdrew it from his finger, and resolved
That to his house the ring should be secured.
Therefore he thus bequeathed it: first to him
Who was the most beloved of his sons,
Ordaining then that he should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children; then
That without heeding birth, the fav'rite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should still
Be lord of all the house. You hear me, Sultan?

Sal.—I understand. Proceed.

Nat.—

From son to son,

The ring at length descended to a sire
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him,
And whom he loved with just and equal love.
The first, the second, and the third, in turn,
According as they each apart received
The overflowings of his heart, appeared
Most worthy as his heir, to take the ring,
Which, with good-natured weakness, he in turn
Had promised privately to each; and thus
Things lasted for awhile. But death approached.
The father, now embarrassed, could not bear
To disappoint two sons who trusted him.
What's to be done? In secret he commands
The jeweller to come, that from the form
Of the true ring he may bespeak two more.
Nor cost nor pains are to be spared, to make
The rings alike—quite like the true one. This
The artist managed. When the rings were brought,
The father's eye could not distinguish which
Had been the model. Overjoyed, he calls
His sons, takes leave apart—bestows
His blessing and his ring on each—and dies.

Sal.—Aye! I hear. Conclude the tale.

Nat.—'Tis ended, Sultan! All that follows next

May well be guessed. Scarce is the father dead
When with his ring each separate son appears
And claims to be the lord of all the house.
Question arises, tumult and debate—
But all in vain—the true ring could no more
Be then distinguished than—(after a pause, in which he
awaits the Sultan's reply)—the true faith now.

Sal.—Is that your answer to my question?

Nat.—No!

But it may serve as my apology.
I cannot venture to decide between
Rings which the father had expressly made,
To baffle those who would distinguish them.

Sal.—Rings, Nathan! Come, a truce to this! The creeds
Which I have named have broad, distinctive marks,
Differing in raiment, food and drink!

Nat.—'Tis true!

But then they differ not in their foundation.
Are not all built on history alike,
Traditional or written? History
Must be received on trust. Is it not so?
In whom are we most likely to put trust?
In our own people? in those very men
Whose blood we are? who, from our earliest youth
Have proved their love for us, have ne'er deceived,
Except in cases where 'twere better so?
Why should I credit my forefathers less
Than you do yours? or can I ask of you
To charge your ancestors with falsehood, that
The praise of truth may be bestowed on mine?
And so of Christians.

Sal.—By our Prophet's faith,

The man is right. I have no more to say.

Nat.—Now let us to our rings once more return,

We said the sons complained; each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring—as was the case—
In virtue of a promise, that he should
One day enjoy the ring's prerogative.

In this they spoke the truth. Then each maintained
It was not possible that to himself
His father had been false. Each could not think
His father guilty of an act so base.
Rather than that, reluctant as he was
To judge his brethren, he must yet declare
Some treach'rous act of falsehood had been done.

Sal.—Well! and the judge? I'm curious now to hear
What you will make him say. Go on, go on.

Nat.—The judge said: If the father is not brought
Before my seat, I cannot judge the case;
Am I to judge the enigmas? Do you think
That the true ring will here unseal its lips?
But, hold! You tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the secret power to make the man
Who wears it, both by God and man, beloved.
Let that decide. Who of the three is loved
Best by his brethren? Is there no reply?
What! do these love-exciting rings alone
Act inwardly? Have they no outward charm?
Does each one love himself alone? You're all
Deceived deceivers. All your rings are false.
The real ring, perchance, has disappeared;
And so your father, to supply the loss,
Has caused three rings to fill the place of one.

Sal.—O charming, charming!

Nat.—And—the judge continued:—

If you insist on judgment, and refuse
My counsel, be it so. I recommend
That you consider how the matter stands.
Each from his father has received a ring:
Let each, then, think the real ring his own.
Your father, possibly, desired to free
His power from one ring's tyrannous control.
He loves you all with an impartial love,
And equally, and had no inward wish
To prove the measure of his love for one
By pressing heavily upon the rest.

Pushed us both from amid the conflagration.
 What room is here for thanks? How oft in Europe
 Wine urges men to very different deeds!
 Templars must so behave; it is their office,
 Like better taught or rather handier spaniels,
 To fetch from out of fire, as out of water.

Templar.—Oh Daya, Daya, if, in hasty moments
 Of care and of chagrin, my unchecked temper
 Betrayed me into rudeness, why convey
 To her each idle word that left my tongue?
 This is too piercing a revenge, indeed;
 Yet if henceforth thou wilt interpret better—

Daya.—I question if these barbed words, Sir Knight,
 Alighted so, as to have much disserved you.

Recha.—How, you had cares, and were more covetous
 Of them than of your life?

Templar.—(Who has been viewing her with wonder and per-
 turbation.) Thou best of beings,
 How is my soul 'twixt eye and ear divided!
 No: 'twas not she I snatched from amid fire:
 For who could know her and forbear to do it?—
 Indeed—disguised by terror—

(Pause, during which he gazes on her, as it were,
 entranced.)

Recha.— But to me
 You still appear the same you then appeared.
 (Another like pause—till she resumes, in order
 to interrupt him.)
 Now tell me, knight, where have you been so long?
 It seems as might I ask—where are you now?

Templar.—I am—where I, perhaps, ought not to be.

Recha.—Where have you been? where you, perhaps, ought
 not—
 That is not well.

Templar.— Up—how d'ye call the mountain?
 Up Sinai.

Recha.— Oh, that's very fortunate.
 Now I shall learn for certain if 'tis true—

Templar.—What? if the spot may yet be seen where Moses
Stood before God; when first—

Recha.— No, no, not that.
Where'er he stood, 'twas before God. Of this
I know enough already. Is it true,
I wish to learn from you that—that it is not
By far so troublesome to climb this mountain
As to get down—for on all mountains else,
That I have seen, quite the reverse obtains.
Well, knight, why will you turn away from me?
Not look at me?

Templar.— Because I wish to hear you.

Recha.—Because you do not wish me to perceive
You smile at my simplicity.—You smile
That I can think of nothing more important
To ask about the holy hill of hills:
Do you not?

Templar.— Must I meet those eyes again?
And now you cast them down, and damp the smile—
Am I in doubtful motions of the features
To read what I so plainly hear—what you
So audibly declare; yet will conceal?—
How truly said thy father, "Do but know her!"

Recha.—Who has—of whom—said so to thee?

Templar.— Thy father
Said to me "Do but know her," and of thee.

Daya.—And have not I, too, said so, times and oft.

Templar.—But where is then your father—with the Sultan?

Recha.—So I suppose.

Templar.— Yet there? Oh, I forget,
He cannot be there still. He is waiting for me
Most certainly below there by the cloister.
'Twas so, I think, we had agreed. Forgive,
I go in quest of him.

Daya.— Knight, I'll do that.
Wait here, I'll bring him hither instantly.

Templar.—Oh no—Oh no. He is expecting me.
Besides—you are not aware what may have happened.

'Tis not unlikely he may be involved
 With Saladin—you do not know the Sultan—
 In some unpleasant—I must go, there's danger
 If I forbear.

Recha.— Danger—of what? of what?

Templar.—Danger for me, for thee, for him; unless
 I go at once. (Goes.)

Recha and Daya.

Recha.— What is the matter, Daya?

So quick—what comes across him, drives him hence?

Daya.—Let him alone, I think it no bad sign.

Recha.—Sign—and of what?

Daya.— That something passes in him.

It boils—but it must not boil over. Leave him—
 Now 'tis your turn.

Recha.— My turn? Thou dost become,
 Like him, incomprehensible to me.

Daya.—Now you may give him back all that unrest
 He once occasioned. Be not too severe,
 Nor too vindictive.

Recha.— Daya, what you mean
 You must know best.

Daya.— And pray, are you again
 So calm.

Recha.— I am—yes, that I am.

Daya.— At least
 Own—that this restlessness has given you pleasure,
 And that you have to thank his want of ease
 For what of ease you now enjoy.

Recha.— Of that

I am unconscious. All I could confess
 Were, that it does seem strange unto myself,
 How, in this bosom, such a pleasing calm
 Can suddenly succeed to such a tossing.

Daya.—His countenance, his speech, his manner, has
 By this time satiated thee.

Recha.—

Satiated,

I will not say—not by a good deal yet.

Daya.—But satisfied the more impatient craving.

Recha.—Well, well, if you must have it so.

Daya.—

I? No.

Recha.—To me he will be ever dear, will ever

Remain more dear than my own life; altho'

My pulse no longer flutters at his name,

My heart no longer, when I think about him,

Beats stronger, swifter. What have I been prating?

Come, Daya, let us once more to the window

Which overlooks the palms.

Daya.—

So that 'tis not

Yet satisfied—the more impatient craving.

Recha.—Now I shall see the palm-trees once again,

Not him alone amid them.

Daya.—

This cold fit

Is but the harbinger of other fevers.

Recha.—Cold—cold—I am not cold; but I observe not

Less willingly what I behold with calmness.

Scene.—An audience room in the Sultan's palace. *Sittah.*

Saladin giving directions at the door.

Saladin.—Here, introduce the Jew, when'er he comes—

He seems in no great haste.

Sittah.—

May be at first

He was not in the way.

Sal.—

Ah, sister, sister!

Sit.—You seem as if a combat were impending.

Sal.—With weapons that I have not learnt to wield.

Must I disguise myself? I use precautions?

I lay a snare? When, where gained I that knowledge?

And this, for what? To fish for money—money—

For money from a Jew—and to such arts

Must Saladin descend at last to come at

The least of little things?

Sit.—

Each little thing

Despised too much finds methods of revenge.

Sal.—'Tis but too true. And if this Jew should prove
The fair good man, as once the dervis painted—

Sit.—Then difficulties cease. A snare concerns
The avaricious, cautious, fearful Jew;
And not the good wise man: for he is ours
Without a snare. Then the delight of hearing
How such a man speaks out; with what stern strength
He tears the net, or with what prudent foresight
He one by one undoes the tangled meshes;
That will be all to boot—

Sal.— That I shall joy in.

Sit.—What, then, should trouble thee? For if he be
One of the many only, a mere Jew,
You will not blush to such a one to seem
A man, as he thinks all mankind to be.
One, that to him should bear a better aspect,
Would seem a fool—a dupe.

Sal.— So that I must
Act badly, lest the bad think badly of me.

Sit.—Yes, if you call it acting badly, brother,
To use a thing after its kind.

Sal.— There's nothing
That woman's wit invents it can't embellish.

Sit.—Embellish—

Sal.— But their fine-wrought filligree
In my rude hand would break. It is for those
That can contrive them to employ such weapons:
They ask a practised wrist. But chance what may,
Well as I can—

Sit.— Trust not yourself too little.
I answer for you, if you have the will.
Such men as you would willingly persuade us
It was their swords, their swords alone that raised them.
The lion's apt to be ashamed of hunting
In fellowship of the fox—'tis of his fellow,
Not of the cunning, that he is ashamed.

Sal.—You women would so gladly level man
Down to yourselves. Go, I have got my lesson.

Sit.—What—must I go?

Sal.— Had you the thought of staying?

Sit.—In your immediate presence not, indeed,
But in the by-room.

Sal.— You could like to listen.

Not that, my sister, if I may insist.

Away! the curtain rustles—he is come.

Beware of staying—I'll be on the watch.

Then comes the interview between Saladin and Nathan:

(While Sittah retires through one door, Nathan enters at another, and Saladin seats himself.)

Saladin and Nathan.

Sal.—Draw nearer, Jew, yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.

Nathan.— Remain that for thy foes!

Sal.—Your name is Nathan?

Nat.—Yes.

Sal.— Nathan the wise?

Nat.—No.

Sal.—If not thou, the people calls thee so.

Nat.—May be, the people.

Sal.— Fancy not that I
Think of the people's voice contemptuously;
I have been wishing much to know the man
Whom it has named the wise.

Nat.— And if it named
Him so in scorn. If wise meant only prudent.
And prudent, one who knows his interest well.

Sal.—Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.

Nat.—Then were the interested the most prudent,
Then wise and prudent were the same.

Sal.— I hear
You proving what your speeches contradict.

Soon after the publication of *Nathan the Wise*. while still in the midst of work and new plans of work, it became evident to his friends that Lessing could not much longer continue his labors. His health had been undermined by excessive toil and anxiety, and after a short illness he died at Brunswick on the 22d of January, 1781.

Lessing's Qualities.

In the biographies of authors we do not always find that genius rests on a strong basis of character, and there are many instances where we approve the mind and condemn the man. But Lessing's chief intellectual quality was a passion for truth, so earnest and unswerving that we cannot help expecting to find it manifested in the events of his life; and we shall not be disappointed. Whatever faults may have been his, he was always candid, honest, honorable and generous. Though himself nearly always in straits for money, he was ever ready to help those who appealed to him for aid. He lived at a time when a very little tact and pliancy of nature might have greatly advanced his fortunes, when a little prudent reticence, now and then, would have saved him from many a rebuff and many an angry denunciation. But he seems never to have concerned himself with anything beyond his immediate needs. "All that a man wants is health," he once wrote; "why should I trouble myself about the future? What would be privation to many is a sufficiency to me." In one of his earlier poems he says: "Fame never sought me, and would not, in any case, have found me. I have never

craved riches, for why, during this short journey, where so little is needed, should one hoard it up for thieves rather than for himself? In a little while I shall be trampled under the feet of those who come after. Why need they know upon whom they tread? I alone know who I am." This self-reliant spirit, without vanity, only asserting itself when its independence must be maintained, is very rare among men. Lessing understood the character and extent of his own power so well, even as a young man, that all his utterances have a stamp of certainty, which is as far as possible from egotism.

We must bear in mind the fact that, when he began to write, literature was little better than a collection of lifeless forms; that government still clung to the ideas of the middle ages, and that religion had, for the most part, degenerated into intolerance. Lessing's position was that of a rebel, at the start. It was impossible for him to breathe the same atmosphere with the dogmatists of his day, and live. His first volume of poems, chiefly imitations of the amorous lyrics of the ancients, gave the opportunity for an attack upon his moral character. In replying to his father, who seems to have joined in the denunciation, he says: "The cause of their existence is really nothing more than my inclination to attempt all forms of poetry." He then adds: "Am I so very wrong in selecting for my youthful labor something whereon very few of my countrymen have tried their skill? And would it not be foolish in me to discontinue, until I have produced a masterpiece?"

Lessing's critical articles, which he began to write during his first residence in Berlin, and especially his

Letters on Literature, soon made him respected and feared, although they gained him few friends beyond the circle of his personal associates. Industry, combined with a keen intellectual insight, had made him an admirable practical scholar, and few scholars knew better how to manage their resources. His style was somewhat colored by his study of the English language; but it is clear, keen and bright, never uncertain or obscure. Like the sword of Saladin it cuts its way through the finest web of speculation. He had neither reverence for names nor mercy for pretensions, and no mind of looser texture than his own could stand before him. It would be hard to find critical papers in any literature, at once so brilliant and so destructive. They would have had a more immediate and a wider effect, but for the fact that his antagonists represented the general sentiment of the time, which could not be entirely suppressed. Yet his principles of criticism were broader than mere defense and counter-attack. To Pastor Lange, who complains of his tone toward him, he answers: "If I were commissioned as a judge in art, this would be my scale of tone: gentle and encouraging for the beginners; admiring with doubt or doubting with admiration, for the masters; positive and repellant for the botchers; scornful for the swaggerers, and as bitter as possible for the intriguers. The judge in art who has but one tone for all, had better have none."

Unfortunately, he had few opportunities of expressing either admiration or encouragement. He never failed to recognize the merits of Moses Mendelssohn, Klopstock, Wieland and Herder, but they were authors

who stood in little need of his aid. They did not set themselves in immediate antagonism to the fashion of the age; their growth out of it, and into an independent literary activity, was more gradual; consequently each of them acquired, almost at the start, a circle of admirers and followers. But Lessing marched straight forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, indifferent what prejudices he shocked, or upon whom he set his feet. Having, as he conceived, the great minds of Greece, Rome and England as his allies in the past, he was content to stand alone in the present. His criticism was positive as well as negative; he not only pointed out the prevalent deficiencies in taste and knowledge, but he laid down the law which he felt to have been violated, and substituted the true for the false interpretation.

Lessing's biographers have hardly recognized the extent of his indebtedness to English authors. It has been remarked that his epigrammatic poems read like stiff translations from the classics; but they seem rather to suggest the similar performances of Swift and Herrick. The three plays by which he revolutionized the German stage—*Miss Sara Sampson*. *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Emilia Galotti*—were constructed upon English models. With them the drama of ordinary life was introduced into Germany. They have kept their place to this day, and are even now more frequently performed than the plays of Goethe. Although they possess little poetic merit, they are so admirably constructed, with so much regard to the movement of the plot and its cumulative development, that they have scarcely been surpassed by

any later dramatic author. Even Goethe declares that it is impossible to estimate their influence on dramatic literature.

Critical and Creative Faculties.

The careful and delicate dissection of the principles of art and literature contained in the *Laocoon* has a greater charm for the German than for the English mind; but without considering Lessing's critical genius, we cannot properly appreciate his power and value. He was forced into this field of activity, and his capacities were sharpened by constant exercise; yet it was his true work after all. The critical and the creative faculties never entirely harmonize in the same brain. The critic detects, by observation and analysis, what the creative genius possesses by a special instinct. It is therefore possible for an author, commencing an important work, to know beforehand, and to know too well, how it should be done. His intellectual insight may be so clear, so sure and so finely exercised, that nothing is left for the imagination. Instead of following his feelings, knowing that many a bright surprise, many an unexpected illumination of thought will come to help him on the way, he is chilled by the critical faculty, which constantly looks over his shoulder and meddles with his freedom. The evidence of this is nowhere more apparent than in Lessing's poems and plays. With all their excellent qualities, they have little of that warm, imaginative element which welds thought and passion and speech into one inseparable body. It is remarkable that his style, which is so sus-

tained, so dignified and flexible in his critical papers, should seem slightly hard and mechanical in his verse. His most ambitious work, *Nathan the Wise*, has passages where the blank verse is strong and rhythmical, but it has also passages the effect of which is the same as that of prose. The one thing, which we can all feel better than describe, was wanting to make him a truly great creative author; but had he possessed it, he would probably have done less service to the world. Just the man that he was was demanded by the age in which he lived.

Lessing was a rapid as well as a prolific writer, and only a small portion of his literary plans was carried into effect. It appears from his correspondence and the testimony of his friends that he wrote a drama entitled *Faust*, the manuscript of which was lost by his publisher, and he never attempted to rewrite it. From the small fragment which remains, and some account of the design of the whole which has been preserved, it was undoubtedly more poetic and imaginative than any of his other dramatic poems. It coincided with Goethe's great work only in one particular—that the soul of Faust is not lost and Mephistopheles loses his wager.

Influence.

Lessing's influence as a reformer has been immense; but it is hardly yet recognized by the world. Luther himself was not of a more fearless and independent character. In an age when men of letters were fond of grouping themselves in sects and coteries, Lessing

pursued his way, unmoved by clamor and indifferent to popular favor. Yet no man was more warmly loved by his friends, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the younger generation of writers looked up to him with confidence and reverence. Jacobi wished for many years to make his acquaintance, but was deterred, as he said, by a profound consciousness of the difference between himself and one whom he regarded as "a king among minds." "We lose much in him," wrote Goethe after his death, "much more than we think." It may be questioned whether there is any other writer to whom the Germans owe a deeper debt of gratitude. He was succeeded by poets and philosophers, who for a time gave Germany the first place in the intellectual life of the world, and it was Lessing, as they acknowledged, who prepared the way for their achievements. Without attaching himself to any particular system of philosophical doctrine, he fought incessantly against error, and in regard to art, poetry, the drama and religion, suggested ideas which kindled the enthusiasm of aspiring minds, and stimulated their highest energies. While his work was thus effective in its own day, it has lost little of its value for later ages. His dramas have imaginative qualities which appeal to every generation, and an unfading charm is conferred on his critical and theological writings by the power and classical purity of his style.

The three most distinguished contemporaries of Lessing were Klopstock, Wieland and Herder, all of whom assisted, though by very different methods, in the literary regeneration of Germany. There was no imme-

diate connection between their labors, except that all tended in the same direction; and here will be given only a brief outline of their lives, with some mention of the special influence which the mind of each exercised upon the period in which they lived. As all survived the close of the century, they were more fortunate than Lessing, in beholding the transition accomplished, in seeing the age of formality and pedantry buried without funeral honors, and that of free, vigorous and vital thought triumphantly inaugurated.

Klopstock.

Although Klopstock, who was born in 1724, was five years older than Lessing, the two were students together at the university of Leipzie, in 1744, and Lessing's debut as a dramatic author was coeval with the publication of the first three cantos of Klopstock's *Messias*. In other respects their lives were widely divergent. Klopstock, a native of Quedlinburg, in Northern Germany, was the son of an official in easy circumstances; his education, completed at Jena and Leipzie, was thorough; no discouragements met his early aspirations, and his very first literary venture gave him fame and popularity. As a boy his ambition was to produce a great German epic, and he first selected the emperor, Henry the Fowler, as his hero. The study of theology in Jena, together with Milton's example, led him to change his plan, and adopt, instead, the character of Christ. His classic tastes suggested the form, and a German counterpart of the *Iliad*, as he imagined, must be written in hexameters. The

first three cantos of the *Messias* were published when he was twenty-four years old, and created the profoundest impression all over Germany. They were read with a reverence, a pious fervor, scarcely less than was felt for the sacred writings. Gottsched and his school, it is true, attempted to depreciate the work; but it was not considered by the people as a violent or dangerous innovation, and its popularity was not affected by the attack. On the other hand Klopstock was welcomed by the Swiss school, and invited by Bodmer, its head, to visit Zurich, which was then an important literary centre. English influence was there predominant, as the French was at Leipzig, and the two schools were therefore antagonistic. In intellectual force and temper there was not much difference between the two, but they achieved some good by partly neutralizing each other's power. The final victory remained with Bodmer.

Klopstock did not remain long in Zurich; for Baron Bernstorff, one of the king of Denmark's ministers, invited him to Copenhagen, offering four hundred thalers a year for his support, in order that he might be free to finish his *Messiah*. The proposal was accepted; the salary became a pension for life, and for twenty years Klopstock divided his time between Copenhagen and Hamburg. He had no material cares; his popularity as a poet was so great, that it now seems almost disproportionate to his deserts; and the only shadow upon his fortune was the death of his wife, Meta Möller, whom he lost four years after their marriage. Meanwhile he had made his permanent residence in Hamburg, where, about 1800, he was visited by Wordsworth and Cole-

ridge. His death took place three years later, at the age of seventy-nine.

What is called the Storm und Drang period of German literature—the Storm and Stress, Carlyle translates it—was partly a natural and inevitable phase of development; but in so far as it was brought about by the influence of living authors, Klopstock must be looked upon as one of the chief agencies. It is not sufficient that we read the *Messias* as if it had been written yesterday. We may smile at its overladen passion and diffusive sentiment, but after a study of the literature which preceded it, we feel, by contrast, that a pure and refreshing stream of poetry has at last burst forth from the barren soil. Nevertheless, while the *Messias* has many readers, there are more who declare that life is too short for a poem of twenty cantos and twenty thousand lines of hexameter, unless it be a truly great poem. The epic kept Klopstock busy for a quarter of a century, but not of continuous work.

None of Klopstock's dramatic poems can be called successful. His *Herman Fight* was written, like his *Messias*, for a deliberate purpose—to counteract the French influence which was still upheld in Germany, not only by Gottsched and his school, but also by the court of Frederick the Great. It was dedicated to Joseph II of Austria, who was looked upon as the representative of the German spirit. But faithful to his idea of transplanting classic forms, the author revived the old Teutonic gods, and endeavored to construct a new German Olympus. The result is very much like a masquerade; we see the faces and beards of the old Teu-

tonic tribes, their shields and war-clubs, but we hear what are intended for Grecian voices when they speak. Klopstock's attempts in this direction, however, led him to a deeper study of the growth and development of the German language, and determined, for many years, the character of his literary activity.

Probably no author of the eighteenth century did so much toward creating a national sentiment, toward checking the impressibility of the race to foreign influences, arousing native pride and stimulating native ambition. This was his greatest service, especially since the German people saw in him the evidence of what he taught. Where Lessing cut his way by destructive criticism, Klopstock worked more slowly by example. In force and scope and originality of intellect there can be no comparison between the two; Klopstock must always be ranked among minds of the second class; but he accomplished more than did his great contemporary. After Gottsched's death there was no one to assail Klopstock's fame; for all those who followed him appreciated his work and honored him for it. His prominence as an author did not diminish materially during his life, and the true proportions into which his fame has since then slowly settled are still large enough to make him a conspicuous figure in the literary history of the age.

Wieland.

In Christopher Martin Wieland we have a personal history almost as placid as Klopstock's, yet an intellect of very different texture. Through him we shall first

become acquainted with that company of men who have made the name of Weimar almost as renowned as that of Athens. Yet there is some difficulty in indicating the exact place which he occupies in the literary development of Germany, for the reason that his intellectual characteristics are of a light and airy quality, and are not readily transferred to another language.

Wieland was born near Biberach, in Würtemberg, in 1733. Like Lessing, he was the son of a clergyman, and as a boy was noted for his lively, precocious intellect. He had studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and attempted poetry at the age of twelve. Three or four years later he had acquired the French and English languages, and then entered the university of Tübingen for the purpose of studying law, to which he devoted no more time than Lessing did to theology. His nature was flexible and easily impressed, and the appearance of the first three cantos of the *Messias* impelled him to attempt a similar work.

Wieland was unfortunate in all his early ventures. He commenced an epic, of which Cyrus was the hero, but the first five books were received so coldly by the public that the design was abandoned. A tragedy called *Lady Jane Gray* met with no better fate, unless Lessing's merciless review of it can be considered a distinction. He thereupon attempted a lighter and gayer style, choosing as his subject the episode *Araspes and Panthea* from Xenophon, but this also attracted very little attention. In 1760 he returned to his native place and accepted a clerkship in the Chancery department. The duties of the office were distasteful to so mercurial a

nature, and he sought relief in undertaking a translation of Shakespeare, which employed him for four or five years. This was the first complete publication of Shakespeare in German, and it appeared most opportunely for the development which had then commenced. Although it was afterward superseded by the more thorough translation of Schlegel and Tieck, it was a careful and conscientious work, for which Wieland deserves the gratitude of his countrymen.

Wieland married in 1765, and four years later accepted the appointment of professor of philosophy at the university of Erfurt. After the publication of his Shakespeare he turned again to authorship, and his persistence at last brought success. With the same susceptibility to external influences, his new attempts were inspired, partly by the French authors of the time, especially Rousseau, and partly by his lyric tastes. His *Agathon*, published in 1767, first made him generally and favorably known. Its leading idea is to show in what degree the external world contributes to human development, and how far wisdom and virtue are sustained by the forces of nature. Three or four works in which love is the sole theme followed in quick succession; and although they were denounced in many quarters as being free to the verge of immorality, they were none the less read.

The first half of Wieland's life and literary activity had been passed in a restless series of changes; his place of residence, his occupation and the character of his works being varied every few years. His wanderings were now to end, and he enjoyed a long season of rest

and stability, the effect of which is manifest in his later writings. In 1772 the duchess Analia of Saxe-Weimar offered him the position of tutor to her sons, with a salary of one thousand thalers a year, which was afterward continued as a pension for life. The eldest of these princes was Karl August, the munificent patron of literature, who was then fifteen years old. The duchess had already assembled around her in Weimar a superior literary circle, and three years later, when Karl August assumed the ducal government, Goethe, then in his twenty-sixth year, was called to Weimar. In the meantime Wieland had published a lyrical drama, *Alceſtis*, which was well received by everybody except Goethe, who satirized it in a dialogue entitled *Heroes and Wieland*. One of Wieland's admirers retorted by publishing a farce called *Men, Beasts and Goethe*. Wieland seems to have been neither vain nor sensitive to attack; he treated the matter good-humor- edly, afterward acknowledged the justice of Goethe's satire and became his personal friend.

Oberon.

Wieland's intellect became broader and clearer through his intercourse with the Weimar circle. His works thenceforth exhibit greater finish and consist- ence; yet he never entirely emancipated himself from the influence of the French school, never adopted the lofty standard of excellence which Schiller and Goethe, and even Herder, set for themselves. The deficiency was inherent in his nature; his temperament was too

gay and too cheerful, too dependent on moods and sensations for the earnest work of his fellow-authors. He did good service, however, by establishing, soon after his arrival in Weimar, a monthly literary periodical, *Der Deutsche Mercur*, which he thenceforth edited for more than thirty years, and which was the vehicle whereby the most prominent authors became known to a wider circle of readers. In 1780 he published his *Oberon*, the most permanently popular of all his works. It is an admirable specimen of what Goethe calls the naive in literature—the free, graceful play of the imagination; indeed, as a specimen of poetic story-telling, it has not often been excelled in any language. His *Oberon*, like the opera founded upon it, is still as charming and popular as when it was first written. It has all the grace and melody and easy movement of Ariosto. The severe critic may say that the poem teaches nothing; that many of the incidents are merely grotesque; that the plot is awkwardly constructed; that the hero exhibits no real heroism, and the fairy king and queen are borrowed from Shakespeare; but the reader will answer: “All this may be true; yet the poem is delightful.”

Wieland may be considered as one of the chief founders of the Romantic school. The Storm and Stress period, which was simply a fermentation of the conflicting elements—a struggle by means of which the new era of literature grew into existence—commenced about 1770, and continued for twenty years. During its existence the Romantic school was developed, separating itself from the Classic school by its freedom

of form, its unrestrained sentiment and its seeking after startling effects. It was a natural consequence that France, forty years later, should have borrowed this school from Germany. Wieland was not a partisan in the struggle; neither was he drawn into it and forced to work his way out again, as were Goethe and Schiller. He belonged to the Romantic school by his nature, and the Classic school by his culture, but the former gave the distinguishing character to his work.

After the completion of *Oberon*, he undertook the translation of *Horace and Lucian*, which was followed by a collection of the principal Greek classics, translated with the help of collaborators. Until Schiller started his magazine, *Die Horen*, Wieland's *Deutsche Mercur* was the chief literary periodical in Germany. His later works are few and unimportant, and had little influence on the thought of the time. He was presented by Napoleon with the cross of the legion of honor, and he lived to see the disastrous battle of Jena, followed by the German struggle for liberty in 1813, in which year he died at the age of eighty.

Wieland's Characteristics.

Probably not more than three or four of the thirty-six volumes which Wieland wrote are now read, for the winnowing mill of Time makes sad havoc with works considered immortal in their day. While much of his productiveness has been blown away as chaff, enough sound grain remains to account for his influence and to justify his fame. If he did not follow truth with

the devotion of Lessing, if he was not animated by a lofty patriotic purpose, like Klopstock, his merits were such that we cannot deal harshly with his shortcomings. His grace, his humor, his delicate irony, and refined, though rather shallow, appreciation of the element of beauty, disarm us in advance. We cannot but entertain a friendly feeling for the man who was always so cheerful and amiable, and whose works, light as they may seem in comparison, form a counterpoise for so many of the great masters of German literature. Falk relates that on the day after Wieland's burial Goethe spoke of him in the following terms: "He possessed an incomparable nature; in him were all fluency, spirit and taste. It is a cheerful plan, where there is nothing to stumble over, threaded by the stream of a comical wit, which winds capriciously in all directions, and sometimes even turns against its author. There is not the slightest trace in him of that deliberate, laborious, technical quality which sometimes spoils for us the best ideas and feelings by making their expression seem artificial. This natural ease and freedom is why I always prefer to read Shakespeare in Wieland's translation. He handled rhyme as a master, and I believe if one had poured upon his desk a composing case full of words, he would have arranged them, in a little while, into a charming poem." Although this is the tribute of a friend who had for forty years been intimate with Wieland, and was uttered during the tender sorrow which his loss called forth, it is not exaggerated praise.

Just such an intellectual temperament as Wieland

possessed was needed in his time. The language, as well as the literature, was in process of development; there were enough of thoughtful and earnest minds engaged in the work, and they would have fallen too exclusively into the serious, brooding habit of the race had they not been interrupted by Wieland's playful fancy and delicate satire. Our English language found all these qualities combined in the one man, Shakespeare, but other countries have not been so fortunate. It required four men—Lessing, Wieland, Schiller and Goethe, to perform a similar service for the German language.

Herder.

Herder was the last, but by no means the least, of the great contemporaries of Lessing. Although a good part of the fight had been fought by the time he was old enough to engage in it, he also was one of the reformers. It is remarkable that each of the great German authors of the eighteenth century retains, from first to last, his own clearly-marked individuality. Each preserves his own independent activity, while following a similar aim, even after years of the closest personal intercourse. There was a wide field and much work before them, and Nature seems to have so ordered their minds that each found his fitting department of labor, and all together carried forward a broad front of development.

Johann Gottfried Herder was born in 1744, in a village in eastern Prussia, where his father was teacher and choir-master of the church. Allowed to read

nothing but the Bible and hymn-book at home, his craving for knowledge attracted the attention of a neighboring clergyman, who gave him instruction in Latin and Greek. At the age of eighteen, a Russian physician, who took a great interest in the eager, intelligent, friendless boy, offered him an education as a surgeon, in Königsberg. He fainted on beholding the first dissection and the plan was given up, but he remained in Königsberg, subsisting on charity while studying at the university, the philosopher Kant allowing him to attend his lectures without paying the usual fee.

At Strassburg Herder became acquainted with Goethe, then a youth of twenty, and for a time the two were inseparable companions. Herder, who was now about twenty-five, had already published two works—*Fragments Concerning Recent German Literature* and *Forests of Criticism*—wherein he had planted himself on the side of Winckelmann and Lessing, taking a strong position of antagonism to the pedantry and superficial taste which those authors assailed. Goethe, who, during his residence in Strassburg, wrote his play of *The Accomplices*, and was brooding over the plan of *Götz von Berlichingen*, profited greatly by his intercourse with Herder, and his friendship became one of the influences which determined the subsequent life of the latter. Soon afterward Herder was offered the position of court-preacher at Weimar, and this he accepted, following the instinct which led so many literary waifs into that quiet and secure harbor of the German Muses. By the end of 1776, Wieland, Herder and Goethe were citizens of Weimar, and here the incidents

of Herder's life, like those of Wieland's, cease to interest us, except for its literary development.

Herder's Principal Works.

In 1778 Herder published his *Volkslieder*, the English title which would best express the character of the work being *Poetry of the Races*. It is a careful selection from the popular songs and ballads of nearly all the languages of Europe, including the Lithuanian, Livonian, Servian, Danish, English and modern Greek. He makes good use of Percy's *Reliques* and the lyrics of the Elizabethan dramatists, and even translates passages of Ossian into rhyme. His object seems to have been to direct the attention of the German public to the natural poetic elements which exist in the early civilization of all races, and thereby to counteract the tendency toward schools or fashions in poetry. He sought to impress the catholicity of his own taste upon the popular mind, and was certainly successful in diverting much of the thought of his day out of the narrow channels in which it had been accustomed to move.

Passing over Herder's essays and critical papers, we need only mention two other of his more important works—the metrical romance of *Der Cid*, the materials of which he collected from the old Spanish legends and ballads, and his *Ideas of the Philosophy of History*, which is generally considered his greatest work. *The Cid* is written in unrhymed trochaics—a measure first employed in English by Longfellow in his *Hiawatha*. Although considered one of the German classics, and

still printed in luxurious editions, it is only enjoyed by the more cultivated class of readers. It has something of the mechanical character of many of his odes; for Herder was, in fact, less a poet than a man of sensitive poetic taste. He had a large, warm, receptive nature, and his inspiration came from the feelings rather than from the imagination. His *Ideas of the Philosophy of History* are the fragments of a larger design, and anticipate many views which have only been taken up and practically developed in the literature of our day. He considers man as an entity, whose different modes of development in the earlier races must be referred to the operation of the same universal laws. He traces the upward tendency and the preparation for a higher spiritual life through all the varied forms of civilization, and infers the existence of a sublime, progressive destiny, of which all our past history is a part.

During the later years of his life Herder became extremely sensitive and irritable, although he still retained his wonderful magnetic power over men. The faithful performance of his official duties was felt as an influence for good throughout the duchy. His authority in the church, his supervision in the schools, his control of the government charities, were all characterized by a wise, liberal and thoroughly humane spirit. In 1801 he was appointed president of the Consistory, the highest office belonging to his profession, and was ennobled by the elector of Bavaria. He lived but two years longer to enjoy these honors, dying in 1803, in his sixtieth year. Karl August ordered the words, "Light, Love, Life," to be engraved upon his tomb.

Recent criticism has tended to raise the value of his work by tracing its wide-reaching influence.

Merits and Defects.

The great influence which Herder exercised during his life cannot be denied; yet, in looking over his works at the present day, it is easy to miss the secret of that influence. Notwithstanding the evidences of an earnest, brooding mind, which we find everywhere—notwithstanding the variety and beauty of the scattered thoughts—Herder's works impress us like a collection of great irregular fragments. He has less of positive style than any of his great contemporaries; his views seem to lack an ordered connection, and this gives an air of uncertainty to the operations of his mind. Everything he does resembles a figure which the sculptor has not wholly hewn from the marble. Here and there an outline may be clearly cut, the form and expression may be everywhere indicated, but we are nevertheless tantalized by the unchiselled stone hiding as much as it reveals. His design is evidently greater than his power of execution.

But this very circumstance, if interpreted aright, gives a hint of his true power, which is the power of suggestiveness. There is something stimulating and provocative in ideas which fall short of their full and clear expression. The breadth of Herder's views, aided as they were by his remarkable eloquence, made them attractive at a time when the mind of Germany was throbbing with its highest vitality, and they must have

opened innumerable side-paths to others. The place which he attempted to fill was so large that there was necessarily more variety than thoroughness in his work. But all that he did helped to widen the intellectual horizon; his spirit was never otherwise than liberal, tolerant, and pervaded with the noblest sentiments. Neither his philosophy nor his philological learning would now be considered remarkable, but as one of the critics truly says, they were fully adequate to his needs and the needs of his time. The value of his writings is not affected by their want of artistic completeness, nor is it merely a temporary value. His ideas still retain their fructifying character, because the aspiration which underlies them is always lofty and sincere.

To Eckermann, Goethe thus expressed himself concerning Klopstock and Herder, some twenty years after the death of the latter: "Had it not been for these powerful forerunners, our literature could not have been what it now is. When they came, they were far in advance of their age, and they equally drew it after them; but now the age has distanced them, and notwithstanding they were once so necessary and important, they have ceased to be vital forces. A young man who should nowadays draw his culture from Klopstock and Herder would fall to the rear." Yet Goethe ascribed the unusual culture of the middle classes, which had been developed throughout Germany during the previous half century more to Wieland and Herder than to Lessing. "Lessing," he said, "was the highest intelligence, and only an equal intelligence could be taught by him. He was dangerous to half-capacities." "To

Wieland," he added, "all the higher cultivation of Germany owes its style. This class learned a great deal from him, not the least of which was the faculty of appropriate expression."

In these remarks, Goethe refers principally to Lessing's critical works, and he also ignores both his own and Schiller's influence on the national culture. Nevertheless the distinction which he draws is in the main correct. Taking Lessing, Klopstock, Wieland and Herder as the representative forerunners and reformers who first created the splendid age of literature which they later adorned, we may thus apportion their separate shares in the work. Lessing, unquestionably first both in intellect and character, was a strong, independent power, operating chiefly on the best writers and thinkers of the day. Klopstock, by his use of the religious element, won the people to his side, employed his influence to implant among them a lofty national sentiment, and gave eloquence, form and expression to the language. Wieland, the literary epicurean, giving himself up to the shifting play of his moods and sensations, imparted lightness, grace and eloquence to the language, adding sparkle to strength and melody to correctness of form. Herder finally broke down the narrower limits of thought, led the aspirations of men back to their primitive sources, placed before them the universal and permanent in literature, rather than the national and temporary, and deepened and widened in every way the general culture, through the fruitful suggestiveness of his ideas.

IV.

Schiller's Early Works.

Following the German authors in the order of their progressive development, we next come to Friedrich Schiller, who, although he was born ten years later than Goethe, died twenty-seven years earlier. His life is thus included within that of Goethe, but only as the orbit of Venus is included within that of the Earth; the courses may be nearly parallel, but are never identical.

In Schiller's case we have the advantage of dealing with material much of which is tolerably familiar to English readers. The biography and essays of Carlyle, and the translations of Coleridge, Bulwer, Bowring and others gradually created a definite impression, in England and America, of Schiller's character and genius—an impression which is just in outline, if somewhat vague in certain respects. The more delicate lights and shades which are necessary to complete the picture can be given only by the intimate and sympathetic study which the poet inspires in those who have made his acquaintance. Like Burns and Byron, he creates a personal interest in the reader, in the light of which his works are almost invariably viewed. An indefinable

magnetism clings to his name, and accompanies it all over the world. In vain Richter speaks of "the stony Schiller, from whom strangers spring back as from a precipice;" in vain Crabb Robinson describes him as unsocial, and with a wild expression of face; few poets have excited more enthusiasm, sympathy and love in the human race than Friedrich Schiller. Even when we know his life, and have analyzed his works, the problem is not entirely solved. Mankind seems sometimes to give way, like an individual, to an impulse of unreasoning affection, and the fortunate poet upon whom it falls is sure of immortality.

Early Career.

Schiller was born on the 10th of November, 1759, in the little town of Marbach, in Würtemberg. His father was a military surgeon who had distinguished himself in campaigns in the Netherlands and Bohemia, where he also ranked as a captain. His was an instance, very rare in those days, of a man who tried, in middle age, to make up for the deficiencies of his early education, and whatever capacity his son may have received by inheritance came from him, and not from the mother. Noted as a child for his spiritual and imaginative nature, Friedrich's early ambition was to become a clergyman; but duke Karl of Würtemberg insisted, against the wish of the boy's parents, on having him educated in a military school which he had just founded in Stuttgart.

At the age of fourteen Friedrich entered this school, which was conducted on the strictest principles. The

pupils were considered as so many machines, to be mechanically developed; not the slightest regard was paid to natural differences of capacity; their studies, their performances and even their recreations were regulated by an inflexible system. Unable to escape his fate, Schiller at first selected jurisprudence, but soon changed it for medicine, in which branch he graduated in his twenty-first year. There is no doubt that the severe and soulless discipline to which he was subjected for seven years was one cause of the fierce, reckless, rebellious spirit which pervades his earliest works. The religious aspiration having been checked, all the strength and passion of his nature turned to poetry. The *Messias*, the odes of Klopstock, and Goethe's drama of *Götz von Berlichingen*, made the most powerful impression upon his mind, and the fact that all such reading was prohibited only spurred him the more to enjoy it in secret. Among the authors with whom he became acquainted was Shakespeare, whose power he felt without clearly comprehending it. His own ambition was stimulated by his intense enjoyment of poetry, and he attempted an epic and a tragedy before his eighteenth year. These boyish works he threw into the fire, and then commenced his play of *Die Räuber*, which was completed about the time of his graduation as a military surgeon.

The Robbers.

After being appointed to a regiment in Stuttgart, feeling that the subordinate period of his life was ended, Schiller published *The Robbers* in 1781 at his own ex-

pense, no publisher daring to run the risk. The impression which it produced was as immediate and powerful as that of Byron's *Childe Harold*—he woke one morning and found himself famous. Its wild and passionate arraignment of society, its audacious blending of magnanimity, courage and crime in the same character, and the stormy, impetuous action which sweeps through it from beginning to end, startled not only Germany, but Europe. The popular doctrines which preceded the French Revolution, now only nine years distant, prepared the way for it; the "Storm and Stress" period of German literature, exultant over the overthrow of the old dynasties in letters, hailed it with cries of welcome, and in the chaotic excitement and ferment of the time its flagrant violations of truth and taste were overlooked. Only its defiant power and freedom were felt and admired. Even in reading *The Robbers* after the lapse of more than a century, we are forced to acknowledge these qualities, but we are more amused than shocked at its extravagance. Much of the play cannot be better characterized than by the term "high-falutin," and no one saw this more clearly or condemned it more emphatically than Schiller himself, in later years. "My great mistake," he once said, "was in attempting to represent men two years before I really knew a single man."

The hostility which *The Robbers* provoked was fully as intense as the praise, for the conservative sentiment of Germany rose in arms against it. The duke sent for Schiller and endeavored to exact a pledge that he would publish nothing further without first submitting it to

him; but to a man of Schiller's temperament this was impossible. Moreover, he had seen the unfortunate poet Schubart in the fortress of Hohenasperg, where he was confined ten years for having offended his ruler by the liberal tone of his writings, and could easily guess how much freedom the duke's censorship would allow him. At the same time the director of the theatre at Mannheim requested him to adapt *The Robbers* for representation on the stage. When the first performance was to take place, Schiller, unable to obtain leave of absence, went to Mannheim without it, and on his return was arrested. His insubordination gave great offense to the duke, and it seems probable that severe measures were threatened.

At this juncture but one alternative remained for Schiller, and he adopted it. In 1782 he left Stuttgart in disguise, and under an assumed name went first to Mannheim, and then to the estate of a friend near Meiningen, where he remained in complete seclusion for almost a year. During this time he completed his plays of *Fiesco* and *Kabale und Liebe*—*Intrigue and Love*, both of which were successful. It is easy to detect their faults of construction and their overcharged sentiment, but in both the vital warmth and the fire of the author's nature make themselves felt. The general public, who are never over-critical, found a new sense of enjoyment in Schiller's plays, and accepted him in spite of the critics. Toward the close of 1783 we again find him at Mannheim, where Baron Dalberg offered him the post of dramatic poet, connected with the theatrical management. He remained there eighteen

months, and started the *Rhenish Thalia*, a literary periodical which treated especially of the drama. Various causes, which need not now be explained, combined to make his position disagreeable, and hence he made his residence in Leipsic.

Some months before, Schiller had received a letter from Leipsic, signed by four unknown persons, and accompanied by their miniature portraits. These proved to be Huber and Körner, both of whom later became distinguished in letters, and Minna and Doris Stock, their betrothed brides. The former afterward invited him to share their home, and the letter which they wrote exhibited so much refined and genial appreciation of Schiller's genius, so much affectionate interest in his fortunes, that the offer was eagerly accepted as affording an escape from the annoyances which attended his position at Mannheim. Körner and Huber received him like brothers; all they had—money, time, counsel, help—was granted without stint.

Don Carlos.

Körner married soon after Schiller's arrival in Leipsic, and then settled in Dresden, whither Schiller followed him, for nearly two years making Körner's house his home. The drama of *Don Carlos*, which he had begun in Mannheim, was there rewritten and completed. It was a great advance upon his former works, although far below what he afterward achieved. Few dramatic poems are more attractive to young men, and, as Goethe says, it will always be read, because there will always

be young men. In the character of Don Carlos we detect Schiller's own aspirations and impatience of obstacles, while the marquis Posa is at the same time a noble ideal and an impossible man. The great attraction of the play is its sustained and impassioned eloquence.

In *Don Carlos* Schiller made the same transition to idealistic art that Goethe had made in his *Iphigenie*. He struck out the wild and bombastic tirades against the priests, which he had at first put into the mouth of his hero, and replaced them by an indirect, but none the less effective, warfare. He abandoned the rhetorical style, and following Lessing's example, made the play more concise.

Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*, Schiller's *Don Carlos*, and Goethe's *Iphigénie*, are the first important examples of German iambic tragedy. All three are devoted to the ideals of humanity and toleration. In each there is one prominent scene, in which a despotic sovereign is made to hear the voice of truth, and is unable to resist its force. There is a striking resemblance, even in detail, between the scene in *Nathan*, where the learned Jew puts the sultan to shame, and the scene in *Don Carlos*, where the marquis Posa touches the heart of the Spanish despot. It should, however, be remembered that Lessing was fifty years old when he wrote his *Nathan* and Schiller only twenty-eight when he wrote *Don Carlos*. There is certainly more probability in the course of events represented in Lessing's drama, and there is no doubt that the sober Nathan ranks as a dramatic creation far above the enthusiastic youth

Posa. Both plays are a protest against religious intolerance; but while Nathan moves the heart of Saladin by appealing to his better nature, to the ideals which are alive also in his own breast, Posa looks for freedom of thought from the pupil of the great inquisitor, and demands from the son of Charles V a state in which the law shall not be dictated by the will of one individual, and in which the sovereign's aim should be the happiness of his people.

Lessing had used the stage as a pulpit; Schiller made it an orator's tribune. But changes in his own views led him more and more away from the tendencies of his early dramas. The French Revolution filled him with horror; the former worshipper of Brutus wished to take up his pen in defense of Louis XVI, and felt that he could no more seek the majesty of human nature among the masses. The events of the time robbed him, he said, of all political hopes for centuries. He now recognized that the ennobling of human character must precede all attempts at the reform of government.

Schiller's Philosophy.

Schiller's *History of the Thirty Years' War*, written at Weimar during his closest intimacy with Goethe, suggested to him the writing of *Wallenstein*. At this time also the Kantian system of philosophy had produced a powerful impression on him, and he felt moved to develop it and also to oppose it. He had not only learned to bear cheerfully a life full of disappointments and privations, but the heroism of his nature raised him

DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN

After an original cartoon by W. von Kaulbach

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN, the most dramatic scene in the life of the great German general, is depicted in this engraving. The general is shown lying on the ground, surrounded by his soldiers and officers. The scene is set in a dark, cavernous space, with a large, ornate chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The general's body is the central focus, with his head resting on a pile of armor. The soldiers around him are in various states of shock and confusion, some looking on in horror, others in despair. The overall atmosphere is one of tragedy and chaos, capturing the moment of the general's death.



above all earthly suffering into the calm regions of art. He learned to contemplate without envy the happiness of others which was denied to him, the happiness even of such an Olympian nature as he saw before him in Goethe. His philosophy was conditioned by the circumstances of his own life. He depreciated the sensuous world and exalted all the higher that divine art which raises men above earthly things. Beauty, according to Schiller, is supersensuous, as everything good or great is with Kant. But whereas Kant would only recognize as good what was done against the natural inclinations, Schiller, on the contrary, praised that condition of man where duty and inclination coincide, where the sensuous and supersensuous worlds are in harmony. Art produces this condition, and to Schiller it seemed realized in the Greek divinities. Like Goethe, he returned to the old mythological ideals. The Greeks, he said, transferred to Olympus what ought to be carried out on earth; they banished from the faces of their glorious gods the traces of care and labor which furrow the brows of mortals, as well as the worthless enjoyment which smooths the vacant countenance, and they released the eternally placid Olympians from the chains of any duty or high purpose in life.

Wallenstein.

In 1799 the dramatic trilogy of *Wallenstein* was completed. Instead of the one tragedy which Schiller had planned, seven years before, he had produced three—*Wallenstein's Camp*, an introductory part, in eleven

scenes, the object of which is to give a picture of a soldier's life toward the close of the Thirty Years' war; *Die Piccolomini*, which discloses the conspiracy against Wallenstein, and prepares for the tragic sequel of the plot in the third part, and *Wallenstein's Death*. It was fortunate and also intentional that the work was delayed, because Schiller had not attained his higher development when he began it. The feeling of uncertainty which made him lay it aside from time to time was a true instinct, and he waited until he felt that his powers were equal to the task. How much he had learned may be seen by comparing *Wallenstein* and *Don Carlos*. It is the difference between the passionate eloquence of a great but immature genius, and the stately, secure march of a mind which has all its resources at command. In *Don Carlos* we feel that Schiller has expressed himself affirmatively in the hero and the marquis Posa, and negatively in Philip II and the princess Eboli; whereas, in *Wallenstein*, each character has its own objective life, and the poet seems calmly to chronicle the unfoldings of a plot evolved by and from those characters. *Wallenstein* belongs to the first rank of dramatic poems, after those of Shakespeare. Coleridge's translation gives a fair reproduction of it in English, although he has here and there mistaken Schiller's meaning, and sometimes even changed the text.

Wallenstein, as Schiller represents him, was a youth serious beyond his years, solitary and reserved, but sometimes roused to strong feeling. A fall from a high window and his wonderful escape from death deep-

ened his seriousness; he became a Roman Catholic, and after that considered himself as being favored by Providence. In the war he rose quickly to importance; the emperor loved him and trusted him, and he was successful in all that he undertook. But horrible deeds were done in the Imperial service. Wallenstein became the scourge of all lands, and drew down a thousand curses on his head. At the diet of Regensburg the storm which had been gathering burst upon him, and the emperor sacrificed him to his enemies. From the time of his downfall he was a different man, wavering and unsociable, suspicious, gloomy and restless. He sought to replace by outward support the inward reliance which he had lost; he devoted himself to astrology, and sought counsel from the stars when his own mind wavered.

Wallenstein's recall to the supreme command of the troops did not make things better; it did not result from favor or good-will, but from the emperor's need of him, and he used the Imperial authority as an instrument for carrying out his own policy. He negotiates with the Swedes at first, purposing to strengthen his own power thereby, to keep all paths open to his ambition, and so, finally, to gain a monarch's crown when the peace comes. He dallies with the thought of a tremendous deed, without the serious intention of carrying it out. But the mere evil thought produces strained relations, which react on him and interfere with his freedom of choice. He is too proud to conceal his bold, ambitious scheme. Such men as Illo and Terzky urge him on to revolt, because they see that they will reap

their own base advantage from the step. In obedience to a false dream-oracle, he puts implicit trust in Octavio Piccolomini; and it is this very Octavio who reports to Vienna every rebellious utterance and every daring step of the general's. He has also other spies around him, and the court thinks him guilty of high treason before he really is. His enemies try to draw his army away from him, and thus to prepare the way for a second deposition; they stir up his anger and provoke him afresh to disobedience; but he still shrinks from treason, and feels the force of duty. He has an evil genius by his side in his sister-in-law, Countess Terzky, and a good one in young Max Piccolomini. His sister-in-law forestalls his good counsellor by a few minutes, and these few minutes decide his fate. He concludes the alliance with the Swedes and breaks the chain of duty. Wallenstein's whole conduct only becomes intelligible to us when we recognize what enormous power he holds in his hands, how much this power was due to his own personal efforts, and how strong the temptation must have been.

Schiller has made us intimately acquainted with the lower as well as the upper strata of Wallenstein's army. Eleven acts did not seem to him too much in order to obtain his object, and the first of these, which takes place in Wallenstein's camp, shows us the poet at the summit of his art, while it also shows us how much he learned from Goethe. Instead of the naturalism of his youthful dramas, he here adopts Goethe's generalizing and typical method. All the possible types of military life are embodied in individuals, who are cleverly con-

trusted with each other. They are characterized by their conduct toward civilians and peasants, by their different estimates of Wallenstein and by their different views of the military profession, as well as by individual traits. We are led up from the lower to the higher types of military life, and are introduced to an idealist among the realists, in the person of the Walloon cuirassier serving under Max Piccolomini. A most varied picture of life is unfolded to us, and the climax is reached in the splendid soldier's song at the end of the act.

The various types of soldier somewhat prepare us for the various types among their leaders, as they are brought before us in the *Piccolomini*, and in the closing tragedy, *Wallenstein's Death*. The generals are classified as those who remain throughout devoted to Wallenstein, such as Illo and Terzky, those who from the beginning are decidedly against him, as Octavio Piccolomini, and those who go over from Wallenstein to the emperor, such as Isolani, Butler and Max Piccolomini. They also furnish among themselves typical contrasts, though less accentuated than in the characters of the camp. Here, also, the scale rises from the base to the noble, from egoism to self-sacrifice, and again an idealist, Max Piccolomini stands out prominently amid the ranks of the realists and materialists. However different the motives of action may be in different individuals, yet the poet has throughout taken care that Wallenstein's departure from his duty should appear as the real cause of the army's defection from him.

In *Don Carlos* even the ideal characters are not over-scrupulous about faithfulness and honesty, when it is a question of advancing the good cause; but in *Wallenstein*, Schiller ranges himself sternly on the side of the conservative virtues and the old institutions which offer resistance to arbitrary power. He attacks revolution, like Goethe, and he also attacks it, like him, by æsthetic means. He maintains an impartial attitude toward his characters, and does not throw all the light on one side and all the shadow on the other. Only Gordon, a friend of Wallenstein's youth, unites full sympathy for the general with thorough loyalty to the emperor. Of those who remain faithful to law against arbitrary power, some do so out of purely ignoble motives, some out of a mixture of base and noble inducements.

The pair of lovers in the tragedy, Max Piccolomini, Octavio's son, and Thekla, Wallenstein's daughter, are the most consistent idealists in the piece; they are both ruined by the conflict of their own characters with their respective fathers. When they tear themselves away and flee from the malicious powers of life, Wallenstein's good angels seem to have departed from him. But even these good angels are not faultless. Max says he would pardon forcible resistance and even open rebellion in the great hero, when threatened at his post; but he cannot forgive treason, he cannot forgive his allying himself with his enemy. And Thekla is wanting in strength of character; for after Max's death she gives way to the selfish longing of an overwhelming grief, and forsakes her duty, forsakes her mother in the moment of her deepest distress.

The realist is one-sided and so is the idealist, and only both in conjunction furnish a complete picture of humanity. This is Schiller's teaching in *Wallenstein*. Max and Thekla form the necessary supplement to the other characters. The idealist, Max, stands in striking contrast with the realist, Wallenstein, a contrast destined to be one of the most momentous features in the tragedy. We might consider Max the real hero of the second part of the trilogy, and Wallenstein only the hero of the third part. Max is very much younger than Wallenstein; he has received many kindnesses from him, and carries an idealized picture of him in his soul. Where the realist loves, says Schiller, he will seek to make happy; where the idealist loves, he will seek to ennoble. The realist can even forgive baseness in thought and action, but not arbitrariness and eccentricity; thus Wallenstein suffers such men as Illo and Terzky about him, and does not reckon upon gratitude from an Isolani; but Octavio's unsuspected falseness overwhelms him. "That," he exclaims, "has happened contrary to the course of the stars and to destiny." The idealist, on the other hand, will reconcile himself to the extravagant and tremendous, if only it testifies to force of character, to great capabilities; thus Max would even understand and pardon Wallenstein's open rebellion, but not his treachery. Where the realist would ask what anything is good for, the idealist asks whether it is good in itself. Where Wallenstein follows expediency, Max follows right. Max sets reason, Wallenstein natural necessity, against established tradition. Max tells his general he need inquire of no other oracle but

the one in his own conscience; he himself follows the voice of his heart, and his heart decides for duty.

Human nature, Schiller teaches, is not capable of a consistent idealism; even the idealist, in order to act morally, must be fired by enthusiasm, and can do nothing except he be inspired. Then, indeed, he is able to accomplish great things, and his character will be marked by a loftiness and nobleness which will be sought in vain in the action of the realist. But even Max's soul is not so constituted as to wander in cold serenity along the path of duty; he, too, has an inward struggle to go through. His inclinations draw him to Wallenstein, whom his duty commands him to leave; Thekla must assure him that he has chosen right. Then there flashes on his mind a thought in which he sees salvation; he will fight against the Swedes and will fall in battle. Acting under the influence of this enthusiasm, he leads his followers to death. He is the happy one. Wallenstein says of him: His life is complete and perfected; and he feels how much he will miss his noble character:

The bloom has now departed from my life,
And cold and colorless it lies before me.
He stood beside me like my vanished youth,
He made reality seem like a dream,
And round the common show of earthly things
He threw the golden halo of the dawn

The rising scale of characters, the systematic representation of contrasts, the typical conception of the in-

dividual, all this removes *Wallenstein* as a work of art from the sphere of reality. Schiller strongly insisted that art should furnish only a semblance, a show of things as they are, that the audience should never be allowed to forget this, should never be reminded forcibly in the drama of common-place reality. The idea is here realized in the first instance by the rhymed doggerel in which all the characters in the camp are made to speak. The iambic of the two following tragedies serve the same purpose, which is still further strengthened by the traditional dramatic fiction that all the characters should be able to give a detailed and well-expressed exposition of their views and opinions. Schiller makes the hero and his generals speak with most unmilitary verbosity. Throughout he effects his characterization more by means of what his dramatis personæ say about themselves, and what others say of them, than by actions which should reveal their character to the audience. He only occasionally attempts to make the language characteristic of the speaker, as for instance, in portions of the *Camp*, and in the colloquy between Buttler and Wallenstein's murderers. In the latter scene we are made acquainted with the wild ruffianly soldier of the Thirty Years' war, and the brutality of the murderers serves to enhance the grandeur of their victim. Perhaps the mixture of the two styles, the characteristic and the idealized, is a mistake; it might have been better if one or the other had been adhered to consistently throughout. The motley life, and the many small, though somewhat connected, actions in the *Camp*, by their brightness and vivacity impair the

interest of the long-sustained speeches in the *Piccolomini* and *Wallenstein's Death*.

Of *Wallenstein's Camp*, first acted at the Weimar theatre in October, 1778, a translation is given at the close of this volume. In the following April all the three dramas of the trilogy were represented, a night being given to each, though the first may be regarded as a prelude, in one act. In the *Camp*, though possessing broad humor, it was Schiller's main object to prepare the reader for what was to follow by a lively picture of the lax discipline and mutinous disposition of Wallenstein's soldiery. In the *Piccolomini*, with which the tragedy proper begins, Wallenstein appears at the height of his power, his ambition set on the crown of Bohemia and on making himself the chief potentate of Germany. In the following extract some of the characters speak for themselves in the eloquent language of S. T. Coleridge's rendition. It is from the fourth scene of the first act, and the personages are Max Piccolomini, his father Octavio, and the Imperial envoy, von Questenberg.

Max.—Ha! there he is himself. Welcome, my father!

(He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes Questenberg, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.)

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

Octavio.—How, Max.? Look closer at this visitor.

Attention, Max., an old friend merits—Reverence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sovereign.

Max.—(Dryly.) Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring
with you

Aught good to our headquarters.

Questenberg.—(Seizing his hand.) Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.

(Taking the hands of both.)

Octavio—*Max.* Piccolomini!
O saviour names, and full of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

Max.—Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.

You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us—
I must not be beforehand with my comrades.

Oct.—(To *Max.*) He comes from court, where people are not
quite

So well contented with the duke as here.

Max.—What now have they contrived to find out in him?

That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand!
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in 't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammer'd out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.
It goes against his nature—he can't do it,
He is possess'd by a commanding spirit,
And his, too, is the station of command.
And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently. Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what nature destined him,
The pause, the central point, to thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may pass with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques.—The army? Doubtless!

Max.—What delight t' observe

How he incites and strengthens all around him,
 Infusing life and vigor. Every power
 Seems as it were redoubled by his presence:
 He draws forth every latent energy,
 Showing to each his own peculiar talent,
 Yet leaving all to be what nature made them,
 And watching only that they be naught else
 In the right place and time; and he has skill
 To mold the powers of all to his own end.

Ques.—But who denies his knowledge of mankind,
 And skill to use it? Our complaint is this:—
 That in the master he forgets the servant,
 As if he claimed by birth his present honors.

Max.—And does he not so? Is he not endow'd
 With every gift and power to carry out
 The high intents of nature, and to win
 A ruler's station by a ruler's talent?

Ques.—So then it seems to rest with him alone
 What is the worth of all mankind beside!

Max.—Uncommon men require no common trust;
 Give him but scope, and he will set the bounds.

Ques.—The proof is yet to come.

Max.—Thus are ye ever.
 Ye shrink from everything of depth, and think
 Yourselves are only safe while ye're in shallows.

Oct.—(To Questenberg.) 'Twere best to yield with a good
 grace, my friend.

Of him there you'll make nothing.

Max.—(Continuing.) In their fear
 They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
 Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread
 him
 More than the ills for which they call'd him up
 The uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
 Like things of every day. But in the field,
 Aye, there the Present Being makes itself felt.
 The personal must command, the actual eye
 Examine. If to be the chieftain asks

All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondences of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mold-rotted papers.

Oct.—My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppress'd mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious path. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon ball. Direct it flies, and rapid;
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it
reaches.

My son! the road the human being travels,
That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Ques.—O hear your father, noble youth! hear him,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct.—My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witness'd! There exists
An higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful and the enduring mighty!
Lo there! 'the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,

With arms, and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel
 The motley market fills; the roads, the streams
 Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries,
 But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
 The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
 Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
 The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
 And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max.—O let the Emperor make peace, my father!
 Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laure.
 For the first violet of the leafless spring,
 Pluck'd in those quiet fields where I have journey'd.

Oct.—What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max.—Peace have I ne'er beheld? I have beheld it.
 From thence am I come hither: O! that sight,
 It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
 Left in the distance,—some delicious landscape!
 My road conducted me through countries where
 The war has not yet reach'd. Life, life, my father—
 My venerable father, life has charms
 Which we ne'er experienced. We have been
 But voyaging along its barren coasts,
 Like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
 That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
 House on the wild sea with wild usages,
 Nor know aught of the main land, but the bays
 Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
 Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
 Of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
 Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct.—(Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.) And so
 your journey has revealed this to you?

Max.—'Twas the first leisure of my life. O tell me,
 What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
 The painful toil which robb'd me of my youth,
 Left me a heart unsoul'd and solitary,
 A spirit uninform'd, unornamented!
 For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless larum,
 The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,

The unvaried, still returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This cannot be the sole felicity,
These cannot be man's best and only pleasures!

Oct.—Much hast thou learnt, my son, in this short journey.

Max.—O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life; when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurl'd, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hush'd, and hark!
Now the soft peach-march beats, home, brothers, home.
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onward
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers ring out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man, O fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful, tender arms with mute embracing.

Qucs.—(Apparently much affected.) O that you should speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

Max.—(Turning round to him quick and vehement.) Where
lies the fault but on you in Vienna!
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely), indignation
Crowded and press'd my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you.
Ye fret the General's life out, blacken him,

Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
 And tries to awaken confidence in the enemy;
 Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
 War intermit not during war, how then
 And whence can peace come? Your own plagues fall on
 you!

Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.
 And here I make this vow, here pledge myself,
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
 And my heart drain off, drop by drop, ere ye
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. (Exit.)

SCENE V.

Questenberg, Octavio Piccolomini.

Questenberg.—Alas, alas! and stands it so?

(Then in pressing and impatient tones.)

What friend! and do we let him go away
 In this delusion—let him go away?
 Not call him back immediately, not open
 His eyes upon the spot?

Octavio.—(Recovering himself out of a deep study.) He has
 now open'd mine,
 And I see more than pleases me.

Ques.—

What is it?

Oct.—Curse on this journey!

Ques.—

But why so? What is it?

Oct.—Come, come along, friend! I must follow up
 The ominous track immediately. Mine eyes
 Are open'd now, and I must use them. Come!

(Draws Questenberg on with him.)

Ques.—What now? Where go you, then?

Oct.—

To her, herself.

Ques.—

To——

Oct.—(Interrupting him, and correcting himself.) To the duke.
 Come, let us go—'tis done, 'tis done,

I see the net that is thrown over him.

Oh! he returns not to me as he went.

Ques.—Nay, but explain yourself.

Oct.—

And that I should not

Foresee it, not prevent this journey! Wherefore

Did I keep it from him?—You were in the right.

I should have warn'd him! Now it is too late.

Ques.—But what's too late? Bethink yourself, my friend,

That you are talking absolute riddles to me.

Oct.—(More collected.) Come! to the duke's. 'Tis close upon
the hour

Which he appointed you for audience. Come!

A curse, a threefold curse, upon this journey!

(He leads Questenberg off.)

The following is, in part, a love scene between Wallenstein and Thekla.

Wallenstein.—You went then through Vienna, were presented
To the queen of Hungary?

Duchess.—

Yes; and to the empress, too,

And by both majesties were we admitted

To kiss the hand.

Wal.—

And how was it received,

That I had sent for wife and daughter hither

To the camp, in winter time?

Duchess.—

I did even that

Which you commission'd me to do. I told them,

You had determined on our daughter's marriage,

And wish'd, ere yet you went into the field,

To show the elected husband his betrothed.

Wal.—And did they guess the choice which I had made?

Duchess.—They only hoped and wish'd it may have fallen

Upon no foreign nor yet Lutheran noble.

Wal.—And you—what do you wish, Elizabeth?

Duchess.—Your will, you know, was always mine.

Wal.—(After a pause.)

Well, then—

And in all else, of what kind and complexion
Was your reception at the court?

(The Duchess casts her eyes on the ground, and remains silent.)

Hide nothing from me. How were you received?

Duchess.—Oh! my dear lord, all is not what it was.

A canker-worm, my lord, a canker-worm
Has stolen into the bud.

Wal.—

Ay! is it so!

What, they were lax? they fail'd of the old respect?

Duchess.—Not of respect. No honors were omitted,

No outward courtesy; but in the place
Of condescending, confidential kindness,
Familiar and endearing, there were given me
Only these honors and that solemn courtesy.
Ah! and the tenderness which was put on,
It was the guise of pity, not of favor.

No! Albrecht's wife, Duke Albrecht's princely wife,
Count Harrach's noble daughter, should not so—
Not wholly so should she have been received.

Wal.—Yes, yes; they have ta'en offense. My latest conduct

They rail'd at it, no doubt.

Duchess.—

O that they had!

I have been long accustomed to defend you,
To heal and pacify distemper'd spirits.
No; no one rail'd at you. They wrapp'd them up,
O Heaven! in such oppressive, solemn silence!—
Here is no every-day misunderstanding,
No transient pique, no cloud that passes over;
Something most luckless, most unhealable,
Has taken place. The queen of Hungary
Used formerly to call me her dear aunt,
And ever at departure to embrace me—

Wal.—Now she omitted it?

Duchess.—(Wiping away her tears after a pause.) She did
embrace me,

But then first when I had already taken
My formal leave, and when the door already

Had closed upon me, then did she come out
In haste, as she had suddenly bethought herself,
And press'd me to her bosom, more with anguish
Than tenderness.

Wal.—(Seizes her hand soothingly.) Nay, now collect yourself.
And what of Eggenberg and Lichtenstein,
And of our other friends there?—

Duchess.—(Shaking her head.) I saw none.

Wal.—The ambassador from Spain, who once was wont
To plead so warmly for me?—

Duchess.— Silent, silent!

Wal.—These suns, then, are eclipsed for us. Henceforward
Must we roll on, our own fire, our own light.

Duchess.—And were it—were it, my dear lord, in that
Which mov'd about the court in buzz and whisper,
But in the country let itself be heard
Aloud—in that which Father Lamormain
In sundry hints and—

Wal.—(Eagerly.) Lamormain! what said he?

Duchess.—That you're accused of having daringly
O'erstepped the powers entrusted to you, charged
With traitorous contempt of the emperor
And his supreme behests. The proud Bavarian,
He and the Spaniards stand up your accusers—
That there's a storm collecting over you
Of far more fearful menace than that former one
Which whirl'd you headlong down at Regensburg
And people talk, said he, of—Ah!—
(Stifling extreme emotion.)

Wal.— Proceed!

Duchess.—I cannot utter it!

Wal.— Proceed!

Duchess.— They talk—

Wal.—Well!

Duchess.—Of a second—

(Catches her voice and hesitates.)

Wal.— Second—

Duchess.— More disgraceful

—Dismission.

Wal.— Talk they?

(Strides across the chamber in vehement agitation.)

O! they force, they thrust me

With violence, against my own will, onward!

Duchess.—(Presses near to him in entreaty.) O! if there yet
be time, my husband! if

By giving way and by submission, this

Can be averted—my dear lord, give way!

Win down your proud heart to it! Tell that heart,

It is your sovereign lord, your emperor

Before whom you retreat. O let no longer

Low tricking malice blacken your good meaning

With abhorr'd venomous glosses. Standing you up,

Shielded and helm'd and weapon'd with the truth,

And drive before you into uttermost shame

These slanderous liars! Few firm friends have we—

You know it!—The swift growth of our good fortune,

It hath but set us up a mark for hatred.

What are we, if the sovereign's grace and favor

Stand not before us!

SCENE III.

Enter the Countess Terzky, leading in her hand the Princess
Thekla, richly adorned with brilliants.

Countess, Thekla, Wallenstein, Duchess.

Countess.—How, sister! What, already upon business?

(Observing the countenance of the Duchess.)

And business of no pleasing kind I see,

Ere he has gladden'd at his child. The first

Moment belongs to joy. Here, Friedland! father!

This is thy daughter.

(Thekla approaches with a shy and timid air, and
bends herself as about to kiss his hand. He re-
ceives her in his arms, and remains standing for
some time lost in the feeling of her presence.)

Wallenstein.—Yes! pure and lovely hath hope risen on me
I take her as the pledge of greater fortune.

Duchess.—'Twas but a little child when you departed
To raise up that great army for the emperor;
And after, at the close of the campaign,
When you returned home, out of Pomerania,
Your daughter was already in the convent,
Wherein she has remained till now.

Wal.— The while
We in the field here gave our cares and toils
To make her great, and fight her a free way
To the loftiest earthly good; lo! mother Nature
Within the peaceful silent convent walls
Has done her part, and out of her free grace
Hath she bestow'd on the beloved child
The god-like; and now leads her thus adorn'd
To meet her splendid fortune, and my hope.

Duchess.—(To Thekla.) Thou wouldst not now have recognized thy father,

Wouldst thou, my child? She counted scarce eight years,
When last she saw your face.

Thekla.— O yes, yes, mother!
At the first glance!—My father has not alter'd.
The form that stands before me falsifies
No feature of the image that hath lived
So long within me!

Wal.— The voice of my child!
(Then after a pause.)

I was indignant at my destiny,
That it denied me a man-child, to be
Heir of my name and of my prosperous fortune,
And reillumine my soon extinguish'd being
In a proud line of princes.
I wronged my destiny. Here upon this head,
So lovely in its maiden bloom will I
Let fall the garland of a life of war,
Nor deem it lost, if only I can wreath it,
Transmuted to a regal ornament,
Around these beauteous brows.

(He clasps her in his arms as Piccolomini enters.)

SCENE IV.

Enter Max. Piccolomini, and some time after Count Terzky, the others remaining as before.

Countess.—There comes the Paladin who protected us.

Wallenstein.—Max.! Welcome, ever welcome! Always wert thou
The morning star of my best joys!

Max.— My General—

Wal.—Till now it was the emperor who rewarded thee,
I but the instrument. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max.! the fortunate father,
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max.— My prince!

You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame; yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce deliver'd
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equerry
A splendid, richly-plated hunting dress
So to remunerate me for my troubles—
Yes, yes, remunerate me! Since a trouble
It must be, a mere office, not a favor
Which I leapt forward to receive, and which
I came with grateful heart to thank you for.
No! 'twas not so intended, that my business
Should be my highest best good fortune!

(Terzky enters, and delivers letters to the duke,
which he breaks open hurriedly.)

Countess.—(To Max.) Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense. 'Tis not unfitting
For you, Count Piccolomini, to feel
So tenderly—by brother it beseems
To show himself for ever great and princely.

Thekla.—Then I too must have scruples of his love;
For his munificent hands did ornament me
Ere yet the father's heart had spoken to me.

Max.—Yes; 'tis his nature ever to be giving

And making happy.

(He grasps the hand of the Duchess with still increasing warmth.)

How my heart pours out
Its all of thanks to him! O! how I seem
To utter all things in the dear name—Friedland.
While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name; in it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope.
Inextricable as in some magic ring
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me!

Countess.—(Who, during this time has been anxiously watching the duke, and remarks that he is lost in thought over the letters.) My brother wishes us to leave him. Come.

Wal.—(Turns himself round quick, collects himself, and speaks with cheerfulness to the Duchess.) Once more I bid thee welcome to the camp,
Thou art the hostess of this court. You, Max.,
Will now again administer your old office,
While we perform the sovereign's business here.

Subjoined is an extract from the *Death of Wallenstein*, forming the last drama of the trilogy.

SCENE III.

A saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the background.

Wallenstein sitting at a table. The Swedish Captain standing before him.

Wallenstein.—Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy,
Which such a victory might well demand,
Attribute it to no lack of good-will,
For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,

And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
The citadel shall be surrender'd to you
On your arrival.

(The Swedish Captain retires. Wallenstein sits
lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and
his head sustained by his hand. The Countess
Terzky enters, stands before him for awhile,
unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees
her and recollects himself.)

Wal.—Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

Countess.—My sister tells me, she was more collected
After her conversation with the Swede.
She has now retired to rest.

Wal.— The pang will soften,
She will shed tears.

Countess.— I find thee alter'd too.
My brother! After such a victory
I had expected to have found in thee
A cheerful spirit. O remain *thou* firm!
Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
Our sun.

Wal.— Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
Thy husband?

Countess.— At a banquet—he and Illo.

Wal.—(Rises and strides across the saloon.) The night's far
spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

Countess.—Bid me not go, O let me stay with thee!

Wal.—(Moves to the window.) There is a busy motion in the
Heaven,

The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower,
Fast sweep the clouds, the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. (A pause.) But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

(He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks
vacantly into the distance.)

Countess.—(Looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand.)
What art thou brooding on?

Wal.—Methinks,
If I but saw him, 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

Countess.—Thou'lt see him again.

Wal.—(Remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes
a livelier manner, and turning suddenly to the
Countess.) See him again? O never, never again!

Countess.—How?

Wal.—He is gone—is dust.

Countess.—Whom meanest thou,
then?

Wal.—He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finish'd!
For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it *was*,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap,
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the change and chance
Of the unsteady planets. O 'tis well
With *him!* but who knows what the coming hour
Veil'd in thick darkness brings for us?

Countess.—Thou speakest
Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
The courier had just left thee as I came.
(Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs
to her to be silent.)

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view,
Let us look forward into sunny days,
Welcome with joyous heart the victory,
Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day,
For the first time, thy friend was to thee dead;
To thee he died, when first he parted from thee.

Wal.—This anguish will have to be wearied down, I know;
What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,
As from the vilest thing of every day,

He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
 Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
 In him. The bloom is vanish'd from my life
 For O! he stood beside me, like my youth,
 Transform'd for me the real to a dream,
 Clothing the palpable and the familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.
 Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
 The *beautiful* is vanish'd—and returns not.

Countess.—O be not treacherous to thy own power.
 Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
 Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him,
 The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

Wal.—(Stepping to the door.) Who interrupts us now at this
 late hour?

It is the Governor. He brings the keys
 Of the citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

Countess.—O 'tis hard to me this night to leave thee—
 A boding fear possesses me!

Wal.— Fear! Wherefore?

Countess.—Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
 Never more find thee!

Wal.— Fancies!

Countess.— O my soul
 Has long been weigh'd down by these dark forebodings
 And if I combat and repel them waking,
 They still crush down upon my heart in dreams
 I saw thee yesternight with thy first wife
 Sit at a banquet, gorgeously attired.

Wal.—This was a dream of favorable omen,
 That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

Countess.—To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
 In thy own chamber. As I enter'd, lo!
 It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
 At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hast founded.
 And where it is thy will that thou should'st be
 Interr'd.

V.

Schiller at Weimar.

In 1799 Schiller removed to Weimar, where the duke, Karl August, influenced by Goethe, offered him a pension of a thousand thalers a year, with a promise that it should be doubled in case of illness. Schiller, however, refused to accept the condition, saying: "I have some talent, and that must do the rest."

In 1802, at the request of duke August, the emperor of Austria conferred a patent of nobility upon Schiller. This was not due to his genius as a poet, but to the fact that his wife, losing the von out of her name by marrying him, had forfeited her right to appear in court society, which she had possessed before her marriage. Of course the rules of the court could not be broken, or the earth might have been shaken from its orbit; so the only way in which Frau Schiller could recover her lost aristocracy was to make her husband Friedrich von Schiller. It was only for her sake that he accepted the title, in order to repay her for the conventional sacrifice which she had made. Nevertheless, he was far from being democratic in his political views. The democracy of Germany celebrates him as its special

poet, and condemns Goethe for his aristocratic predilections. This impression is now so fixed that it is almost impossible to change it; yet if there was any difference between the two poets, Goethe was certainly the more democratic.

Schiller an Aristocrat.

It seems that Schiller's intellectual revolt against authority in his youth, combined with the intense yearning for spiritual growth and spiritual freedom, which throbs like an immortal pulse of life through all his later works, must be accepted as an explanation. Such expressions, for instance, as "Freedom exists only in the realm of dreams," and "The poet should walk with kings, for both dwell upon the heights of humanity," certainly do not indicate a political feeling at all republican in its character. In 1814 Goethe said to Eckermann: "People seem not to be willing to see me as I am, and turn away their eyes from everything which might set me in a true light. On the other hand, Schiller, who was much more of an aristocrat than I, but who was also much more considerate in regard to what he said, had the remarkable fortune of being always looked upon as a friend of the people. I do not grudge him his good luck; I console myself with the knowledge that others have had it before me."

As Schiller's life drew toward a close, the outward evidences of his success came to cheer and encourage him. In Leipsic, in 1803, and in Berlin, in 1804, he was received with every mark of honor. The king of Prussia offered him a salary of three thousand thalers

to take charge of the Royal theatre, but he refused to give up Weimar and the intercourse with Goethe, which had become to him an intellectual necessity.

The success of *Wallenstein* stimulated Schiller to new labor, and in 1800 he wrote *Marie Stuart*, in 1801 *The Maid of Orleans*, and in 1802 *The Bride of Messina*. The first and second of these plays were more popular than *Wallenstein*, though inferior as dramatic works; the interest is more obvious, the action is less involved, and there are passages in each full of that power and eloquence which tell so immediately upon an audience. In *The Bride of Messina* Schiller made a very daring experiment, writing the play in rhyme and introducing a chorus in imitation of the classical drama. All his rhythmical genius, all the splendor of his rhetoric were employed; but it was not a decided success. The piece is still occasionally presented on the German stage, but is listened to more as a brilliant phenomenon than as a favorite of the public. The innovation of the chorus has not been naturalized in German, and probably never will be.

Marie Stuart.

Marie Stuart, an English translation of which was received with favor, had been originally intended as an attack on Catholic policy; but in the published drama it has no such tendency. Schiller had now become tolerant enough to look at Catholicism from a purely artistic point of view. His only object is to exalt the heroine and to gain for her the sympathy of the audience. He does not attempt to conceal the fact that she

is supported by the League and the Jesuits; but he does not bring it prominently before us, so as not to detract from her merits in the eyes of a Protestant audience. In other ways, also, everything is done, as in *Wallenstein*, to make the heroine appeal to our sympathies. Her errors are represented as the result of youthful inexperience, and she lives to repent them bitterly. Of that which condemns her to death before the law she is really innocent, being only incriminated by the false witness of a former servant. She exercises a magical influence on all who approach her, and there is nothing more touching than the scene in the fifth act, where the love and devotion of her faithful servants make them throw themselves at her feet in the face of death. Mortimer, too, is fascinated by her, and dares, for her sake, an attempt on Elizabeth's life. Leicester falls under her charm, and many others, whom we only hear mentioned, have succumbed to her wonderful attraction. Love and hatred, earthly passion and earthly desires have not been banished from her soul by misfortune. Her meeting with Elizabeth in the garden at Fotheringay reveals her true character. She is transported with delight at being allowed to enjoy again the beauties of nature, and her sanguine character makes her take this favor as an earnest of complete liberty soon to be given her. In her exalted frame of mind she feels she cannot humble herself before Elizabeth as she ought, and she stands face to face with the queen, the woman and the demon break out in her; she annihilates her victim with words, but in so doing weaves her own destruction, and yet counts herself

blessed, since she has tasted revenge. In the face of death, however, all earthly desire forsakes her. She forgives those who have done her wrong, and hopes by her repentance to atone for her old crime, her complicity in the murder of her husband and her marriage with the murderer. In this chastened mood she goes to the scaffold.

The more Mary's character was exalted, the more her rival must be degraded. Everything in the outward course of the play turns on the incident of the signing of the death-warrant by Elizabeth. It is not human sympathy that makes her hesitate, but only fear of reproach. The group of statesmen around her is finely drawn; Burleigh is hard and unfeeling, desiring Mary's death for reasons of state policy; Leicester is miserably weak and faithless, loving Mary and wishing to save her, yet without sufficient courage for the deed, and at the last only concerned about his own safety. Jealousy and wounded pride finally persuade Elizabeth to the fatal step. In the scene with Mary in the garden of Fotheringay she feels herself lowered in Leicester's eyes, and this determines her. Under pretence of yielding to the importunities of the people, she signs the death-warrant, but in a form which will shield herself and throw the blame on her secretary. She purposely leaves him with the signed warrant in her hands, refusing to give him definite instructions. Burleigh, finding him in perplexity and despair, snatches the paper from him, and causes the sentence to be put into execution. And Elizabeth then disowns the action.

Schiller has sketched the contrast between the two

queens with great power, but has not made it very deep. Mary, who has a bad name, is better than her reputation; Elizabeth, who is generally respected, is worse than her reputation. Mary is generous and open-hearted, and ready to acknowledge her sins; Elizabeth is cautious and underhand, and a hypocrite. While Mary is chastened and raised to a level where she no longer feels the want of earthly delights, Elizabeth sinks in the eyes of her most faithful servants, and loses those earthly good things which she thinks so much of. The lower side of feminine nature is made the strongest lever of action, and brings about the catastrophe. Jealousy turns the balance, and Mary Stuart's insulting speeches incite Elizabeth to vengeance.

The Maid of Orleans.

With the same tolerance as he has shown in *Marie Stuart*, Schiller again selected, in the *Maid of Orleans*, a Catholic heroine, one of the miraculous figures of the middle ages. But his Joan of Arc is also a representative of ideal womanhood, a champion in a good cause, consecrated by religion and by her own pure nature. Schiller throws his whole sympathies into the scale on her side. He intended her to be an embodiment of that naïveté which he esteemed so highly, and at the same time to picture once more the sad fate of the beautiful upon this earth. Her peace of soul is destroyed as soon as earthly love lays hold on her heart. Schiller's Johanna is no Amazon of heroic bearing and manly disposition, but a simple, pathetic character, with a child-

like imagination, childlike language, and a holy, childlike faith, which is the source of her power. She comes from the idyllic pastoral region where poetry and beauty have their home. In her the angel and the child are united, and as soon as she ceases to be a child, as soon as the woman makes itself felt in her, the charm is broken. In this play the supernatural world is made almost as prominent and material as in Goethe's *Faust*. Johanna herself possesses miraculous power and wisdom, and sees visions; but after her heart has been touched by human love she feels that she has fallen from her high vocation and receives her condemnation in silence, as a chastening from heaven. At length she overcomes her human passion and finds peace once more. In her imprisonment her heroic strength returns again, and a new miracle returns to her aid; her heavy chains fall from her; she liberates the king; triumphs and dies, and the gates of heaven open to receive her.

Schiller was not quite equal to the task which he set himself in writing the *Maid of Orleans*. He meant to represent in Johanna the charm of naturalness; but he has not been successful. When the duke of Burgundy is overpowered by the childlike simplicity of her words, we can only wonder; for we are not so affected by what she says. Schiller seems unable to express the charm of naïveté, and he replaces it with declamatory lyric strains. In many respects the *Maid of Orleans* resembles an opera. Even the prelude has an operatic ring about it, and Johanna often gives utterance to what might be called arias—lyrical, declamatory soliloquies, sometimes written in the recognized aria form of

rhymed stanzas. The chief characters, also, are rather types than individuals, and Johanna, the dauphin and Agnes Sorrel form together a lyric trio, more suited to the opera than the drama. The knights are all cast in the same mold, and are arranged, like a chorus, in two groups, the English and the French, with the duke in their midst, who goes over from the former to the latter, while in both groups those who are for the maid are distinguished from those who are against her. The evil principle is represented by queen Isabeau, the implacable enemy of Johanna, and the moral opposite of all that is good and beautiful. Talbot, the English general, and Thibaut, Johanna's father, are also intended as in contrast with the heroine. Talbot is a skeptical man of the world, and Thibaut a selfish realist, who has no faith in the power of God upon earth, and only fears the power of devils. Johanna herself wanders through the play like the spirit of liberty, and succeeds in doing what Goethe's Clärchen failed to do. She stirs up her nation against the foreign intruders, and the armies which she leads are victorious. She, too, has a Brackenburg by her side in her faithful peasant-lover, Raimond, who remains absolutely devoted to her, and stands by her when all others forsake her.

The *Maid of Orleans* is a chivalrous play, and in it Schiller has not wholly scorned the usual apparatus of this class of drama, such as it developed after the appearance of Goethe's *Götz*. But Schiller's play rises far above the level of the ordinary chivalrous drama, in the first place because it deals with occurrences of public importance, not with private outrages and feuds. The

technical difficulties arising from the incessant fighting are surmounted with the author's usual skill. Fights between large numbers are reported; single combats are directly represented; but are always interwoven with human and personal interests. There are some things in the play that remind us of the *Iliad*—the constant battle scenes, the intervention of the supernatural, the equality of the nobles, and their attitude toward the king. The situations, the language, the similes, and even the metre, point to Greek models, and a halo of Homeric glory seems to play around many of the passages.

The Bride of Messina.

In the *Bride of Messina* Schiller approached nearer than in any other of his dramas to the classical model, departing, however, from one rule of the ancients as he had already done in the *Maid of Orleans*, in representing death upon the stage. It is not based upon fact or tradition, as most of Schiller's plays are. He fully realized that his special strength lay in dramatizing historical events, in spiritualizing reality, and preferred to make use of some existing story rather than create one. He had long been seeking for a subject which should offer all the advantages of the Sophoclean drama, but since he could not find one which would fulfill these requirements, he invented the story of the *Bride of Messina*, forming it after the model of Sophocles. As in *Edipus*, we have a home lying under a curse, an oracle which a man seeks to flee from and thereby fulfills, a child which was meant to be killed but remains

alive, unnatural love and the murder of a near relation, a hidden deed which in the course of the play comes to light, and a guilty man who punishes himself, only that his guilty deed does not, as in the Greek drama, lie in the far past, but is quickly done, and on the same day is discovered and expiated.

Numerous details in the style and matter of the play remind us of ancient tragedy, but it is also marked by original talent throughout. In none of Schiller's dramas is the language so carefully molded and raised to such an even level of perfection. He has nowhere else displayed such unity in character drawing, or lifted us into such a pure sphere of poetry. He ventured to make freer use than usual of the creations of Classical mythology, since his scene was laid on Sicilian soil, where Hellenism lived on its monuments, and where the superstitious fancy of the middle ages could nourish itself, both from Classical and Arabian sources. The Sicilians had always been noted for vigor, heroism and stoicism, but also for jealousy and revengefulness, and Schiller adhered to what history recorded of them. Don Cæsar's heart burns with jealousy against his brother; thirsting for revenge he slays him, and with stoical heroism afterward kills himself.

The *Bride of Messina*, like Schiller's first play, *The Robbers*, introduces two brothers at enmity with each other. The idea of tragical conflicts between relations was one which had a deep hold on Schiller's imagination, and indeed, in the eighteenth century particularly, there were many instances of such conflicts in real life. There was an increasing feeling in favor of more inti-

macy and tenderness in family life, but in many cases the old, hard relationship had not yet given way to the improved state of opinion. The conflict between Frederick the Great and his father furnishes a notable example of how strained the paternal and filial relation might become; and Schiller himself, in that age of paternal government, must, on his flight from Stuttgart, have felt that he was rebelling against his sovereign like a son against his father. It seemed to him a fruitful idea, to transfer the strongest personal tension into that very family circle which was more and more growing to be considered the abode of peace and tenderness. We find conflicts between near relatives in every one of his plays. The two hostile brothers in the *Bride of Messina*, as in *The Robbers*, are in love with the same woman; but the woman is, without knowing it, their own sister, and the father of these three had robbed his father of his bride, and thereby drawn down his curses on his head, which are now fulfilled in the grandchildren.

The actors in the *Bride of Messina* seem to arrange themselves in a symmetrical group—Isabella, the mother, in the midst; on either side her sons, the two hostile brothers, each of whom is surrounded by his followers. The mother unites the two sons, but there is another point of union for all three—Beatrice, the daughter and sister, unknown at first as such, and whose emerging from seclusion conjures up all the misfortune. The two brothers are strongly contrasted, Don Cæsar being hasty and wrathful; Don Manuel melancholy and reserved. The whole tragic issue really results from

this contrast, for without the hastiness of the younger, and the brooding melancholy of the elder brother, the catastrophe would not have taken place. Their former quarrel, which rose to deadly enmity, may also be attributed to this contrast of their characters. Their father, a gloomy despot, only suppressed this quarrel by force, and never tried to heal it by love. In their relation to their mother, both show themselves loving sons; both fall in love with Beatrice suddenly, and both in the same manner. Beatrice and Isabella are not individualized, but treated typically. The unnatural separation from her parents poisons Beatrice's young life. She has been secretly saved from death, and brought up in seclusion, is secretly loved, and secretly carried off by her lover. She succumbs to feminine weakness, is twice disobedient and follows her own fancy, and her curiosity brings about the fatal dénouement.

Isabella is the type of motherhood. Her maternal affection makes her unite her two sons, and save her daughter's life by concealing her. But gloomy superstition dominates her as it dominated her husband. She leaves her daughter in concealment, after all danger to her life has been removed through her father's death, simply because she is afraid that a dream of many years ago, of which a monk gave her a terrible interpretation, may be realized in this daughter. Gloomy superstition, unbridled desires, haste in action, are the characteristics which Schiller attributes to the ruling family in Mes-sina. They are of northern descent and rule tyrannically over a southern people. Their subjects bear the

oppression with gloomy hatred; they fan the quarrel between the brothers, and wish misfortune to their foreign rulers. Schiller has expressed the feelings of the Sicilian people through the mouths of the prince's followers. He attributes to them the passion of a subject race, but at the same time a wide ranging reflection, such as would beseem impartial spectators. He unites them in a chorus, or rather in two semi-choruses, one of old and one of young men, and thus completes the resemblance to the classical drama.

The chorus here occupies a middle position between the chorus of Greek tragedy and the organized or uniform groups which Schiller had introduced in his earlier plays. Tragedies with few actors, such as *Iphigenie* or *Tasso*, were not in his line. He liked to set masses in motion. In his first play the robbers are grouped like a chorus around their leader. The conspirators in *Fiesco* likewise form a homogeneous multitude. In *Don Carlos* the court of Philip II affords us, at least in one scene, a picture rich in figures. Wallenstein's generals and Wallenstein's camp present a grandly organized chorus. The domestics of Mary Stuart and the suite of Queen Elizabeth contain the germs for choruses. In the *Maid of Orleans* we have two hostile armies in juxtaposition. So, also, in the *Bride of Messina*, the semi-choruses represent two hostile armies, the retinues of two princes. They take part in the action, in accordance with Schiller's view of the function of a chorus; but they also utter general reflections, and sometimes speak altogether as a whole, thus approximating to the classical tradition, and this for the

first time in the history of the modern German stage. They surround the central action with a web of lyric poetry. All the most important facts and conditions of life are touched upon, as in *The Song of the Bell*, and the whole sensuous power of rhythm and rhyme is united with the loftiest thoughts and with an entrancing melody of language.

The *Bride of Messina* is the highest work of pure art that Schiller has produced. He maintains a perfectly objective attitude toward the characters, but still, a certain political significance may be detected. There is an echo in this play of his old and favorite theme, the struggle against tyranny. Schiller's hatred of despotism finds expression in every one of his plays. In *Wallenstein*, the emperor and his servants are not painted in the best light; in *Marie Stuart*, Elizabeth's tyranny is unsparingly laid bare; the *Maid of Orleans* treats directly of a revolt against the oppression of a foreign conqueror, and the *Bride of Messina* pictures the destruction of a powerful race which could not take root in a conquered land. The French revolution and the events which followed it may very likely have influenced Schiller in the choice of these subjects.

William Tell.

Schiller's last great work, by some critics pronounced to be his greatest dramatic success, was the drama of *Wilhelm Tell*, the subject of which, and part of the material, he owed to Goethe. In this we have a pleasant illustration of the manner in which the two poets

assisted each other. When Goethe visited Switzerland, in 1797, he formed the idea of writing an epic, with Tell as the hero. He made studies of the scenery, collected historical data, and for two or three years carried the plan about with him, letting it slowly mature in his mind, as was his habit of composition. He finally decided to abandon it, and, feeling that the subject was better adapted to dramatic representation than epic narrative, he gave his material to Schiller, reserving only a description of sunrise among the Alps, which is now to be found in the first scene of the second part of *Faust*. The theme was well adapted to the glowing quality of Schiller's imagination, and in none of his works is there such a fusion of subject, scenery and sentiment. From the first page to the last the reader—or the hearer—is set among the valleys of the Alps and surrounded by a brave and oppressed people. Historians may attempt to show that there never was either a William Tell or a Gessler, that the whole story is a myth, borrowed from Denmark, but Schiller has made Tell a real person for all time. There are serious dramatic faults in the work, but they can never affect its popularity, for it has that exquisite beauty and vitality which defy criticism. The diction has all the dignity found in *Wallenstein*, with an ease and grace of movement which cannot be called new in Schiller, and which exhibits the perfection of his best qualities. It has often been said that the German language is too harsh and unmusical for lyric poetry; but let us listen to the song of the fisher-boy, rocking in his boat on the lake, with which the drama opens:

Fisher-Boy.—Inviting the bather, the bright lake is leaping;
The fisher-boy lies on its margin a-sleeping;
Then hears he a music
Like flutes in its tone,
Like voices of angels,
In Eden alone.
And as he awakens, enraptured and blest,
The waters are whirling around his breast;
And a voice from the waters
Says: "Mine must thou be!
I wait for the sleeper,
I lure him to me."

Herdsmen.— Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye sunniest pastures,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is gone.
We go from the hills, we come ere long,
When the cuckoo calls, and the sound of song;
When the earth with blossoms again is gay,
When the fountains gush in the lovely May.
Ye meadows, farewell!
Ye sunniest pastures,
The herdsman must leave you,
The summer is gone.

Alpine Hunter.—The avalanche thunders, the bridges are frail,
The hunter is fearless, though dizzy the trail:
He strides in his daring
O'er deserts of snow,
Where spring never blossoms
And grasses ne'er grow.
And the mists like an ocean beneath him are tost,
Till the cities of men to his vision are lost.
Through the rift of the cloudland
The far world gleams,
And the green fields under
The Alpine streams.

Like *Fiesco*, *Wilhelm Tell* represents a conspiracy, and, like the *Maid of Orleans*, it gives the history of a successful struggle against foreign tyranny. The poet's attitude is not impartial; his whole heart is clearly on the side of the oppressed Swiss. In the *Maid of Orleans* Schiller has represented a peasant girl leaving an idyllic world to enter the great political world, so as to restore her fatherland to independence. In *Wilhelm Tell* he shows us a whole nation living in the world of idyl till the oppression of tyranny breaks in upon them; in the end they throw off the hated yoke, and violated nature reasserts her sway. In the Swiss people, as in *Joan of Arc*, Schiller wished to portray naïveté of character, and he has succeeded better in the former than in the *Maid of Orleans*.

In *Wilhelm Tell* the Swiss people at once form the chorus and the centre of interest in the drama. The Swiss nation is itself the hero of the play, only split up into individuals and represented in typical characters. In the first place, aristocracy and peasantry are distinguished. The peasantry is represented by an old man, a man in the prime of life, and a youth—Walther Furst, Werner Stauffacher and Arnold Melchthal. In introducing them together on the stage, whenever he requires them, Schiller boldly disregards all considerations of dramatic probability. These three men are at the same time representatives of the three Swiss cantons concerned in the struggle, and are all united in their resistance to tyranny and arbitrary force. The old man, Walther Furst, is friendly toward the nobility, while the youth is opposed to them. Among the representa-

tives of the aristocracy, too, there is a split between age and youth, the old times and the new; the old baron of Attinghausen holds with the peasantry and with liberty; his nephew, Rudenz, has joined the foreigners. But it is only love of the noble Bertha von Brüneck that has thus led him astray, and the maiden herself directs him to the right path, and points out to him his duty to stand by his countrymen. Rudenz and Melchthal, the aristocratic and the peasant youth, are at first hostile to each other; but in the course of the drama they draw nearer and nearer together, and their final reconciliation, their mutual coöperation, their bond of friendship, signify the reconciliation of classes.

Wilhelm Tell stands apart in the midst of these people, in the same manner as Max Piccolomini is isolated from the chorus of Wallenstein's followers. He is not represented as an idealist, in contrast with realists, but here all live in a state of harmonious ideal nature. Tell is the combative sportsman in contrast with the peaceful shepherd; he represents the self-reliant strong men in contrast with more ordinary men who believe themselves stronger when allied with others. Tell acts, where others only talk, deliberate or hesitate. He knows no fear, and does not reflect long where it is a question of action; at the same time, he is humane and benevolent, and trusts to God's help in the time of need. He is strong and active in body and expert in all manly exercise, a sure shot, a bold sailor, a skillful carpenter and always ready to help on occasion. He is sparing of words, but on his solitary paths he thinks all kind of thoughts, and is looked upon as a

THE DEATH OF GESSLER
After an original painting by Fred Schwane

*Gessler has sinned against nature in arming the
father against the son, and Tell avenged himself as
he would have killed a wild beast that threatened
danger to his house.*

WILLIAM TELL.—SCHILLER.



dreamer. Simple-hearted and unpretending, respectful to those set over him, and less inflamed than the rest against the tyranny of the imperial governors, he is willing to suffer and be silent, to wait and hope, though he will not stand aloof from his friends in case they really want his aid.

Then, of a sudden, tyranny intervenes in his own life. Gessler, the true cold-blooded tyrant of fiction, totally destitute of humane feelings and resolved to subdue the Swiss people by force, orders Tell, on pain of death, to shoot an apple from the head of his own child. Afterward he treacherously draws a dangerous confession from him, and then causes him to be bound, meaning to imprison him. Tell is almost miraculously delivered from the hand of his oppressors, and at once forms the resolve to kill the tyrant. Gessler has sinned against nature in arming the father's hand against the son, and from that moment he is a lawful prey in the natural world, and the outraged father avenges himself by killing the governor as he would have killed a wild animal which threatened danger to his house. Not the slightest moral doubt rises in his mind; he is firmly convinced of the justice of his deed; and though his gentle wife is horrified, still his clear conviction remains unshaken.

The story of Wilhelm Tell has its real origin in an old myth which was adorned with all the elements of primitive German poetry. It was related in the sixteenth century, with a simplicity worthy of Herodotus, by the Swiss chronicler, *Ægidius Tschudi*. Tell was one of the traditional heroes of the Revolution; Rous-

seau had mentioned him with honor, and the Göttingen band of poets had sung of him. Schiller endeavored to free his hero from all connection with the regicides of the French Republic. He endowed him with that naïve conviction of right which is to be found in a primitive age, and thus by implication established the principle that in less primitive times a similar mode of action must be judged differently. The Swiss conspirators only wish to defend their wives and children. They all approve Tell's conduct, especially as he killed the tyrant at the very moment when he was cruelly hardening his heart against the pathetic entreaties of a poor woman whose husband he had unjustly imprisoned, and was threatening to employ new measures of violence against their unhappy land.

The play bears some points of resemblance to Goethe's *Hermann and Dorothea*. Both works defend the good old customs and the liberty and sacredness of hearth and home. The spirit of Homeric poetry breathes in both, and both arose from a worship of humanity in a state of nature and innocence.

Wilhelm Tell is the first of Schiller's plays which has a happy ending. The hero does not succumb or die, but rises with fresh strength and frees himself from his oppressors. We still recognize in it the old fundamental thoughts of Schiller's poetry, the glorification of an ideal primitive state of humanity. In his other dramas he had introduced his audience to a world which had grown beyond the state of nature. In *Wilhelm Tell* we are surrounded, for the first time, by pure nature, and introduced to glorious human beings in a glorious

country; the unnatural element, which destroys idyllic life, comes from without, and disappears before the breath of liberty; nature asserts her eternal rights, and the beautiful is not destroyed, but survives.

After the completion of *Tell* Schiller had begun a new tragedy, *Demetrius*, taking his subject this time from Russian history. Again he brings before us a homogeneous mass of people, skillfully individualized, and a Polish diet is presented with incomparable power. The general drift of the play is similar to that of the *Maid of Orleans*—a victorious advance in the consciousness of a good cause, fortune favoring the hero; then sudden doubt, inward conflict and outward defeat. The pretender, who believes himself to be the rightful ruler, learns that he is not, but nevertheless plays his part as such; he thus succumbs to the malicious powers of the world, and falls, pierced through, at the feet of his reputed mother, who repudiates him. Only the first act was completed, for death now cut short a career which was even more rich in promise than performance.

Schiller's Last Days.

Schiller never recovered from an inflammation of the lungs, which attacked him in 1791. During the last ten or twelve years of his life he was rarely free from pain, but his mind seems to have been always clear and vigorous, and his astonishing industry was, in fact, a necessity to his nature. He lived in his art, and was happy in recognizing his own progress toward a lofty and far-off ideal. In order to avoid interruption, he contracted the

habit of writing wholly at night, and of keeping off drowsiness by setting his feet in a tub of cold water. He was physician enough to know that he was shortening his life by such an unnatural habit of labor, but his literary conscience was inexorable. For him there was no rest, no relaxation. No sooner was *William Tell* given to the stage, and triumphantly greeted by the public, than he began a new dramatic poem. When midway in his work he was seized with a chill at the theatre and went home, never to leave his door again as a living man. A few hours before his death he seemed to realize his condition, and uttered the words: "Death cannot be an evil, for it is universal." He died on the 9th of May, 1805, aged forty-five. His remains rest in a granite sarcophagus, by the side of Goethe, in the vault of the ducal family at Weimar.

Rank in Literature.

In studying Schiller's life and works, and contrasting his position in German literature with that of his contemporaries, we are struck with a certain discrepancy between his fame and his achievement. With all his rare and admirable qualities we cannot place him higher than in the second rank of poets—in the list which includes Virgil, Tasso, Corneille, Spenser and Byron. Yet his place in popular estimation, not only in Germany but throughout the educated world, is certainly among the first. His fame is of the kind which depends partly upon the sympathetic attraction that sometimes surrounds an individual life; in other words the interest

of character is added to the intellectual recognition of the poet. To other poets—to Tasso, Burns and Byron—the same personal interest is attached; yet in no one does it spring from that lofty, unceasing devotion to a literary ideal, which gave its consecration to Schiller's life. Like Lessing, he sought truth, but not in the realms of fact. To him she was not a severe naked form, beautiful as a statue, but as hard and cold; she was rather a shape of air and light, poised above the confusion of life, in a region of aspiration and hope. The sense of her beauty came to Schiller through sentiment and sensation, as well as through intellect; and herein he touches the universal yearning of man, who is swayed by emotion more than by reason.

Schiller's power over harmonies of language was never so grandly manifested as in some passages of Homer, Milton and Goethe; but it is more uniformly fine than in almost any other poet. From the tone of a flute or a harp he rises to the strength and resonance of an organ, and in many of his lyrics the rich volume of sound rolls unbroken to the end. His language sometimes reflects the struggle of his thought to shape itself clearly; but it is always pure and elevated, and his lines and stanzas cling to the memory with wonderful tenacity. These qualities, which address themselves primarily to the ear, support his sentiment and thought, and bear them, as if unconsciously, into a higher atmosphere of poetry. There is an upward tendency—a lifting of the intellectual vision, a stirring as of unfolding wings—in almost everything he has written. He is an example of a genius, not naturally of the highest order, but carried

by the force of an aspiring, enthusiastic, believing temperament almost to a level with the highest. Carlyle says of him: "Schiller has no trace of vanity; he has no hatred, no anger, save against falsehood and baseness, where it may be called a holy anger."

This from a critic so keenly observant as Carlyle, so minutely analytical, and, withal, of a disposition more inclined to the cynical than the amiable, is praise of a quality which time and circumstance will find it difficult to discount.

VI.

Minor Dramatists.

So numerous and multifarious are the productions of Goethe's titanic genius that it has been found necessary to postpone consideration of them to the next volume. The present chapter is devoted to the followers who speedily flocked to the standards which had been raised by Schiller and by Goethe in his youth. After *Götz von Berlichingen* came a flood of so-called chivalrous pieces, with little of chivalry about them but the helmets, bucklers and swords, and nothing of old German honesty but the supposed rudeness; the sentiments were as modern as they were vulgar. Instead of chivalry pieces they might be called cavalry pieces, and deserved to be acted by horses rather than by men. The next place in public favor was held by what may be termed the family picture and the sentimental drama, and from the charge of encouraging these, both by precept and example, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller cannot be acquitted. In Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm* there is a strong tinge of sentiment, and the same may be said of Goethe's *Stella*, of Schiller's *Intrigue and Love*, and other works of the two great dramatists, in

whose plays, however, there is nowhere found any trace of sickly sentiment.

The Family Drama.

The family picture is intended to portray the everyday course of the middle ranks of society. The extraordinary events which are produced by intrigue are banished from it; to cover this want of motion, the writer has recourse to a characterization wholly individual and capable of receiving vividness from an accomplished player, but one which attaches itself to external peculiarities, just as an inferior portrait painter endeavors to attain a resemblance by noticing every peculiarity of feature and dress; but fails to give the real expression. The motives and situations are sometimes humorous and droll, but never truly diverting, as the serious and prosaical aim which is always kept in view completely prevents it. The dramatic family painters will be able to say as little of a fortunate and tranquil domestic establishment as the historian can of a state in a condition of external and internal tranquillity. He is therefore driven to interest us by describing with painful accuracy the torments of domestic life experienced in the honest exercise of duty, in the education of children, interminable dissensions between husband and wife, the bad conduct of servants, and, above all, the cares of earning a daily subsistence. The spectators understand these pictures only too well, for every man knows where the shoe pinches; it may be very salutary for them thus to run over in thought the relation be-

tween their expenditure and income; but surely they will not derive from it elevation of mind or recreation, for they merely find again on the stage the very same thing which they have at home from morning to night.

The Sentimental Drama.

The sentimental poet again contrives to lighten the hearts of his audience. His general doctrine appears to be that what is called a good heart atones for all errors and extravagances, and that, with respect to virtue, we are not to insist too strictly on principles. If he only knows how to corrupt by means of emotions rather sensual than moral, but at the close contrives, by the introduction of some generous benefactor, who showers out his liberality with open hands, to make all things even, he then delights the vitiated tastes of his audience; they feel as if they had themselves done noble actions, without, however, putting their hands in their own pockets—all is drawn from the purse of the generous poet. In the long run, therefore, the affecting species could hardly fail to be preferred to the economical; and this was the case in Germany. But the seduction is much more dangerous than that of licentious comedy, for the reason that it does not disgust us by external indecency, but steals into unguarded minds.

The poetical as well as moral decline of taste resulted in the most popular writers for the stage, regardless of the opinion of good judges and of true repute, seeking only for momentary applause; while others, who had higher aims, could not prevail on themselves to comply

with the demands of the multitude, and when they composed dramatically, had no regard for the stage. Hence they were defective in the theatrical requirements of their art, which can only be attained by practice and experience.

Tendency of the Stage.

The repertory of the German stage exhibited, therefore, a motley assemblage of chivalrous pieces, family pictures and sentimental dramas, occasionally, though seldom, varied by works in a grander and higher style by Shakespeare and Schiller. In this state of things, translations and imitations of foreign novelties, and especially of French afterpieces and operettes, were indispensable. Nothing but the fleeting charm of novelty was sought for in theatrical entertainments, to the great injury of histrionic art, as a number of insignificant parts must be hurriedly got by heart, to be immediately forgotten.

The labors of poets who did not write immediately for the theatre took every variety of direction, and in this, as in other departments, may be observed the ferment of ideas that brought on German literature the reproach of anarchy, though the striving after a higher aim as yet unreachd was sufficiently visible. The profound study of æsthetics among the Germans, by nature a speculative rather than a practical people, led to this consequence, that works of art, and tragedies more especially, were executed on abstract theories, more or less misunderstood. It was natural that these tragedies should produce no effect on the theatre, for they were,

in general, unsuited for representation, and wholly devoid of any inner principle of life. Others again have, as it were, appropriated the very spirit of the ancient tragedians, and sought for the most suitable means of accommodating the simple and pure forms of ancient art to the present constitution of the stage. Men truly distinguished for their talents have attached themselves to the Romantic drama, but have too often adopted a latitude which is not really allowable, except in a romance, wholly disregarding the compression which the dramatic form necessarily requires. Or they have seized only the musically fanciful and picturesquely sportive side of the Spanish dramas, without their energetic power and their theatrical effect.

‡Pandora.

The German stage suffered an irreparable loss in Schiller's early death, never again attaining the excellence reached in the classic Weimar period. Goethe entertained the idea of completing Schiller's *Demetrius*, but he never carried it out, nor did his plan for a drama which should present a story of Christian martyrdom of the time of the conversion of the Saxons ever get beyond a mere sketch. After losing his friend, he wrote only slight pieces for special occasions, among them a prelude to celebrate the happy reunion of the royal family in Weimar after the troubled times of 1806 and 1807. *Pandora*, produced about the same time, was, it seems, intended to celebrate the general return of peace, while *Epimenides Awakening* was per-

formed at Berlin in 1815, in commemoration of the victory over Napoleon. It is much to be regretted that *Pandora* remained unfinished; for what we have of it is of the highest order, both in idea and execution. The poet here reintroduces us to the mythical favorite of his younger years, Prometheus, who at the commencement of the drama is at strife with his brother Epimetheus, but is probably to be reconciled during the course of it by the return of *Pandora*. They represent in a typical manner a contrast found in the moral world; Prometheus is active, Epimetheus contemplative; the former is a realist, the latter an idealist. Both are one-sided, and have yet to learn to overcome their one-sidedness, and to appreciate each other's merits.

Decadence of the Drama.

It was only the finer spirits, like August Platen, the lyric poet, who recognized the value of this remarkable fragment. The mass of the public passed it by with indifference, and learned nothing from the great master, who still continued to bring to light the capabilities of his inexhaustible genius. Extravagance, experiments and lifeless routine characterized the German drama after Schiller's death. Stage-managers cared for nothing but success at the moment. The most gifted writers were either incapable of gauging the requirements of the stage or else they systematically set at naught the laws of dramatic technique. The influence of the literary revolution of 1773 is still clearly perceptible, especially in the carelessness of form which

it brought into fashion. With the exception of Wilhelm Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare, the extreme section of the Romantic school accomplished but little in the province of the drama. The two brothers Schlegel made each but a single essay in dramatic authorship, and neither with success. Tieck, Brentano and Arnim only produced dramas for reading, some of which were very extravagant, while all lacked beauty and elevation. Tieck's *Dramaturgische Blätter*, theatrical criticisms published in 1823 and 1827, appeared in Dresden, where Tieck had some connection with the theatre. They have been compared with Lessing's *Dramaturgie*, but in reality they only demonstrate the author's caprice and superficiality, his blind admiration for Shakespeare, and his hostility toward Lessing and Schiller. Far more worthy was another production of this period, which likewise emanated from Dresden, Karl Maria von Weber's *Freischütz*, a masterpiece of Romantic opera, and a priceless contribution both to dramatic art and to popular music. The magic powers which Tieck conjured up in vain were here introduced with the greatest effect, and proclaimed the glory of German Romanticism.

A Danish Dramatist.

The jealous depreciation of Schiller's genius on the part of the Romanticists doubtless deterred many of the younger dramatists from entering the only school where they could have learned the true principles of dramatic art. But the power of his genius triumphantly

asserted itself in spite of all its detractors. Theodor Körner unfortunately never got beyond mere imitation of Schiller before his untimely death in the war against Napoleon. The Dane, Adam Oehlenschläger, was one of Schiller's warmest admirers, and did not refrain from ridiculing the Romantic movement. He was a great literary leader in his own country, but in Germany his fame was more transitory. He enriched the German drama with subjects drawn from the Scandinavian heroic period, breathing into them virtue, gentle sentiment and humane idealism; he painted the contrast between an innocent and pious Christianity and a rude and cruel heathenism, but he also depicted brave and noble heathendom in conflict with monkish deceit and cunning. He described the constancy and early love characteristics of the heroic North. His *Correggio* is, however, only a more expanded and sentimental treatment of the theme which Goethe had handled powerfully, but less fully, in his *Artist's Earthly Pilgrimage and Apotheosis*.

Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger was born in a suburb of Copenhagen in 1779. His father, a Schleswiger by birth, was organist, and afterward keeper, of the royal palace of Frederiksberg, and was by nature a brisk and cheerful man; but the poet's mother, who was half German by extraction, suffered much from melancholia, which later developed into melancholy madness. Adam was taught nothing until his twelfth year, except to read and write, though at the age of nine he began to make verses. At college he neglected his studies; for the dramas and romances he proposed to write occu-

pied all his thoughts. At eighteen he was offered a small position on the stage, and made his appearance in successive parts, but finding that he possessed no special talent, entered the university of Copenhagen. His studies were, however, disturbed, first by the death of his mother, and then by the English attack on Copenhagen in 1801, but most of all by his inveterate tendency to verse-making.

In the summer of 1802 the young Norse philosopher, Henrik Steffens, returned to Copenhagen, after a visit to Schelling in Germany, full of romantic ideas, and his lectures at the university, treating of Goethe and Schiller, created a profound sensation. Meeting Oehlenschläger one day, at a certain club, the two passed sixteen hours in conversation, at the end of which the young poet went home, and suppressing two volumes which he had ready for publication, wrote at a single sitting his splendid poem, *Guldhornene*. In the next two or three years several new works came from his pen, among which was a charming poem in hexameters, and the beautiful fantasy of *Aladdin's Lampe*.

At the age of twenty-six Oehlenschläger, now recognized as the leading poet of Denmark, obtained from the government a grant for foreign travel, and leaving his native land for the first time, visited Steffens at Halle in the summer of 1805. Here he wrote *Hakon Jarl*, the first of his great historical tragedies, and sending it to Copenhagen, proceeded to Berlin, where he passed the winter in company with Humboldt, Fichte and the leading men of the day. In the following spring he was invited to Weimar, where he passed sev-

eral months in company with Goethe, proceeding thence to Dresden, where much of his time was passed with Tieck. The winter of 1806 found him in Paris, and the autumn and winter of 1808 at Coppet, Switzerland, where he was the guest of Mdme. de Staël Holstein, then in the midst of her famous circle of wits. In the spring of 1809 he was an inmate of Thorwäldsen's household in Rome, and it was here that he wrote his tragedy of *Correggio* in German, later translated into Danish. After some five years' absence he returned to Copenhagen to fill the chair of æsthetics at its university and to marry the sister-in-law of the poet Rahbek, to whom he had been long betrothed. After writing several more tragedies and epics, he was publicly crowned with laurel as the "Scandinavian King of Song" by Bishop Esaias Tegnér, in front of the high altar of Lund cathedral. In 1849, on his seventieth birthday, he was honored with a public festival and publicly decorated by the king of Denmark. Two months later he died, and was buried in the cemetery of Frederiksberg.

The dramas of Oehlenschläger, partly on account of his early experience as an actor, fulfilled the stage requirements of the time, and were popular beyond even his own expectation, some of them holding the stage at the present day. His first tragedy, *Hakon Jarl*, was his best, and his later works fell far short of his early reputation. His style, both in plays and poems, if somewhat profuse, is lucid, and his lofty flights are maintained at a high pitch without undue excitement. It is in his tenderness and romantic zest

that we find the real secret of his popularity. Though his inspiration came from Germany, he was in no sense a German poet, except when he was imitating Goethe. Rather must his analogy be sought among English bards. His leaning toward antiquity is suggestive of Scott, whom he excelled in the art of poetry. In sensibility and beauty of diction he reminds us of Coleridge; in ambition and profuseness of Southey, though his style shows more vitality. With all his shortcomings, Oehlenschläger was a great writer, and has not ceased to retain his hard-won position on the summit of the Danish Parnassus, which he shares with Holberg.

Kotzebue.

A popular dramatist, and one still read was August Ferdinand von Kotzebue, a native of Weimar, where his father was a councillor of legation. Having attended the gymnasium at Weimar, he went in his sixteenth year to the university of Jena, and afterward studied law in Duisburg, being admitted as an advocate in 1780. Through the influence of the Prussian ambassador at the Russian court, he became secretary at St. Petersburg to the governor-general, by whom he was recommended to the empress. Later he received the appointment of assessor to the high court of appeal in Revel, where he married a daughter of General Von Essen. He was then ennobled, became president of the magistracy of the province, and now had leisure to devote himself to literature, and especially dramatic literature, which he loved best, writing in all more than

a hundred plays, all of a quality which quickly and firmly established his dramatic fame.

Before leaving Germany he had published some unimportant writings, and in Revel obtained a considerable reputation by two of his plays, which were first produced in that city. After the death of his first wife he retired from the Russian service and resided for some time in a country house near Narva, where for some years he devoted himself to the drama. In 1798 he accepted the office of dramatist to the Court theatre of Vienna, resigning it two years later with a pension of a thousand florins a year. On his way to St. Petersburg, where his sons were being educated, he was arrested and sent to Siberia. Fortunately, he had written a comedy which flattered the vanity of Paul I, and a translation of this play so pleased the emperor that he was pardoned, received an estate from the crown lands in Livonia, and was made director of the German theatre in St. Petersburg.

Kotzebue returned to Germany when the emperor Paul died, and in 1802 was admitted into the academy of sciences at Berlin, where he published the *Dramatic Almanac*, which he continued to issue until his death. Though himself an acknowledged master, he made enemies by the bitterness with which he attacked Goethe. Toward the end of 1806 we find him again in Russia, where, in the security of his estate in Esthonia, he wrote many satirical articles against Napoleon. As a councillor of state he was attached to the department for foreign affairs in St. Petersburg, and in 1817 he went to Germany as a spy in the service of Russia with

a salary of 15,000 roubles. In a weekly literary journal which he founded, he scoffed at the pretensions of those Germans who demanded free institutions, and became an object of such general dislike that he was obliged to leave Weimar for Mannheim. He was especially detested by young enthusiasts for liberty; and one of them, Karl Ludwig Sand, a theological student, formed a deliberate resolution to kill him, accomplishing his purpose at Kotzebue's house in Mannheim, where he stabbed him to the heart, crying "Here, thou betrayer of the Fatherland!" The assassin was executed, and the government of Germany made his crime an excuse for placing the universities under strict supervision.

Besides his plays and other works, Kotzebue wrote a history of the German empire, and a book on the ancient history of Prussia, neither of which has any decided merit. The majority of his plays, though popular in his time, are now forgotten. He was lacking in poetic insight, but he had a remarkable facility in the invention of effective situations; and a respectable place in German literature is secured for some of his comedies by the liveliness with which their characters are portrayed, and by the sprightliness of their dialogue. A third edition of his dramatic works was published in 1840-1 in forty volumes.

Viennese Drama.

Vienna, the beautiful music-loving centre of the Holy Roman Empire, was one of the places where the German popular drama flourished most, and the Viennese

public remained loyally attached to Hanswurst and his improvised buffoonery. Gottsched's reform was slow in making its way at the Austrian capital. The first regular drama was performed there in 1747, and in 1748 the most eminent actors of Neuber's scattered troupe came to Vienna, whereupon a lengthy conflict began against the farce and against the clown, who wished to assert his position even in the legitimate drama. As late as 1763 we find the clown taking the place of the servant Norton in the performance of *Miss Sara Sampson*, and not till 1770 was the victory of the reforming party complete. For some time afterward the Viennese stage still retained the French character which Gottsched's reforms had given it. From 1752 to 1772 a permanent troupe of French actors occupied the Burg theatre, and when they were dismissed, the nobility, who had been the chief patrons of the French drama, had to be propitiated by the production of German pieces written entirely in the French style.

Turning for a moment to the lyric drama, it may be remarked that Vienna, if not the permanent home of opera, was at least one of its abiding places. Gluck's *Alceste* was on the stage of Vienna between 1767 and 1782. Mozart, after trying German librettists, turned to the Italians, Du Ponte supplying the text for *Don Giovanni* and *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*. *Die Hochzeit*, it may here be mentioned, is Beaumarchais' comedy, *La Folle Journée*, set to lyric verse, and *Don Giovanni* or *Don Juan* is a version of Molière's *Le Festin de Pierre*. In *Die Zauberflöte*, however, the last of Mozart's masterpieces, we find some of his finest music

set in a clumsy framework loosely constructed by a local artist. But the works of Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart were essentially musical, and with them we are not further concerned, remarking only that with his *Entführung aus dem Serail* he ushered in a new era in the annals of the German *Singspiel*.

Toward the end of the "Sturm und Drang" appeared a strange and almost uncanny genius in the person of Johann Jakob Heinse. In his most popular novel, entitled *Ardinghello*, the hero is an artist and a dreamer, one whose visions take form and shape in what may be termed an eighteenth century Utopia, established on Hellenic soil. The plot is extravagant, almost to the borders of absurdity, and in the love adventures sensualism is carried to an extreme, but the work is of special interest as a forerunner of the later effusions of the Romanticists. A second novel, *Hildegard von Hohenenthal*, the only production of Heinse's which met with equal success, is chiefly valuable for its musical criticism, especially in its estimate of Gluck.

A work that cannot be passed unnoticed at the close of the "Sturm und Drang," though one far less ambitious than the novels of Heinse and Klinger, is *Anton Reiser*, a psychological romance by Karl Philipp Moritz, one that paints with extreme vividness the story of a young man's initiation into the trials of life.

Anton is born in poverty, and beginning life as a hat-maker's apprentice, is called on to endure all manner of hardships. His ambition is to win for himself a name as an actor, but once having gained a foothold on the stage, he feels only a sense of loathing and disap-

pointment for what he had regarded as the ideal world of Schiller and Goethe. But the value of the work is not in its story, but in its keenness of insight, of intuition and observation. It reminds us also of the broad humanitarianism which Goethe had revealed to his contemporaries; for Moritz was one of Goethe's circle in Rome, during his tour of Italy.

Still another writer of this period was Johann Georg Forster, whose life was one of strange adventure, and who has given us in his *Ansichten vom Niederrhein* one of the most interesting books of travel that have ever been presented to the world. During his journeys in Brabant, Flanders, Holland and England his keen and penetrating glance rested on all the leading characteristics of each of these lands, their people, the physical features of their country, their art, their politics and their social life. Nothing seems to escape his observation, and the book is written in a style so vivid and picturesque that it has been, and is still, regarded as one of the prose masterpieces of German literature.

In his *Voyage Towards the South Pole and Round the World*, Forster has written in English an account of Cook's second voyage round the world, in which he accompanied his father as a member of the expedition. His education was received in England; but returning to his Fatherland in early manhood, he was appointed to a professorship in Kassel, and later to a chair in the University of Wilna, in Poland, finally receiving the office of librarian in Mainz. One of the most fiery of enthusiasts in the cause of freedom, he greeted the opening of the French revolution with the utmost

ardor, but the horrors of its later scenes convinced him that it was not the hoped-for panacea for all social evils. In this he only shared the views of all right-thinking men; for here, indeed, was liberty carried to the extreme of license, the license of a people drunk with blood, of a proletariat whose wild-beast instincts of slaughter and rapine could only be checked by the historic whiff of grapeshot administered by "Citoyen Buonaparte."

From the ranks of the Austrian nobility there appeared a dramatist who was a thorough adherent of French classicism, Cornelius Hermann von Ayrenhoff. His comedy, *Die Postkutsche*, won the approval of Frederick the Great. Ayrenhoff, who was a soldier by profession, produced tragedies and comedies after the style of Corneille, and when he died, in 1819, had been promoted to the rank of field-marshal. But the Burg theatre soon triumphed over these prejudices in favor of the French, and impartially aimed at the best. When, in 1776, it became the Court and National theatre, one of its actors, Müller by name, travelled through Germany, under the commission of Prince Kaunitz, making engagements with actors; he visited Lessing, took counsel with him, and carried his advice into effect on his return. Several Viennese actors proved themselves fertile playwrights. Outside the theatre, also, there was great activity in dramatic production, and though nothing of first-class merit was produced, yet the average of writing was fair, and the necessities of the real stage were always kept in view. Shakespeare, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller were soon represented in the

répertoire of the Court theatre, and most of Mozart's operas were put on the stage for the first time. The directors were very cautious about admitting plays of what they considered doubtful taste or dangerous political views, and even Schiller's works, except *Fiesco*, were for a long time excluded. The *Maid of Orleans* was only countenanced after some careful alterations and suppression of the author's name, and *Wilhelm Tell* was not allowed to be acted until 1827. Nevertheless *Wilhelm Tell* is one of the acknowledged masterpieces of the poetic drama of Germany, treating an historic theme with perfect workmanship, and clothing the dialogue in a noble vestment of verse.

An Austrian dramatist of high aspirations, Heinrich Joseph von Collin, produced a play entitled *Regulus*, which won great applause, but he never improved upon this first production. Joseph Schreyvogel, though he produced nothing of his own worth noticing, secured by his taste and powers of criticism a lasting and powerful influence. The years from 1814 to 1832, in which he took part in the management of the Burg theatre, formed the most prosperous period in the career of that institution. His general views were those of Lessing; he was an enemy of Romanticism, and despised popular and old German poetry. He freely criticised Goethe and Schiller, lending approval to the latter.

Hafner.

Though Harlequin had died out in Vienna, Burlesque lived on. Philip Hafner's comedies were a con-

tinuation of this old and popular form of drama, only that they did not trust for the dialogue to the actor's powers of extemporizing. Hafner's works were printed again and again, and continually revived on the stage. The Leopoldstadt theatre, founded in 1780 by Karl von Marineli, became the favorite home of farce. The pieces acted on its boards reflected the harmless gayety of Viennese life, ridiculed the Bohemians and Hungarians, revived the favorite old flying machine, and teemed with transformations, ghosts and marvels. In them Harlequin came to life again, under the name of Kasperl, as an Austrian peasant boy, awkward and stupid, but with a certain natural cunning, and, like Harlequin, he was usually the servant of the hero.

Raimund.

Early in the nineteenth century farce-writing received a great impulse. The popular stage found an able writer, shortly after the appearance of Grillparzer, in the person of Ferdinand Raimund, himself an actor and a man of talent, but prevented by a very defective education from rising to the highest mark. He began by altering to his requirements parts which he was about to act, inserting new scenes and writing new songs. Then for one of his benefits, finding no piece that quite met his approval, he wrote the entirely original play of *Der Barometermacher auf der Zauberinsel*. This was in 1823, and between that year and 1834 he wrote seven more pieces, among which *Der Verschwender*, or *The Spendthrift*, was the most popular.

In 1836 his career was cut short by suicide, during one of those fits of melancholy to which he was subject.

Raimund was excitable, sensitive and filled with burning ambition. He was a virtuoso in his mastery of the Austrian dialect, and showed great originality in his dialect farces; but he aspired higher than this, and took to writing a high-flown style of German in iambic rhythm, which sounds very stilted and unnatural. He was thoroughly at home in the world of the bourgeoisie and of the peasantry, and created from it wonderfully real and life-like characters; when, however, he tried to quit this sphere and draw ideal figures, he was unsuccessful. He was excellent in farce, but he did not care to be a mere jester, and his recoil from the character sometimes carried him into tragedy, to the great offense of the audiences for which he wrote. He succeeded in making the magical farce really interesting by humanizing his magicians, ghosts and fairies as thoroughly and as unhesitatingly as did Hans Sachs his sacred personages; in fact, he simply transplanted into supernatural regions the society of the Viennese bourgeoisie, with all their manners and customs, their standing witticisms and conventionalities, their musical soirées and their hackney coaches.

But in his heart Raimund despised this bourgeois world of which and for which he wrote with such brilliant imagination, and in his *Alpen-König* he finally soared above it. The Alp-king is a sublimation of human nature, something like an ancient god, and the delineation of the misanthrope whom the Alp-king converts from his errors rivals Shakespeare's *Timon* and

Molière's *Misanthrope*. Here Raimund was writing from his own personal experience, and he showed great skill in overcoming the difficulties which beset the conception and development of a character who is at once to excite our pity and our ridicule. The magic element retreats still further in the background in *The Spendthrift*, in which the hero's fate depends entirely on himself. This is Raimund's masterpiece; it is full of exciting action, and at the same time everything is made subservient to the development of a character; the other figures are many and various, some of them only sketched, but all parts out of which a capable actor could make something. Among them is Valentine, the spendthrift's faithful servant, who is a sort of idealized Hanswurst.

It was the loss of favor, which the fickle public transferred to Johann Nestroy, that caused Raimund to end his life by a pistol-shot at the age of forty-six. Nestroy had the reputation of being one of the most brilliant writers of farce in all the dramatic literature of Europe. While his wit and satire were universally admitted, his style was entirely different to that of Raimund, and only in a few of his earliest pieces did he encroach on the fairy drama in which the latter so much delighted. He was, in fact, the complete antithesis to Raimund, and there seems no good reason why the latter should take the rivalry so much to heart.

Among the Austrian dramatists who turned a deaf ear to the cry for freedom from the tyranny of the Metternich régime was J. C. von Zedlitz, who endeavored to follow in the steps of Grillparzer, but with

very indifferent success. As a lyric poet and ballad writer, however, he revealed no little talent and originality, especially in his threnodies on such great personages as Wallenstein and Napoleon, Tasso and Byron. But his fame was overshadowed by Grün and Lenau, the former of whom, considering his genius, has contributed but little to the storehouse of German poetry. His chief value is the earnestness of his political aims, which tempered with a humor suggestive of Uhland and a wit that recalls the pungency of Heine.

A poet of a very different type was Nikolaus Lenau, or to give him his full name, Nikolaus Franz Niembsch von Strehlenau. Coming into contact with certain of the Suabian school, he published, with their assistance, his first volume of *Gedichte*, in which are scenes of peasant life then new to German literature. But even thus early he reveals the tone of melancholy, religious doubt, and pessimistic discontent which disfigures all his works; for his was one of those unhappy natures then so common in Germany, to whom existence ever remains an enigma. The freedom which he could not find in Austria he sought in the New World, and in some of his poems, as in *Niagara* and *Das Blockhaus*, is something of the delight which Chateaubriand found in the red man. But, not even in the land of freedom could he make himself content, and he returned to Europe, living first in Vienna and then in Würtemberg, until he suddenly became insane, ending his days in an asylum in 1850. In his *Faust*, an epic drama, he pours out his doubts and his despair, but it is only in the lyric passages that it commends itself to us.

RAISING THE DEVIL
A SHROVE-TIDE OR CARNIVAL PLAY

(Der farent schueler mit dem deufel pannen)

(AIN FASNACHT SPIL)

OF

HANS SACHS.

(*Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE PEASANT.

THE PEASANT WOMAN, his Wife.

THE PRIEST, hump-backed and lame.

THE WAYFARING SCHOLAR.

YEAR 1551.

ARGUMENT.

A peasant has left home for the day, and the village priest, who has seen him leaving, takes this opportunity to visit the peasant's wife. While they are preparing to enjoy themselves, along comes a wayfaring scholar, begging alms and ever on the lookout for easy money of any kind. The priest drives him away with insults: the scholar swears revenge and leaves. Then the husband appears, his wife hiding the priest in the large, old-fashioned stove. The scholar returns and, to get the priest out of the house with a whole skin, not only persuades him to impersonate the devil, but to pay him (the scholar) well for the privilege, while he also succeeds in getting money from both the peasant and his wife.

Enter the Peasant Woman.

Woman.—My husband has gone to the woods to-day, and is not likely to return very soon, because he has already eaten his soup and porridge with cold milk. Besides, he has taken some bread with him; no, he surely will not return before night. Oh, that our priest, the dearest of all guests, knew it! he would come in a hurry, I'm sure; and yet, I dare not let him know, because already lots of our neighbors, in fact the

whole village, are watching closely and cry out after us as if we were both engaged in wrong-doing (bulerey), which, although 'tis true, makes me mad. Many times I've sworn until I was black in the face, yet I cannot rid my husband of suspicion and jealousy. He often looks at me with his eyes flashing fire, and says: "I'm being bamboozled and having dust thrown in my eyes, but if I ever catch you with him I'll skin you alive." Good gracious! there's the priest himself, sneaking around the back way. Welcome, most welcome, holy father; how did you get in from the rear?

Enter the hump-backed Priest, limping.

Priest.—I chose a roundabout way purposely, jumping over the fence near the barn, because you know well, my dear girl, how the scurvy (lausing) peasants watch us. As I was getting up this morning, just before daybreak, I saw your husband on his way to the woods.

Wom.—Ah! mein Herr, you have hit it just right, for my husband a week ago killed a fat hog, and you must try my sausage, and in order that you may not suffer from thirst, I'll bring also a quart of wine; so let's be merry. Mein Herr, sit down awhile.

Pr.—All right; but come back quickly, so that your husband may not come home and thrash me out of the house with his flail, for every time he passes me he looks wicked; and he carries a concealed weapon, too; and on this account I trust him no longer; he's full of treacherous tricks, and after forbidding me his house, threatened to thrash me well if he ever caught me on his own dung-hill.

Wom.—Amuse yourself a few moments; I'll soon return with rolls, sausage and wine. (She leaves.)

Pr.—(Alone.) And if now the peasant came, took me by the back of the neck and gave me a thorough drubbing, I dare not utter a complaint nor ask redress of the authorities, but must bear the trouncing as well as I am able and swallow the insult in silence. I must indeed be fool-possessed, since I run so far after strange women (huren) when I have one at home.

Enter the Peasant Woman, bringing rolls, sausage and wine.

Wom.—Now eat and drink, enjoy yourself and fear not that something may happen, for my husband will not return before night.

Pr.—Hear! Who can be coming through the garden? I heard the cow-bell ring.

Wom.—(Looks out.) Mein Herr, do not be so much afraid; 'tis only a beggar—most likely a wayfaring scholar—who is coming.

Pr.—Then give him something quickly, that he may have no excuse to stay in here, but can go at once.

Enter the Wayfaring Scholar.

Scholar.—O goodwife, give a mite in alms to a poor wayfaring scholar. I am gathering, in charity, that I may be able to chant my first mass.

Pr.—You're gathering more likely by thieving tricks. Get out of here, you hell-hound.

Sch.—Mein Herr, for the sake of all gay gallants do not refuse a trifle to a poor wayfaring scholar, whose travels lead him here and there.

Pr.—And whose travels here and there will at last lead him to the gallows.

Sch.—Mein Herr, I cannot wrestle with you, but give me by way of loan a couple of kreutzers, and, once ordained, I'll beg permission to become your chaplain.

Pr.—But first it will be necessary for you to be tonsured upon the scaffold. You run about the country and do nothing but deceive and blind (bescheissen) the peasant with your lies and cunning tricks; except, of course, to steal a little now and then; and that which cannot carry itself off, you carry; such as linen, eggs, lard and cheese.

Sch.—Alas! mein Herr, do not be so hard on me; I'm also a boon companion myself.

Pr.—More truly a pickpocket. Get out of here; may cankers eat you!

Sch.—Mein Herr, do not kill me (with your mouth), but rather give some trifling alms.

Wom.—(Pushing him.) Get out of here. May Saint Anthony's fire consume you! you rascally blackguard, you vagabond and loafer. Get out of here and leave me and my house at peace.

Sch.—Indeed, I will now go most willingly; yet I promise, on my word of honor, that I will make you both rue this abuse. (Aside.) I'll hide myself in some secret corner of the house and watch this couple. Then, when the peasant returns to-day or to-morrow, I'll play some fine trick on them and get my sweet revenge. (He leaves.)

Pr.—Go fasten the door, so that every beggar that comes along cannot get into our room.

Wom.—Did you not hear how fast the rascal slammed the door?

Pr.—Ah! in truth, so I did; and now we dare to eat, drink and be merry. My dear girl, your good health in lots of wine! (As he is about to drink, loud knocks are heard.) Dunder und blitzten! girl, who is that making such a tremendous pounding at the door?

Wom.—(She peeps out.) Good heavens! it's my husband. What shall we do?

Pr.—How in the world shall I ever get out of here?

Wom.—My dear father, just slip in the stove, and I'll hide the sausage, wine and rolls; then, as soon as my husband drops asleep, I'll see that you get out all right. (The priest crawls into the stove, the woman opens the door.)

Enter the Peasant.

Peasant.—What does this mean? the house all fastened up at this hour?

Wom.—My husband, you must know that 'tis because our neighbor's sow, with her litter, runs daily over our floor and makes me lots of dirt. But what does this mean, your coming so early from the woods?

Peas.—I'm most unlucky, I tell you; we broke both our hatchets, and could cut down no more trees, so I was forced to return home. Hunger drove me here, also. Come, my dear, cook me a sausage or two, and give me some tripe with crack-

nels from the lard, that was left over from last night, and let me test my teeth awhile.

Wom.—In place of sausage I'll give you a knotty stick: 'tis all of a week ago since you killed the hog, and then you carried almost all the sausage round to the neighbors, while we must eat the bones.

Peas.—I hear the cow-bell ringing; go see who is coming through the garden.

Wom.—(Looks out.) It must be a wayfaring scholar. I'll soon get rid of him, for I don't like such people in the house. (She runs and tries to keep the scholar out.)

Enter the Wayfaring Scholar.

Sch.—(Walks up to the peasant.) Good evening, my good man; your gate chancing to be open, I, a wayfaring scholar, came right in. Will you kindly permit me to sleep on the hay in your barn to-night?

Wom.—(Low.) Did the devil bring you back here?

Sch.—(Low.) My good woman, you keep silent, and I'll say not a word.

Peas.—Tell me, scholar, why is it your habit to wander all over the country?

Sch.—'Tis expected that we scholars, all of us, should travel about almost constantly from one high school to another, that we may learn the black art and all similar arts. If you have had something stolen, we can get it back again. For diseased eyes and aching teeth we can hang a charm about your neck; we likewise have a charm 'gainst being shot. We can prophesy, find concealed treasure, and at night ride out on the goat.

Peas.—And I have heard for many years that you scholars can raise the devil, too.

Sch.—Yes, I can so charm and compel him that he must answer any question we choose to ask. I can, besides, make the devil himself bring into a circle in this very room, sausage, rolls and wine.

Peas.—I must own that there is nothing in the whole world I would rather see than the devil.

Sch.—Ah! you have only to look at your own wife.

Peas.—Stop your joking, my dear man, and, if you can, bring the devil here.

Sch.—Really, if it were not so very dangerous—for, if I were to bring him to this place, and you should speak but a single word, he could tear us all to pieces.

Wom.—The devil would, indeed, get the best of all of us. My advice is to leave him outside.

Peas.—What harm will it do? 'Tis getting late; so bring him here, in the house, at once.

Sch.—Both of you must go out backwards (*arszling*), and go up to the floor above backwards, also. Then I'll call up the devil. As soon as I cry Come! both of you come down backwards. Then you shall see the devil within the circle. (The peasant and his wife go out backwards.)

Enter the Priest, brought out of the stove by the Scholar.

Sch.—Now, Mr. Priest, ought I not to make your head suffer for all the abuse you heaped on mine? As soon as I call the peasant down he'll give you a thorough beating; and I'm going now to call him.

Pr.—(Trembling.) Ah! my friend, you will not expose me, will you? I humbly beg you to help me out of this scrape; I will reward you with twelve dollars (*thaler*), and you can remain with me all winter, too; I'll give you good lodgings.

Sch.—Very well, priest, hand over the twelve dollars, and I'll help you out of your dangerous position.

Pr.—(Hands him the money.) Here it is; once at home, I'll give you more.

Sch.—Now, priest, you've no time for further thought; go strip yourself to the skin and rub yourself all over thoroughly with soot till you're raven black; then quickly to work; take from under the manger, where 'tis hidden, the sausage, wine and rolls; find outside the horse's skin and wrap yourself in it. When I cry with all my strength, three times, Come, devil! you run in growling like a wild bear. Then you must place the rolls, sausage and jug of wine in the circle, and when I say Begone! take your clothes and sneak out the back door. In this way you can get out with a whole skin.

Pr.—I'll get everything ready if you'll only help me to get out of the house safe and quick. (He leaves.)

Sch.—(Calls loudly.) Now both come down backwards; I have already conjured the spirit.

Enter the Peasant and his wife, backwards.

Sch.—Now sit down and keep very quiet. You are not permitted to say a single word, and if you wish to make anything known, you must do it with your fingers.

(The peasant and his wife sit down. The wayfaring scholar makes a circle with a sword, and stands therein.)

Sch.—Now I call you for the first time: come here from out the depths of hell, and bring me within this circle a jug of wine, fresh rolls and sausage. Another time I call you hence: come to me within the circle. The third and last time I call upon you; you cannot tarry, but must come at once within the circle and bring me what I desire. (Enter the devil, running with a limp; he growls constantly, and places the sausage, rolls and wine within the circle.) Now, devil, let up a little on that noise, and let us see you, behind and before. (The devil goes limping around within the circle.)

Sch.—Now, devil, that is quite enough; so jump at once out of the circle and get out of the house through the back door; or, if you like, the gable; or into the cow-stall, through the keyhole; yet, all without doing any harm. (The devil springs out of the circle and leaves.)

Peas.—The cold sweat is standing out all over me. My dear man, wipe out that circle as quick as you are able, so that the devil will not return.

Sch.—My good man, tell me, why were you so strongly moved?

Peas.—I did not think that the devil was so black, so hairy and misshapen; why, he was as humpbacked as our priest, and limped with one leg also. Indeed, if I had been here alone, I believe I should have gone crazy, with his rumbling, grumbling and growling. It seemed to me, too, that he had teeth sticking out of his mouth like a wild boar's.

Wom.—To tell the honest truth, I shouldn't mind seeing the devil very often in our house; he wouldn't frighten me a bit.

Sch.—Upon my honor, I believe you. Come, cheer up, cheer up, good man; and now, if you like, we'll go to sleep.

Peas.—I'm very much afraid that the devil will appear to me while I sleep, because he made such a deep impression on my mind.

Sch.—My good man, 'tis not so hard to escape him; just hang this charm (segen) about your neck, and I can safely promise you that the devil will not return to your house—at least, while you're in it. He was very glad indeed when I let him go, for he fears you more than you fear him.

Peas.—What! my good man? The devil is afraid of me?

Wom.—Come, come, husband, to bed. Let's drop the devil, my good fellow; he's back in hell long ago.

Peas.—(Hanging the charm about his neck.) I will hang your charm about my neck and pay you with a gulden, as I came safe and sound out of the company of that limping devil. I'll bid you good-night; I'm going to bed. (He leaves.)

Wom.—I was in anguish all the time for fear that you might say something. My husband would certainly have killed the priest, for he hates him like poison.

Sch.—Well, good wife, the priest promised that you would give me five gulden for saving his life. Will you kindly give them to me now?

Wom.—Good man, I must ask you to do without the gulden to-night, but early to-morrow morning you shall certainly get them, for I have money buried behind the house. So good-night; I lay me down. (She leaves.)

Sch.—(Picks up the sausage, rolls and jug of wine.) I'll take the sausage, rolls and wine, and yonder on the hay will eat and drink. How delighted I am to think that there are Shrove-tides; they've brought me in eighteen gulden, or more profit for the day than priest, peasant and his wife have made, all three. And when I come to think the matter over, the priest did not thresh for the money, while the peasant's wife took from her husband, without his knowledge, all her money. What can I say of the peasant's gulden? Well, if my charm keeps the devil away and out of that house, 'twill save the peasant much trouble. Good often comes from evil, says Hans Sachs.

MINNA VON BARNHELM;

OR,

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE

BY

G. E. LESSING.

(Translated by Ernest Bell, M.A.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, a discharged officer.

MINNA VON BARNHELM.

COUNT VON BRUCHSAL, her uncle.

FRANZISKA, her lady's maid.

JUST, servant to the Major.

PAUL WERNER, an old Sergeant of the Major's.

THE LANDLORD OF AN INN.

A LADY.

AN ORDERLY.

RICCAUT DE LA MARLINIÈRE.

*THE SCENE ALTERNATES BETWEEN
THE PARLOR OF AN INN AND A
ROOM ADJOINING IT.*

PRELUDE.

Minna von Barnhelm, on which Lessing had been working for some time, was completed during his fourth residence in Berlin, in the year 1765. It was first acted in Hamburg in 1767, but met with little success. In the following year, however, when acted in Berlin, it immediately became very popular and was afterward considered his masterpiece. In 1789 it was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, under the title of "The Disbanded Officer."

ACT I. SCENE I.

Just.

Just.—(Sitting in a corner, and talking while asleep.)
Rogue of a landlord! You treat us so? On, comrade! hit hard! (He strikes with his fist, and wakes through the exertion.)
Ha! there he is again! I cannot shut an eye without fighting with him. I wish he got but half the blows. Why, it is morning! I must just look for my poor master at once; if I can help it, he shall not set foot in the cursed house again. I wonder where he has passed the night?

SCENE II.

Landlord, Just.

Landlord.—Good-morning, Herr Just; good-morning!
What, up so early! Or shall I say—up so late?

Just.—Say which you please.

Land.—I say only—good-morning! and that deserves, I suppose, that Herr Just should answer “Many thanks.”

Just.—Many thanks.

Land.—One is peevish if one can't have one's proper rest. What will you bet the Major has not returned home, and you have been keeping watch for him?

Just.—How the man can guess everything!

Land.—I surmise, I surmise.

Just.—(Turns round to go.) Your servant!

Land.—(Stops him.) Not so, Herr Just!

Just.—Very well, then, not your servant!

Land.—What, Herr Just, I do hope you are not still angry about yesterday's affair! Who would keep his anger over night?

Just.—I; and over a good many nights.

Land.—Is that like a Christian?

Just.—As much so as to turn an honorable man who cannot pay to a day, out of doors, into the street.

Land.—Fie! who would be so wicked?

Just.—A Christian innkeeper.—My master! such a man! such an officer!

Land.—I thrust him from the house into the streets? I have far too much respect for an officer to do that, and far too much pity for a discharged one! I was obliged to have another room prepared for him. Think no more about it, Herr Just. (Calls.) Hullo! I will make it good in another way. (A lad comes.) Bring a glass; Herr Just will have a drop; something good.

Just.—Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Landlord. May the drop turn to poison which . . . But I will not swear; I have not yet breakfasted.

Land.—(To the lad, who brings a bottle of spirits and a glass.) Give it here; go! Now, Herr Just; something quite excellent; strong, delicious and wholesome. (Fills, and holds it out to him.) That can set an over-taxed stomach to rights again!

Just.—I hardly ought!—And yet why should I let my health suffer on account of his incivility? (Takes it, and drinks.)

Land.—May it do you good, Herr Just!

Just.—(Giving the glass back.) Not bad! But, Landlord, you are nevertheless an ill-mannered brute!

Land.—Not so, not so! . . . Come, another glass; one cannot stand upon one leg.

Just.—(After drinking.) I must say so much—it is good, very good! Made at home, Landlord?

Land.—At home, indeed! True Dantzig, real double distilled!

Just.—Look ye, Landlord; if I could play the hypocrite, I would do so for such stuff as that; but I cannot, so it must out.—You are an ill-mannered brute all the same.

Land.—Nobody in my life ever told me that before. . . . But another glass, Herr Just; three is the lucky number!

Just.—With all my heart! (Drinks.) Good stuff indeed, capital! But truth is good also, and indeed, Landlord, you are an ill-mannered brute all the same!

Land.—If I was, do you think I should let you say so?

Just.—Oh! yes; a brute seldom has spirits.

Land.—One more, Herr Just: a four-stranded rope is the strongest.

Just.—No, enough is as good as a feast! And what good will it do you, Landlord? I shall stick to my text till the last drop in the bottle. Shame, Landlord, to have such good Dantzig, and such bad manners! To turn out of his room, in his absence—a man like my master, who has lodged at your house above a year; from whom you have already had so many shining thalers; who never owed a heller in his life—because he let payments run for a couple of months, and because he does not spend quite so much as he used.

Land.—But suppose I really wanted the room and saw beforehand that the Major would willingly have given it up if we could only have waited some time for his return! Should I let strange gentlefolk like them drive away again from my door?

Should I willfully send such a prize into the clutches of another innkeeper? Besides, I don't believe they could have got a lodging elsewhere. The inns are all now quite full. Could such a young, beautiful, amiable lady remain in the street? Your master is much too gallant for that. And what does he lose by the change? Have I not given him another room?

Just.—By the pigeon-house, at the back, with a view between a neighbor's chimneys.

Land.—The view was uncommonly fine before the con-founded neighbor obstructed it. The room is otherwise very nice, and is papered——

Just.—Has been!

Land.—No, one side is so still. And the little room adjoining—what is the matter with that? It has a chimney which, perhaps, smokes somewhat in the winter——

Just.—But does very nicely in the summer. I believe, Landlord, you are mocking us into the bargain!

Land.—Come, come; Herr Just, Herr Just——

Just.—Don't make Herr Just's head hot——

Land.—I make his head hot? It is the Dantzig does that.

Just.—An officer, like my master! Or do you think that a discharged officer is not an officer, who may break your neck for you? Why were you all, you landlords, so civil during the war? Why was every officer an honorable man then, and every soldier a worthy, brave fellow? Does this bit of a peace make you so bumptious?

Land.—What makes you fly out so, Herr Just?

Just.—I will fly out.

SCENE III.

Major von Tellheim, Landlord, Just.

Major von Tellheim.—(Entering.) Just!

Just.—(Supposing the Landlord is still speaking.) Just?
Are we so intimate?

Maj. T.—Just!

Just.—I thought I was "Herr Just" with you.

Land.—(Seeing the Major.) Hist, hist! Herr Just, Herr Just, look round; your master——

Maj. T.—Just, I think you are quarrelling! What did I tell you?

Land.—Quarrel, your honor? God forbid! Would your most humble servant dare to quarrel with one who has the honor of being in your service?

Just.—If I could but give him a good whack on that cringing cat's back of his!

Land.—It is true Herr Just speaks up for his master, and rather warmly; but in that he is right. I esteem him so much the more: I like him for it.

Just.—I should like to knock his teeth out for him!

Land.—It is only a pity that he puts himself in a passion for nothing. For I feel quite sure that your honor is not displeased with me in this matter, since—necessity—made it necessary——

Maj. T.—More than enough, sir! I am in your debt; you turn out my room in my absence. You must be paid, I must seek a lodging elsewhere. Very natural.

Land.—Elsewhere? You are going to quit, honored sir? Oh, unfortunate stricken man that I am! No, never! Sooner shall the lady give up the apartments again. The Major cannot and will not let her have his room. It is his; she must go; I cannot help it. I will go, honored sir——

Maj. T.—My friend, do not make two foolish strokes instead of one. The lady must retain possession of the room——

Land.—And your honor could suppose that from distrust, from fear of not being paid, I As if I did not know that your honor could pay me as soon as you pleased. The sealed purse five hundred thalers in louis d'ors marked on it—which your honor had in your writing-desk is in good keeping.

Maj. T.—I trust so; as the rest of my property. Just shall take them into his keeping, when he has paid your bill——

Land.—Really, I was quite alarmed when I found the purse. I always considered your honor a methodical and prudent man,

who never got quite out of money . . . but still, had I supposed there was ready money in the desk——

Maj. T.—You would have treated me rather more civilly. I understand you. Go, sir; leave me. I wish to speak with my servant.

Land.—But, honored sir——

Maj. T.—Come, Just; he does not wish to permit me to give my orders to you in his house.

Land.—I am going, honored sir! My whole house is at your service. (Exit.)

SCENE IV.

Major von Tellheim, Just.

Just.—(Stamping with his foot and spitting after the Landlord.) Ugh!

Maj. T.—What is the matter?

Just.—I am choking with rage.

Maj. T.—That is as bad as from plethora.

Just.—And for you, sir, I hardly know you any longer. May I die before your eyes, if you do not encourage this malicious, unfeeling wretch. In spite of gallows, axe and torture I could . . . yes, I could have throttled him with these hands, and torn him to pieces with these teeth!

Maj. T.—You wild beast!

Just.—Better a wild beast than such a man!

Maj. T.—But what is it that you want?

Just.—I want you to perceive how much he insults you.

Maj. T.—And then——

Just.—To take your revenge. . . . No, the fellow is beneath your notice!

Maj. T.—But to commission you to avenge me? That was my intention from the first. He should not have seen me again, but have received the amount of his bill from your hands. I know that you can throw down a handful of money with a tolerably contemptuous mien.

Just.—Oh! a pretty sort of revenge!

Maj. T.—Which, however, we must defer. I have not one heller of ready money, and I know not where to raise any.

Just.—No money! What is that purse, then, with five hundred louis d'ors, which the landlord found in your desk?

Maj. T.—That is money given into my charge.

Just.—Not the hundred pistoles which your old sergeant brought you four or five weeks back?

Maj. T.—The same. Paul Werner's; right.

Just.—And you have not used them yet? Yet, sir, you may do what you please with them. I will answer for it that——

Maj. T.—Indeed!

Just.—Werner heard from me how they had treated your claims upon the War Office. He heard——

Maj. T.—That I should certainly be a beggar soon, if I was not one already. I am much obliged to you, *Just.* And the news induced Werner to offer to share his little all with me. I am very glad that I guessed this. Listen, *Just.*; let me have your account, directly, too; we must part.

Just.—How! what!

Maj. T.—Not a word. There is some one coming.

SCENE V.

Lady in mourning, Major von Tellheim, *Just.*

Lady.—I ask your pardon, sir.

Maj. T.—Whom do you seek, madame?

Lady.—The worthy gentleman with whom I have the honor of speaking. You do not know me again. I am the widow of your late captain.

Maj. T.—Good heavens, madame, how you are changed!

Lady.—I have just risen from a sick-bed, to which grief on the loss of my husband brought me. I am troubling you at a very early hour, Major von Tellheim, but I am going into the country, where a kind, but also unfortunate friend, has for the present offered me an asylum.

Maj. T.—(To *Just.*) Leave us.

SCENE VI.

Lady, Major von Tellheim.

Maj. T.—Speak freely, madame! You must not be ashamed of your bad fortune before me. Can I serve you in any way?

Lady.—Major——

Maj. T.—I pity you, madame! How can I serve you? You know your husband was my friend; my friend, I say, and I have always been sparing of this title.

Lady.—Who knows better than I do how worthy you were of his friendship—how worthy he was of yours? You would have been in his last thoughts, your name would have been the last sound on his dying lips, had not natural affection, stronger than friendship, demanded this sad prerogative for his unfortunate son and his unhappy wife.

Maj. T.—Cease, madame! I could willingly weep with you; but I have no tears to-day. Spare me! You come to me at a time when I might easily be misled to murmur against Providence. Oh! honest Marloff! Quick, madame, what have you to request? If it is in my power to assist you, if it is in my power——

Lady.—I cannot depart without fulfilling his last wishes. He recollected, shortly before his death, that he was dying a debtor to you, and he conjured me to discharge his debt with the first ready money I should have. I have sold his carriage, and come to redeem his note.

Maj. T.—What, madame! Is that your object in coming?

Lady.—It is. Permit me to count out the money to you.

Maj. T.—No, madame. Marloff a debtor to me! that can hardly be. Let us look, however. (Takes out a pocket-book, and searches.) I find nothing of the kind.

Lady.—You have doubtless mislaid his note; besides, it is nothing to the purpose. Permit me——

Maj. T.—No, madame; I am careful not to mislay such documents. If I have not got it, it is a proof that I never had it, or that it has been honored and already returned by me.

Lady.—Major!

Maj. T.—Without doubt, madame; Marloff does not owe me anything—nor can I remember that he ever did owe me anything. This is so, madame. He has much rather left me in his debt. I have never been able to do anything to repay a man who shared with me good and ill luck, honor and danger, for six years. I shall not forget that he has left a son. He shall be my son, as soon as I can be a father to him. The embarrassment in which I am at present—

Lady.—Generous man! But do not think so meanly of me. Take the money, Major, and then at least I shall be at ease.

Maj. T.—What more do you require to tranquillize you, than my assurance that the money does not belong to me? Or do you wish that I should rob the young orphan of my friend? Rob, madame; for that it would be in the true meaning of the word. The money belongs to him: invest it for him.

Lady.—I understand you; pardon me if I do not yet rightly know how to accept a kindness. Where have you learnt that a mother will do more for her child than for the preservation of her own life? I am going—

Maj. T.—Go, madame, and may you have a prosperous journey. I do not ask you to let me hear from you. Your news might come to me when it might be of little use to me. There is yet one thing, madame; I had nearly forgotten that which is of most consequence. Marloff also had claims upon the chest of our old regiment. His claims are as good as mine. If my demands are paid, his must be paid also. I will be answerable for them.

Lady.—Oh! sir . . . but what can I say? Thus to purpose future good deeds is, in the eyes of heaven, to have performed them already. May you receive its reward, as well as my tears.

(Exit.)

SCENE VII.

Major von Tellheim.

Maj. T.—Poor, good woman! I must not forget to destroy the bill. (Takes some papers from his pocket-book and destroys them.) Who would guarantee that my own wants might not some day tempt me to make use of it?

SCENE VIII.

Just, Major von Tellheim.

Maj. T.—Is that you, Just?

Just.—(Wiping his eyes.) Yes.

Maj. T.—You have been crying?

Just.—I have been writing out my account in the kitchen, and the place is full of smoke. Here it is, sir.

Maj. T.—Give it to me.

Just.—Be merciful with me, sir. I know well that they have not been so with you; still——

Maj. T.—What do you want?

Just.—I should sooner have expected my death than my discharge.

Maj. T.—I cannot keep you any longer: I must learn to manage without servants. (Opens the paper and reads.) "What my master, the Major, owes me: Three months and a half wages, six thalers per month, is 21 thalers. During the first part of this month, laid out in sundries—1 thaler 7 groschen 9 pfennigs. Total, 22 thalers 7gr. 9pf." Right; and it is just that I also pay your wages for the whole of the current month.

Just.—Turn over, sir.

Maj. T.—Oh! more? (Reads.) "What I owe my master, the Major: Paid for me to the army surgeon, twenty-five thalers. Attendance and nurse during my cure, paid for me, thirty-nine thalers. Advanced, at my request, to my father—who was burnt out of his house and robbed—without reckoning the two horses of which he made him a present, fifty thalers. Total, 114 thalers. Deduct the above 22 thalers 7gr. 9pf.; I remain in debt to my master, the Major, 91 thalers 16gr. 3pf." You are mad, my good fellow!

Just.—I willingly grant that I owe you much more; but it would be wasting ink to write it down. I cannot pay you that; and if you take my livery from me, too, which, by the way, I have not yet earned—I would rather you had let me die in the workhouse.

Maj. T.—For what do you take me? You owe me nothing; and I will recommend you to one of my friends, with whom you will fare better than with me.

Just.—I do not owe you anything, and yet you turn me away!

Maj. T.—Because I do not wish to owe you anything.

Just.—On that account? Only on that account? As certain as I am in your debt, as certain as you can never be in mine, so certainly shall you not turn me away now. Do what you will, Major, I remain in your service; I must remain.

Maj. T.—With your obstinacy, your insolence, your savage, boisterous temper toward all who you think have no business to speak to you, your malicious pranks, your love of revenge——

Just.—Make me as bad as you will, I shall not think worse of myself than of my dog. Last winter I was walking one evening at dusk along the river, when I heard something whine. I stooped down and reached in the direction whence the sound came, and when I thought I was saving a child, I pulled a dog out of the water. That is well, thought I. The dog followed me; but I am not fond of dogs, so I drove him away—in vain. I whipped him away—in vain. I shut him out of my room at night; he lay down before the door. If he came too near me, I kicked him; he yelped, looked up at me, and wagged his tail. I have never yet given him a bit of bread with my own hand; and yet I am the only person whom he will obey, or who dare touch him. He jumps about me, and shows off his tricks to me without my asking for them. He is an ugly dog, but he is a good animal. If he carries it on much longer, I shall at last give over hating him.

Maj. T.—(Aside.) As I do him. No, there is no one perfectly inhuman. Just, we will not part.

Just.—Certainly not! And you wanted to manage without servants! You forget your wounds, and that you only have the use of one arm. Why, you are not able to dress alone. I am indispensable to you; and I am—without boasting, Major—I am a servant who, if the worst comes to the worst, can beg and steal for his master.

Maj. T.—Just, we will part.

Just.—All right, sir!

SCENE IX.

Servant, Major von Tellheim, Just.

Servant.—I say, comrade!

Just.—What is the matter?

Serv.—Can you direct me to the officer who lodged yesterday in that room? (Pointing to the one out of which he is coming.)

Just.—That I could easily do. What have you got for him?

Serv.—What we always have, when we have nothing—compliments. My mistress hears that he has been turned out on her account. My mistress knows good manners, and I am therefore to beg his pardon.

Just.—Well, then, beg his pardon; there he stands.

Serv.—What is he? What is his name?

Maj. T.—I have already heard your message, my friend. It is unnecessary politeness on the part of your mistress, which I beg to acknowledge duly. Present my compliments to her. What is the name of your mistress?

Serv.—Her name! We call her my lady.

Maj. T.—The name of her family?

Serv.—I have not heard that yet, and it is not my business to ask. I manage so that I generally get a new master every six weeks. Hang all their names!

Just.—Bravo, comrade!

Serv.—I was engaged by my present mistress a few days ago, in Dresden. I believe she has come here to look for her lover.

Maj. T.—Enough, friend. I wished to know the name of your mistress, not her secrets. Go!

Serv.—Comrade, he would not do for my master.

SCENE X.

Major von Tellheim, Just.

Maj. T.—Just! see that we get out of this house directly! The politeness of this strange lady affects me more than the churlishness of the host. Here, take this ring—the only thing of value which I have left—of which I never thought of making such a use. Pawn it! get eighty louis d'ors for it: our host's bill can scarcely amount to thirty. Pay him, and remove my things. . . . Ah, where? Where you will. The cheaper the inn, the better. You will find me in the neighboring coffee-house. I am going; you will see to it all properly?

Just.—Have no fear, Major!

Maj. T.—(Comes back.) Above all things, do not let my pistols be forgotten, which hang beside the bed.

Just.—I will forget nothing.

Maj. T.—(Comes back again.) Another thing: bring your dog with you, too. Do you hear, Just?

SCENE XI.

Just.

Just.—The dog will not stay behind; he will take care of that. Hem! My master still had this valuable ring, and carried it in his pocket instead of on his finger! My good landlord, we are not yet so poor as we look. To him himself I will pawn you, you beautiful little ring! I know he will be annoyed that you will not be all consumed in his house. Ah!—

SCENE XII.

Paul Werner, Just.

Just.—Hullo, Werner! good-day to you, Werner. Welcome to the town.

Werner.—The accursed village! I can't manage to get at home in it again. Merry, my boys, merry; I have got some more money! Where is the Major?

Just.—He must have met you; he just went down stairs.

Wer.—I came up the back stairs. How is he? I should have been with you last week, but——

Just.—Well, what prevented you?

Wer.—Just, did you ever hear of Prince Heraclius?

Just.—Heraclius? Not that I know of.

Wer.—Don't you know the great hero of the East?

Just.—I know the wise men of the East well enough, who go about with the stars on New Year's Eve.

Wer.—Brother, I believe you read the newspapers as little as the Bible. You do not know Prince Heraclius? Not know the brave man who seized Persia, and will break into the Ottoman Porte in a few days? Thank God, there is still war somewhere in the world! I have long enough hoped it would break out here again. But there they sit and take care of their skins. No, a soldier I was, and a soldier I must be again! In short (looking round carefully, to see if any one is listening), between ourselves, Just, I am going to Persia, to have a few campaigns against the Turks, under his royal highness Prince Heraclius.

Just.—You?

Wer.—I myself. Our ancestors fought bravely against the Turks; and so ought we, too, if we would be honest men and good Christians. I allow that a campaign against the Turks cannot be half so pleasant as one against the French; but then it must be so much the more beneficial in this world and the next. The swords of the Turks are all set with diamonds.

Just.—I would not walk a mile to have my head split with one of their sabres. You will not be so mad as to leave your comfortable little farm!

Wer.—Oh! I take that with me. Do you see? The property is sold.

Just.—Sold?

Wer.—Hist! Here are a hundred ducats, which I received yesterday toward the payment: I am bringing them for the Major.

Just.—What is he to do with them?

Wer.—What is he to do with them? Spend them; play them, or drink them away, or whatever he pleases. He must have money, and it is bad enough that they have made his own so troublesome to him. But I know what I would do, were I in his place. I would say: "The deuce take you all here; I will go with Paul Werner to Persia!" Hang it! Prince Heracilius must have heard of Major von Tellheim, if he has not heard of Paul Werner, his late sergeant. Our affair at Katzenhäuser——

Just.—Shall I give you an account of that?

Wer.—You give me! I know well that a fine battle array is beyond your comprehension. I am not going to throw my pearls before swine. Here, take the hundred ducats; give them to the Major; tell him he may keep these for me, too. I am going to the market now. I have sent in a couple of loads of rye; what I get for them he can also have.

Just.—Werner, you mean it well; but we don't want your money. Keep your ducats; and your hundred pistoles you can also have back safe, as soon as you please.

Wer.—What, has the Major money still?

Just.—No.

Wer.—Has he borrowed any?

Just.—No.

Wer.—On what does he live, then?

Just.—We have everything put down in the bill; and when they won't put anything more down, and turn us out of the house, we pledge anything we may happen to have, and go somewhere else. I say, Paul, we must play this landlord here a trick.

Wer.—If he has annoyed the Major, I am ready.

Just.—What if we watch for him in the evening, when he comes from his club, and give him a good thrashing?

Wer.—In the dark! Watch for him! Two to one! No, that won't do.

Just.—Or if we burn his house over his head?

Wer.—Fire and burn! Why, Just, one hears that you have been baggage-boy, and not soldier. Shame!

Just.—Or if we ruin his daughter? But she is cursedly ugly.

Wer.—She has probably been ruined long ago. At any rate, you don't want any help there. But what is the matter with you? What has happened?

Just.—Just come with me, and you shall hear something to make you stare.

Wer.—The devil must be loose here, then?

Just.—Just so; come along.

Wer.—So much the better! To Persia, then; to Persia.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Minna's room. Minna, Franziska.

Minna.—(In morning dress, looking at her watch.) *Franziska*, we have risen very early. The time will hang heavy on our hands.

Franziska.—Who can sleep in these abominable large towns? The carriages, the watchmen, the drums, the cats, the soldiers, never cease to rattle, to call, to roll, to mew and to swear; just as if the last thing the night is intended for was for sleep. Have a cup of tea, my lady?

Min.—I don't care for tea.

Fran.—I will have some chocolate made.

Min.—For yourself, if you like.

Fran.—For myself! I would as soon talk to myself as drink by myself. Then the time will indeed hang heavy. For very weariness we shall have to make our toilets and try on the dress in which we intend to make the first attack?

Min.—Why do you talk of attacks, when I have only come to require that the capitulation be ratified?

Fran.—But the officer whom we have dislodged, and to whom we have apologized, cannot be the best bred man in the world, or he might at least have begged the honor of being allowed to wait upon you.

Min.—All officers are not Tellheims. To tell you the truth, I only sent him the message in order to have an opportunity

of inquiring from him about Tellheim. Franziska, my heart tells me my journey will be a successful one, and that I shall find him.

Fran.—The heart, my lady! One must not trust to that too much. The heart echoes to us the words of our tongues. If the tongue was as much inclined to speak the thoughts of the heart, the fashion of keeping mouths under lock and key would have come in long ago.

Min.—Ha! ha! mouths under lock and key. That fashion would just suit me.

Fran.—Rather not show the most beautiful set of teeth, than let the heart be seen through them every moment.

Min.—What, are you so reserved?

Fran.—No, my lady; but I would willingly be more so. People seldom talk of the virtue they possess, and all the more often of that which they do not possess.

Min.—Franziska, you made a very just remark there.

Fran.—Made! Does one make it, if it occurs to one?

Min.—And do you know why I consider it so good? It applies to my Tellheim.

Fran.—What would not, in your opinion, apply to him?

Min.—Friend and foe say he is the bravest man in the world. But who ever heard him talk of bravery? He has the most upright mind; but uprightness and nobleness of mind are words never on his tongue.

Fran.—Of what virtues does he talk, then?

Min.—He talks of none, for he is wanting in none.

Fran.—That is just what I wished to hear.

Min.—Wait, Franziska; I am wrong. He often talks of economy. Between ourselves, I believe he is extravagant.

Fran.—One thing more, my lady. I have often heard him mention truth and constancy toward you. What if he be inconstant?

Min.—Miserable girl! But do you mean that seriously?

Fran.—How long is it since he wrote to you?

Min.—Alas! he has only written to me once since the peace.

Fran.—What—A sigh on account of the peace? Surprising! Peace ought only to make good the ill which war causes; but it seems to disturb the good which the latter, its opposite, may have occasioned. Peace should not be so capricious! . . . How long have we had peace? The time seems wonderfully long when there is so little news. It is no use the post going regularly again; nobody writes, for nobody has anything to write about.

Min.—“Peace has been made,” he wrote to me, “and I am approaching the fulfillment of my wishes.” But since he only wrote that to me once, only once—

Fran.—And since he compels us to run after this fulfillment of his wishes ourselves. . . . If we can but find him, he shall pay for this! Suppose, in the meantime, he may have accomplished his wishes, and we should learn here that—

Min.—(Anxiously.) That he is dead?

Fran.—To you, my lady; and married to another.

Min.—You tease, you! Wait, Franziska, I will pay you out for this! But talk to me, or I shall fall asleep. His regiment was disbanded after the peace. Who knows into what a confusion of bills and papers he may thereby have been brought? Who knows into what other regiment, or to what distant station, he may have been sent? Who knows what circumstances— There’s a knock at the door.

Fran.—Come in!

SCENE II.

Landlord, Minna, Franziska.

Landlord.—(Putting his head in at the door.) Am I permitted, your ladyship?

Fran.—Our landlord? Come in!

Land.—(A pen behind his ear, a sheet of paper and an ink-stand in his hand.) I am come, your ladyship, to wish you a most humble good-morning; (to Franziska) and the same to you, my pretty maid.

Fran.—A polite man!

Min.—We are obliged to you.

Fran.—And wish you also a good-morning.

Land.—May I venture to ask how your ladyship has passed the first night under my poor roof?

Fran.—The roof is not so bad, sir; but the beds might have been better.

Land.—What do I hear! Not slept well! Perhaps the over-fatigue of the journey——

Min.—Perhaps.

Land.—Certainly, certainly, for otherwise Yet, should there be anything not perfectly comfortable, my lady, I hope you will not fail to command me.

Fran.—Very well, Mr. Landlord, very well! We are not bashful; and least of all should one be bashful at an inn. We shall not fail to say what we may wish.

Land.—I next come to (Taking the pen from behind his ear.)

Fran.—Well?

Land.—Without doubt, my lady, you are already acquainted with the wise regulations of our police.

Min.—Not in the least, sir.

Land.—We landlords are instructed not to take in any stranger, of whatever rank or sex he may be, for four-and-twenty hours, without delivering, in writing, his name, place of abode, occupation, object of his journey, probable stay, and so on, to the proper authorities.

Min.—Very well.

Land.—Will your ladyship, then, be so good (Going to the table and making ready to write.)

Min.—Willingly. My name is——

Land.—One minute! (He writes.) “Date, 22d August, A. D., etc.; arrived at the King of Spain hotel.” Now your name, my lady.

Min.—Fräulein von Barnhelm.

Land.—(Writes.) “Von Barnhelm.” Coming from where, your ladyship?

Min.—From my estate in Saxony.

Land.—(Writes.) “Estate in Saxony.” Saxony! Indeed, indeed! In Saxony, your ladyship? Saxony?

Fran.—Well, why not? I hope it is no sin in this country to come from Saxony!

Land.—A sin? Heaven forbid! That would be quite a new sin! From Saxony, then? Yes, yes, from Saxony, a delightful country, Saxony! But if I am right, your ladyship, Saxony is not small, and has several—how shall I call them?—districts, provinces. Our police are very particular, your ladyship.

Min.—I understand. From my estate in Thuringia, then.

Land.—From Thuringia! Yes, that is better, your ladyship; that is more exact. (Writes and reads.) “Fräulein von Barnhelm, coming from her estate in Thuringia, together with her lady-in-waiting and two men servants.”

Fran.—Lady-in-waiting! That means me, I suppose?

Land.—Yes, my pretty maid.

Fran.—Well, Mr. Landlord, instead of “lady-in-waiting,” write “maid-in-waiting.” You say the police are very exact; it might cause a misunderstanding which might give me trouble some day when my banns are read out. For I really am still unmarried, and my name is Franziska, with the family name of Willig: Franziska Willig. I also come from Thuringia. My father was a miller on one of my lady’s estates. It is called Little Rammsdorf. My brother has the mill now. I was taken very early to the manor and educated with my lady. We are of the same age—one-and-twenty next Candlemas. I learnt everything my lady learnt. I should like the police to have a full account of me.

Land.—Quite right, my pretty maid; I will bear that in mind, in case of future inquiries. But now, your ladyship, your business here?

Min.—My business here?

Land.—Have you any business with his majesty the king?

Min.—Oh! no.

Land.—Or at our courts of justice?

Min.—No.

Land.—Or——

Min.—No, no. I have come here solely on account of my own private affairs.

Land.—Quite right, your ladyship; but what are those private affairs?

Min.—They are . . . Franziska, I think we are undergoing an examination.

Fran.—Mr. Landlord, the police surely do not ask to know a young lady's secrets!

Land.—Certainly, my pretty maid; the police wish to know everything, and especially secrets.

Fran.—What is to be done, my lady? . . . Well, listen, Mr. Landlord—but take care that it does not go beyond ourselves and the police.

Min.—What is the simpleton going to tell him?

Fran.—We come to carry off an officer from the king.

Land.—How? What? My dear girl!

Fran.—Or to let ourselves be carried off by the officer. It is all one.

Min.—Franziska, are you mad? The saucy girl is laughing at you.

Land.—I hope not! With your humble servant, indeed, she may jest as much as she pleases; but with the police——

Min.—I tell you what; I do not understand how to act in this matter. Suppose you postpone the whole affair till my uncle's arrival. I told you yesterday why he did not come with me. He had an accident with his carriage ten miles from here, and did not wish that I should remain a night longer on the road, so I had to come on. I am sure he will not be more than four-and-twenty hours after us.

Land.—Very well, madame, we will wait for him.

Min.—He will be able to answer your questions better. He will know to whom, and to what extent, he must give an account of himself—what he must relate respecting his affairs, and what he may withhold.

Land.—So much the better! Indeed one cannot expect a young girl (looking at Franziska in a marked manner) to treat a serious matter with serious people in a serious manner.

Min.—And his rooms are in readiness, I hope?

Land.—Quite, your ladyship, quite; except the one——

Fran.—Out of which, I suppose, you will have to turn some other honorable gentleman!

Land.—The waiting maids of Saxony, your ladyship, seem to be very compassionate.

Min.—In truth, sir, that was not well done. You ought rather to have refused us.

Land.—Why so, your ladyship, why so?

Min.—I understand that the officer who was driven out on our account——

Land.—Is only a discharged officer, your ladyship.

Min.—Well, what then?

Land.—Who is almost done for.

Min.—So much the worse! He is said to be a very deserving man.

Land.—But I tell you he is discharged.

Min.—The king cannot be acquainted with every deserving man.

Land.—Oh! doubtless he knows them; he knows them all.

Min.—But he cannot reward them all.

Land.—They would have been rewarded if they had lived so as to deserve it. But they lived during the war as if it would last forever; as if the words “yours” and “mine” were done away with altogether. Now all the hotels and inns are full of them, and a landlord has to be on his guard with them. I have come off pretty well with this one. If he had no more money, he had at any rate money’s worth; and I might indeed have let him remain quiet two or three months longer. However, it is better as it is. By-the-by, your ladyship, you understand about jewels, I suppose?

Min.—Not particularly.

Land.—Of course your ladyship must. I must show you a ring, a valuable ring. I see you have a very beautiful one on your finger; and the more I look at it, the more I am astonished at the resemblance it bears to mine. There! just look, just look! (Taking the ring from its case and handing it to

her.) What brilliancy! The diamond in the middle alone weighs more than five carats.

Min.—(Looking at it.) Good heavens! What do I see? This ring——

Land.—Is honestly worth fifteen hundred thalers.

Min.—Franziska! look!

Land.—I did not hesitate for a moment to advance eighty pistoles on it.

Min.—Do not you recognize it, Franziska?

Fran.—The same! Where did you get that ring, Mr. Landlord?

Land.—Come, my girl! you surely have no claim to it?

Fran.—We have no claim to this ring! My mistress' monogram must be on it, on the inner side of the setting. Look at it, my lady.

Min.—It is! it is! How did you get this ring?

Land.—I! In the most honorable way in the world. You do not wish to bring me into disgrace and trouble, your ladyship! How do I know where the ring properly belongs? During the war many a thing often changed masters, both with and without the knowledge of its owner. War was war. Other rings will have crossed the borders of Saxony. Give it me again, your ladyship; give it me again!

Fran.—When you have said from whom you got it.

Land.—From a man whom I cannot think capable of such things; in other respects a good man——

Min.—From the best man under the sun, if you have it from its owner. Bring him here directly! It is himself, or at any rate he must know him.

Land.—Who? who, your ladyship?

Fran.—Are you deaf? Our Major!

Land.—Major! Right! he is a major, who had this room before you, and from whom I received it.

Min.—Major von Tellheim?

Land.—Yes, Tellheim. Do you know him?

Min.—Do I know him! He is here! Tellheim here! He

had this room! He pledged this ring with you! What has brought him into this embarrassment? Where is he? Does he owe you anything? Franziska, my desk, here! Open it! (Franziska puts it on the table and opens it.) What does he owe you? To whom else does he owe anything? Bring me all his creditors! Here is gold; here are notes. It is all his!

Land.—What is this?

Min.—Where is he? Where is he?

Land.—An hour ago he was here.

Min.—Detested man! how could you act so rudely, so hardly, so cruelly toward him?

Land.—Your ladyship must pardon—

Min.—Quick! Bring him to me.

Land.—His servant is perhaps still here. Does your ladyship wish that he should look for him?

Min.—Do I wish it? Begone, run. For this service alone I will forget how badly you have behaved to him.

Fran.—Now, then, quick, Mr. Landlord! Be off! fly! fly! (Pushes him out.)

SCENE III.

Minna, Franziska.

Min.—Now I have found him again, Franziska! Do you hear? Now I have found him again! I scarcely know where I am for joy! Rejoice with me, Franziska. But why should you? And yet you shall; you must rejoice with me. Come, I will make you a present, that you may be able to rejoice with me. Say, Franziska, what shall I give you? Which of my things would please you? What would you like? Take what you will, only rejoice with me. I see you will take nothing. Stop! (Thrusts her hand into the desk.) There, Franziska (gives her money), buy yourself what you like. Ask for more, if it be not sufficient; but rejoice with me you must. It is so melancholy to be happy alone. There, take it, then.

Fran.—It is stealing from you, my lady. You are intoxicated, quite intoxicated with joy.

Min.—Girl, my intoxication is of a quarrelsome kind. Take it, or (forcing money into her hand) . . . and if you thank me . . . Stay, it is well that I think of it. (Takes more money from the desk.) Put that aside, Franziska, for the first poor wounded soldier who accosts us.

SCENE IV.

Landlord, Minna, Franziska.

Min.—Well, is he coming?

Landlord.—The cross, unmannered fellow!

Min.—Who?

Land.—His servant. He refuses to go for him.

Fran.—Bring the rascal here, then. I know all the Major's servants. Which of them was it?

Min.—Bring him here directly. When he sees us he will go fast enough. (Exit Landlord.)

SCENE V.

Minna, Franziska.

Min.—I cannot bear this delay. But, Franziska, how cold you are still! Why will you not share my joy with me?

Fran.—I would from my heart, if only—

Min.—If only what?

Fran.—We have found him again. But how have we found him? From all we hear, it must go badly with him. He must be unfortunate. That distresses me.

Min.—Distresses you! Let me embrace you for that, my dear playmate! I shall never forget this of you. I am only in love; you are good.

SCENE VI.

Landlord, Just and the above.

Landlord.—With great difficulty I have brought him.

Fran.—A strange face! I do not know him.

Min.—Friend, do you live with Major von Tellheim?

Just.—Yes.

Min.—Where is your master?

Just.—Not here.

Min.—But you could find him?

Just.—Yes.

Min.—Will you fetch him quickly?

Just.—No.

Min.—You will be doing me a favor.

Just.—Indeed!

Min.—And your master a service.

Just.—Perhaps not.

Min.—Why do you suppose that?

Just.—You are the strange lady who sent your compliments to him this morning, I think?

Min.—Yes.

Just.—Then I am right.

Min.—Does your master know my name?

Just.—No; but he likes over-civil ladies as little as over-uncivil landlords.

Land.—That is meant for me, I suppose?

Just.—Yes.

Land.—Well, do not let the lady suffer for it, then, but bring him here directly.

Min.—(To Franziska.) Franziska, give him something—

Fran.—(Trying to put some money into Just's hand.) We do not require your services for nothing.

Just.—Nor I your money without services.

Fran.—One in return for the other.

Just.—I cannot. My master has ordered me to pack up. That I am now about, and I beg you not to hinder me further. When I have finished, I will take care to tell him, that he may come here. He is close by, at the coffee-house; and if he finds nothing better to do there, I suppose he will come. (Going.)

Fran.—Wait a moment! My lady is the Major's . . . sister.

Min.—Yes, yes, his sister.

Just.—I know better; the Major has not a sister. He has sent me twice in six months to his family in Courland. It is true there are different sorts of sisters—

Fran.—Insolent!

Just.—One must be so to get the people to let one alone.

(Exit.)

Fran.—That is a rascal!

Land.—So I said. But let him go! I know now where his master is. I will fetch him instantly myself. I only beg your ladyship, most humbly, that you will make an excuse for me to the Major, that I have been so unfortunate as to offend a man of his merit against my will.

Min.—Pray go quickly. I will set all that right again. (Exit the Landlord.) Franziska, run after him and tell him not to mention my name! (Exit Franziska.)

SCENE VII.

Minna, and afterwards Franziska.

Min.—I have found him again! Am I alone? I will not be alone to no purpose. (Clasping her hands.) Yet I am not alone! (Looking upward.) One single grateful thought toward heaven is the most perfect prayer! I have found him! I have found him! (With outstretched arms.) I am joyful and happy! What can please the Creator more than a joyful creature! (Franziska returns.) Have you returned, Franziska? You pity him! I do not pity him. Misfortune, too, is useful. Perhaps heaven deprived him of everything—to give him all again, through me!

Fran.—He may be here any moment. You are still in your morning dress, my lady. Ought you not to dress yourself quickly?

Min.—Not at all. He will now see me more frequently so than dressed out.

Fran.—Oh! you know, my lady, how you look best.

Min.—(After a pause.) Truly, girl, you have hit it again.

Fran.—I think women who are beautiful are most so when unadorned.

Min.—Must we, then, be beautiful? Perhaps it was necessary that we should think ourselves so. Enough for me, if only I am beautiful in his eyes. Franziska, if all women feel as I now feel, we are—strange things. Tender-hearted, yet proud; virtuous, yet vain; passionate, yet innocent. I dare say you do not understand me. I do not rightly understand myself. Joy turns my head.

Fran.—Compose yourself, my lady; I hear footsteps.

Min.—Compose myself! What! receive him composedly?

SCENE VIII.

Major von Tellheim, Landlord and the above.

Major von Tellheim.—(Walks in, and the moment he sees Minna rushes toward her.) Ah! my Minna!

Min.—(Springing toward him.) Ah! my Tellheim!

Maj. T.—(Starts suddenly and draws back.) I beg your pardon, Fräulein von Barnhelm; but to meet you here—

Min.—Cannot surely be so very unexpected! (Approaching him, whilst he draws back still more.) Am I to pardon you because I am still your Minna? Heaven pardon you that I am still Fräulein von Barnhelm!

Maj. T.—Fräulein (Looks fixedly at the Landlord, and shrugs his shoulders.)

Min.—(Sees the Landlord, and makes a sign to Franziska.) Sir—

Maj. T.—If we are not both mistaken—

Fran.—Why, Landlord, whom have you brought us here? Come, quick! let us go and look for the right man.

Landlord.—Is he not the right one? Surely!

Fran.—Surely not! Come, quick! I have not yet wished your daughter good-morning.

Land.—Oh! you are very good. (Still does not stir.)

Fran.—(Takes hold of him.) Come, and we will make the bill of fare. Let us see what we shall have.

Land.—You shall have first of all——

Fran.—Stop, I say, stop! If my mistress knows now what she is to have for dinner, it will be all over with her appetite. Come, we must talk that over in private. (Drags him off.)

SCENE IX.

Minna, Major von Tellheim.

Min.—Well, are we still both mistaken?

Maj. T.—Would to heaven it were so! But there is only one Minna, and you are that one.

Min.—What ceremony! The world might hear what we have to say to one another.

Maj. T.—You here? What do you want here, madame?

Min.—Nothing now. (Going to him with open arms.) I have found all that I wanted.

Maj. T.—(Drawing back.) You seek a prosperous man, and one worthy of your love; and you find—a wretched one.

Min.—Then do you love me no longer? Do you love another?

Maj. T.—Ah! he never loved you, who could love another afterwards.

Min.—You draw but one dagger from my breast; for if I have lost your heart, what matters whether indifference or more powerful charms than mine have robbed me of it? You love me no longer; neither do you love another? Wretched man indeed, if you love nothing!

Maj. T.—Right; the wretched must love nothing. He merits his misfortunes if he cannot achieve this victory over himself—if he can allow the woman he loves to take part in his misfortune . . . Oh! how difficult is this victory! . . . Since reason and necessity have commanded me to forget Minna von Barnhelm, what pains have I taken! I was just

beginning to hope that my trouble would not forever be in vain—and you appear.

Min.—Do I understand you right? Stop, sir; let us see what we mean before we make further mistakes. Will you answer me one question?

Maj. T.—Any one.

Min.—But will you answer me without shift or subterfuge? With nothing but a plain “Yes” or “No?”

Maj. T.—I will—if I can.

Min.—You can. Well, notwithstanding the pains which you have taken to forget me, do you love me still, Tellheim?

Maj. T.—Madame, that question——

Min.—You have promised to answer Yes or No.

Maj. T.—And added, If I can.

Min.—You can. You must know what passes in your heart. Do you love me still, Tellheim? Yes or No?

Maj. T.—If my heart——

Min.—Yes or No?

Maj. T.—Well, Yes!

Min.—Yes?

Maj. T.—Yes, yes! Yet——

Min.—Patience! You love me still; that is enough for me. Into what a mood have we fallen! an unpleasant, melancholy, infectious mood! I assume my own again. Now, my dear unfortunate, you love me still, and have your Minna still, and are unhappy? Hear what a conceited, foolish thing your Minna was—is. She allowed—allows herself to imagine that she makes your whole happiness. Declare all your misery at once. She would like to try how far she can outweigh it. Well?

Maj. T.—Madame, I am not accustomed to complain.

Min.—Very well. I know nothing in a soldier, after boasting, that pleases me less than complaining. But there is a certain cold, careless way of speaking of bravery and misfortune——

Maj. T.—Which at the bottom is still boasting and complaining.

Min.—You disputant! You should not have called yourself unhappy at all then. You should have told the whole, or kept quiet. Reason and necessity commanded you to forget me? I am a great stickler for reason; I have a great respect for necessity. But let me hear how reasonable this reason, and how necessary this necessity may be.

Maj. T.—Listen, then, madame. You call me Tellheim; the name is correct. But you suppose I am that Tellheim whom you knew at home; the prosperous man, full of just pretensions, with a thirst for glory; the master of all his faculties, both of body and mind; before whom the lists of honor and prosperity stood open; who, if he was not then worthy of your heart and your hand, dared to hope that he might daily become more nearly so. This Tellheim I am now as little as I am my own father. They both have been. Now I am Tellheim the discharged, the suspected, the cripple, the beggar. To the former, madame, you promised your hand; do you wish to keep your word?

Min.—That sounds very tragic. . . . Yet, Major Tellheim, until I find the former one again—I am quite foolish about the Tellheims—the latter will have to help me in my dilemma. Your hand, dear beggar. (Taking his hand.)

Maj. T.—(Holding his hat before his face with the other hand, and turning away from her.) This is too much! . . . What am I? . . . Let me go, madame. Your kindness tortures me! Let me go.

Min.—What is the matter? Where would you go?

Maj. T.—From you!

Min.—From me? (Drawing his hand to her heart.) Dreamer!

Maj. T.—Despair will lay me dead at your feet.

Min.—From me?

Maj. T.—From you. Never, never to see you again. Or at least determined, fully determined, never to be guilty of a mean action; never to cause you to commit an imprudent one. Let me go, Minna! (Tears himself away, and exit.)

Min.—(Calling after him.) Let you go, Minna? Minna, let you go? Tellheim! Tellheim!

ACT III. SCENE I.

The parlor. Just (with a letter in his hand).

Just.—Must I come again into this cursed house! A note from my master to her ladyship that would be his sister. I hope nothing will come of this, or else there will be no end to letter carrying. I should like to be rid of it; but yet I don't wish to go into the room. The women ask so many questions, and I hate answering—— Ah! the door opens. Just what I wanted, the waiting puss!

SCENE II.

Franziska and Just.

Franziska.—(Calling through the door by which she has just entered.) Fear not; I will watch. See! (Observing Just.) I have met with something immediately. But nothing is to be done with that brute.

Just.—Your servant.

Fran.—I should not like such a servant.

Just.—Well, well, pardon the expression! There is a note from my master to your mistress—her ladyship—his sister, wasn't it?—sister.

Fran.—Give it me! (Snatches it from his hand.)

Just.—You will be so good, my master begs, as to deliver it. Afterwards you will be so good, my master begs, as not to think I ask for anything!

Fran.—Well?

Just.—My master understands how to manage the affair. He knows that the way to the young lady is through her maid, methinks. The maid will therefore be so good, my master begs, as to let him know whether he may not have the pleasure of speaking with the maid for a quarter of an hour.

Fran.—With me?

Just.—Pardon me if I do not give you your right title. Yes, with you. Only for one quarter of an hour; but alone, quite

alone, in private, tête-à-tête. He has something very particular to say to you.

Fran.—Very well! I have also much to say to him. He may come; I shall be at his service.

Just.—But when can he come? When is it most convenient for you, young woman? In the evening?

Fran.—What do you mean? Your master can come when he pleases; and now be off.

Just.—Most willingly! (Going.)

Fran.—I say! one word more! Where are the rest of the Major's servants?

Just.—The rest? Here, there and everywhere.

Fran.—Where is William?

Just.—The valet? He has let him go for a trip.

Fran.—Oh! and Philip; where is he?

Just.—The huntsman? Master has found him a good place.

Fran.—Because he does not hunt now, of course. But Martin?

Just.—The coachman? He is off on a ride.

Fran.—And Fritz?

Just.—The footman? He is promoted.

Fran.—Where were you, then, when the Major was quartered in Thuringia with us that winter? You were not with him, I suppose?

Just.—Oh! yes, I was groom; but I was in the hospital.

Fran.—Groom! and now you are——

Just.—All in all; valet and huntsman, footman and groom.

Fran.—Well, I never! To turn away so many good, excellent servants, and to keep the very worst of all! I should like to know what your master finds in you!

Just.—Perhaps he finds that I am an honest fellow.

Fran.—Oh! one is precious little if one is nothing more than honest. William was another sort of a man! So your master has let him go for a trip!

Just.—Yes, he . . . let him—because he could not prevent him.

Fran.—How so?

Just.—Oh! William will do well on his travels. He took master's wardrobe with him.

Fran.—What! he did not run away with it?

Just.—I cannot say that exactly; but when we left Nürnberg, he did not follow us with it.

Fran.—Oh! the rascal!

Just.—He was the right sort! he could curl hair and shave—and chatter—and flirt—couldn't he?

Fran.—At any rate, I would not have turned away the huntsman, had I been in the Major's place. If he did not want him any longer as a huntsman, he was still a useful fellow. Where has he found him a place?

Just.—With the commandant of Spandau.

Fran.—The fortress! There cannot be much hunting within the walls, either.

Just.—Oh! Philip does not hunt there.

Fran.—What does he do, then?

Just.—He rides—on the treadmill.

Fran.—The treadmill!

Just.—But only for three years. He made a bit of a plot among master's company, to get six men through the outposts.

Fran.—I am astonished; the knave!

Just.—Ah! he was a useful fellow; a huntsman who knew all the foot-paths and byways for fifty miles round, through forest and bogs. And he could shoot!

Fran.—It is lucky the Major has still got the honest coachman.

Just.—Has he got him still?

Fran.—I thought you said Martin was off on a ride; of course he will come back!

Just.—Do you think so?

Fran.—Well, where has he ridden to?

Just.—It is now going on for ten weeks since he rode master's last and only horse—to water.

Fran.—And has not he come back yet? Oh! the rascal!

Just.—The water may have washed the honest coachman away. Oh! he was a famous coachman! He had driven ten years in Vienna. My master will never get such another again. When the horses were in full gallop, he had only to say "Wo!" and there they stood, like a wall. Moreover, he was a finished horse-doctor!

Fran.—I begin now to be anxious about the footman's promotion.

Just.—No, no; there is no occasion for that. He has become a drummer in a garrison regiment.

Fran.—I thought as much.

Just.—Fritz chummed up with a scamp, never came home at night, made debts everywhere in master's name, and a thousand rascally tricks. In short, the Major saw that he was determined to rise in the world (pantomimically imitating the act of hanging), so he put him in the right road.

Fran.—Oh! the stupid!

Just.—Yet a perfect footman, there is no doubt of that. In running, my master could not catch him on his best horse if he gave him fifty paces; but on the other hand, Fritz could give the gallows a thousand paces, and I bet my life he would overhaul it. They were all great friends of yours, eh, young woman? . . . William and Philip, Martin and Fritz! Now, Just wishes you good-day. (Exit.)

SCENE III.

Franziska, and afterwards the Landlord.

Fran.—(Looking after him seriously.) I deserve the hit! Thank you, Just. I undervalued honesty. I will not forget the lesson. Ah! our unfortunate Major! (Turns round to enter her mistress' room, when the Landlord comes.)

Landlord.—Wait a bit, my pretty maid.

Fran.—I have not time now, Mr. Landlord.

Land.—Only half a moment! No further tidings of the Major? That surely could not possibly be his leave-taking?

Fran.—What could not?

Land.—Has not her ladyship told you? When I left you, my pretty maid, below in the kitchen, I returned accidentally into this room—

Fran.—Accidentally—with a view to listen a little.

Land.—What, girl! how can you suspect me of that? There is nothing so bad in a landlord as curiosity. I had not been here long, when suddenly her ladyship's door burst open: the Major dashed out; the lady after him; both in such a state of excitement; with looks—in attitudes—that must be seen to be understood. She seized hold of him; he tore himself away; she seized him again—"Tellheim." "Let me go, madame." "Where?" Thus he drew her as far as the staircase. I was really afraid he would drag her down; but he got away. The lady remained on the top step; looked after him; called after him; wrung her hands. Suddenly she turned round; ran to the window; from the window to the staircase again; from the staircase into the room, backward and forward. There I stood; she passed me three times without seeing me. At length it seemed as if she saw me; but heaven defend us! I believe the lady took me for you. "Franziska," she cried, with her eyes fixed upon me, "am I happy now?" Then she looked straight up to the ceiling, and said again—"Am I happy now?" Then she wiped the tears from her eyes and smiled, and asked me again—"Franziska, am I happy now?" I really felt, I know not how. Then she ran to the door of her room, and turned round again toward me, saying—"Come, Franziska, whom do you pity now?" and with that she went in.

Fran.—Oh! Mr. Landlord, you dreamt that.

Land.—Dreamt! No, my pretty maid; one does not dream so minutely. Yes, what would not I give—I am not curious: but what would not I give—to have the key to it!

Fran.—The key? Of our door? Mr. Landlord, that is inside; we took it in at night; we are timid.

Land.—Not that sort of key; I mean, my dear girl, the key—the explanation, as it were; the precise connection of all that I have seen.

Fran.—Indeed! Well, good-bye, Mr. Landlord. Shall we have dinner soon?

Land.—My dear girl, not to forget what I came to say——

Fran.—Well? In as few words as possible.

Land.—Her ladyship has my ring still. I call it mine——

Fran.—You shall not lose it.

Land.—I have no fear on that account: I merely put you in mind. Do you see, I do not wish to have it again at all. I can guess pretty well how she knew the ring, and why it was so like her own. It is best in her hands. I do not want it any more; and I can put them down—the hundred pistoles which I advanced for it—to the lady's bill. Will not that do, my pretty maid?

SCENE IV.

Paul Werner, Landlord, Franziska.

Werner.—There he is!

Fran.—A hundred pistoles? I thought it was only eighty.

Land.—True, only ninety, only ninety. I will do so, my pretty maid, I will do so.

Fran.—All that will come right, Mr. Landlord.

Wer.—(Coming from behind, and tapping Franziska on the shoulder.) Little woman! Little woman!

Fran.—(Frightened.) Oh! dear!

Wer.—Don't be alarmed! I see you are pretty, and a stranger, too. And strangers who are pretty must be warned. Little woman! little woman! I advise you to beware of that fellow! (Pointing to the Landlord.)

Land.—Ah! What an unexpected pleasure! Herr Werner! Welcome, welcome! Yes, you are just the same jovial, joking, honest Werner! So you are to beware of me, my pretty maid. Ha! ha! ha!

Wer.—Keep out of his way everywhere!

Land.—My way? Am I such a dangerous man? Ha! ha! ha! Hear him, my pretty maid! A good joke, isn't it?

Wer.—People like him always call it a joke if one tells them the truth.

Land.—The truth. Ha! ha! ha! Better and better, my pretty maid, isn't it? He knows how to joke! I dangerous! I? Twenty years ago there might have been something in it. Yes, yes, my pretty maid, then I was a dangerous man; many a one knew it; but now—

Wer.—Oh! the old fool!

Land.—There it is! When we get old, danger is at an end! It will be so with you, too, Herr Werner!

Wer.—You utter old fool! Little woman, you will give me credit for enough common sense not to speak of danger from him. That one devil has left him, but seven others have entered into him.

Land.—Oh! hear him! How cleverly he can turn things about. Joke upon joke, and always something new! Ah! he is an excellent man, Paul Werner is. (To Franziska, as if whispering.) A well-to-do man, and a bachelor still. He has a nice little freehold three miles from here. He made prize-money in the war, and was a sergeant to the Major. Yes, he is a real friend of the Major's; he is a friend who would give his life for him.

Wer.—Yes; and that is a friend of the Major's—that is a friend . . . whose life the Major ought to take. (Pointing to the Landlord.)

Land.—How! What! No, Herr Werner, that is not a good joke. I no friend to the Major! I don't understand that joke.

Wer.—Just has told me pretty things.

Land.—Just! Ah! I thought Just was speaking through you. Just is a nasty, ill-natured man. But here on the spot stands a pretty maid—she can speak, she can say if I am no friend of the Major's—if I have not done him good service. And why should not I be his friend? Is not he a deserving man? It is true, he has had the misfortune to be discharged; but what of that? The king cannot be acquainted with all deserving officers; and if he knew them, he could not reward them all.

Wer.—Heaven put those words into your mouth. But Just . . . certainly there is nothing remarkable about Just, but still Just is no liar; and if what he told me be true—

Land.—I don't want to hear anything about Just. As I said, this pretty maid, here, can speak. (Whispering to her.) You know, my dear; the ring! Tell Herr Werner about it. Then he will learn better what I am. And that it may not appear that she only said what I wish, I will not even be present. I will go; but you shall tell me after, Herr Werner, you shall tell me, whether Just is not a foul slanderer. (Exit.)

SCENE V.

Werner, Franziska.

Wer.—Little woman, do you know my Major?

Fran.—Major von Tellheim? Yes, indeed, I do know that good man.

Wer.—Is he not a good man? Do you like him?

Fran.—From the bottom of my heart.

Wer.—Indeed! I tell you what, little woman, you are twice as pretty now as you were before. But what are the services which the Landlord says he has rendered our Major?

Fran.—That is what I don't know; unless he wished to take credit to himself for the good result which fortunately has arisen from his knavish conduct.

Wer.—Then what Just told me is true? (Toward the side where the Landlord went off.) A lucky thing for you that you are gone! He did really turn him out of his room? To treat such a man so, because the donkey fancied that he had no more money! The Major no money!

Fran.—What! has the Major any money?

Wer.—By the load. He doesn't know how much he has. He doesn't know who is in his debt. I am his debtor, and have brought him some old arrears. Look, little woman, in this purse (drawing it out of one pocket) are a hundred louis d'ors; and in this packet (drawing it out of another pocket) a hundred ducats. All his money!

Fran.—Really! Why, then, does the Major pawn his things? He pledged a ring, you know—

Wer.—Pledged! Don't you believe it. Perhaps he wanted to get rid of the rubbish.

Fran.—It is no rubbish; it is a very valuable ring; which, moreover, I suspect, he received from a loving hand.

Wer.—That will be the reason. From a loving hand! Yes, yes; such a thing often puts one in mind of what one does not wish to remember, and therefore one gets rid of it.

Fran.—What!

Wer.—Odd things happen to the soldier in winter quarters. He has nothing to do then, so he amuses himself, and to pass the time he makes acquaintances, which he only intends for the winter, but which the good soul with whom he makes them looks upon for life. Then, presto! a ring is suddenly conjured on to his finger; he hardly knows himself how it gets there; and very often he would willingly give the finger with it, if he could only get free from it again.

Fran.—Oh! and do you think this has happened to the Major?

Wer.—Undoubtedly. Especially in Saxony. If he had had ten fingers on each hand, he might have had all twenty full of rings.

Fran.—(Aside.) That sounds important, and deserves to be inquired into. Mr. Freeholder, or Mr. Sergeant—

Wer.—Little woman, if it makes no difference to you, I like "Mr. Sergeant" best.

Fran.—Well, Mr. Sergeant, I have a note from the Major to my mistress. I will just carry it in, and be here again in a moment. Will you be so good as to wait? I should like very much to have a little talk with you.

Wer.—Are you fond of talking, little woman? Well, with all my heart. Go quickly. I am fond of talking, too. I will wait.

Fran.—Yes, please wait.

(Exit.)

SCENE VI.

Paul Werner.

Wer.—That is not at all a bad little woman. But I ought not to have promised her that I would wait, for it would be

most to the purpose, I suppose, to find the Major. He will not have my money, but rather pawns his property. That is just his way. A little trick occurs to me. When I was in the town, a fortnight back, I paid a visit to Captain Marloff's widow. The poor woman was ill, and was lamenting that her husband had died in debt to the Major for four hundred thalers, which she did not know how to pay. I went to see her again to-day; I intended to tell her that I could lend her five hundred thalers when I had received the money for my property; for I must put some of it by, if I do not go to Persia. But she was gone; and no doubt she has not been able to pay the Major. Yes, I'll do that; and the sooner the better. The little woman must not take it ill of me; I cannot wait.

(Is going in thought, and almost runs against the Major, who meets him.)

SCENE VII.

Major von Tellheim, Paul Werner.

Major von Tellheim.—Why so thoughtful, Werner?

Wer.—Oh! that is you. I was just going to pay you a visit in your new quarters, Major.

Maj. T.—To fill my ears with curses against the landlord of my old one. Do not remind me of it.

Wer.—I should have done that by the way; yes. But more particularly, I wished to thank you for having been so good as to take care of my hundred louis d'ors. Just has given them to me again. I should have been very glad if you would have kept them longer for me. But you have got into new quarters, which neither you nor I know much about. Who knows what sort of place it is? They might be stolen, and you would have to make them good to me; there would be no help for it. So I cannot ask you to take them again.

Maj. T.—(Smiling.) When did you begin to be so careful, Werner?

Wer.—One learns to be so. One cannot now be careful enough of one's money. I have also a commission for you, Major, from Frau Marloff; I have just come from her. Her

husband died four hundred thalers in your debt; she sends you a hundred ducats here, in part payment. She will forward you the rest next week. I believe I am the cause that she has not sent you the whole sum. For she also owed me about eighty thalers, and she thought I was come to dun her for them—which, perhaps, was the fact—so she gave them me out of the roll which she had put aside for you. You can spare your hundred thalers for a week longer better than I can spare my few groschens. There, take it! (Hands him the ducats.)

Maj. T.—Werner!

Wer.—Well! Why do you stare at me so? Take it, Major!

Maj. T.—Werner!

Wer.—What is the matter with you? What annoys you?

Maj. T.—(Angrily striking his forehead and stamping with his foot.) That . . . the four hundred thalers are not all there.

Wer.—Come! Major, did you not understand me?

Maj. T.—It is just because I did understand you! Alas, that the best men should to-day distress me most!

Wer.—What do you say?

Maj. T.—This only applies partly to you. Go, Werner! (Pushing back Werner's hand with the money in it.)

Wer.—As soon as I have got rid of this.

Maj. T.—Werner, suppose I tell you that Frau Marloff was here herself early this morning——

Wer.—Indeed?

Maj. T.—That she owes me nothing now——

Wer.—Really?

Maj. T.—That she has paid me every penny—What will you say then?

Wer.—(Thinks for a minute.) I shall say that I have told a lie, and that lying is a low thing, because one may be caught at it.

Maj. T.—And you will be ashamed of yourself?

Wer.—And what of him who compels me to lie? Should not he be ashamed, too? Look ye, Major; if I was to say that

your conduct has not vexed me, I should tell another lie, and I won't lie any more.

Maj. T.—Do not be annoyed, Werner. I know your heart, and your affection for me. But I do not require your money.

Wer.—Not require it! Rather sell, rather pawn, and get talked about!

Maj. T.—Oh! people may know that I have nothing more. One must not wish to appear richer than one is.

Wer.—But why poorer? A man has something as long as his friend has.

Maj. T.—It is not proper that I should be your debtor.

Wer.—Not proper! On that summer day which the sun and the enemy made hot for us, when your groom, who had your canteen, was not to be found, and you came to me and said, "Werner, have you nothing to drink?" and I gave you my flask, you took it and drank, did you not? Was that proper? Upon my life, a mouthful of dirty water at that time was often worth more than such filth. (Taking the purse also out of his pocket, and holding out both to him.) Take them, dear Major! Fancy it is water. God has made this, too, for all.

Maj. T.—You torment me; don't you hear, I will not be your debtor.

Wer.—At first, it was not proper; now, you will not. Ah! that is a different thing. (Rather angrily.) You will not be my debtor? But suppose you are already, Major? Or are you not a debtor to the man who once warded off the blow that was meant to split your head; and, at another time, knocked off the arm which was just going to pull and send a ball through your breast? How can you become a greater debtor to that man? Or is my neck of less consequence than my money? If that is a noble way of thinking, by my soul, it is a very silly one, too.

Maj. T.—To whom do you say that, Werner? We are alone, and therefore I may speak; if a third person heard us, it might sound like boasting. I acknowledge with pleasure that I have to thank you for twice saving my life. Do you not think, friend, that if an opportunity occurred I would have done as much for you, eh?

Wer.—If an opportunity occurred! Who doubts it, Major? Have I not seen you risk your life a hundred times for the lowest soldier, when he was in danger?

Maj. T.—Well!

Wer.—But——

Maj. T.—Why cannot you understand me? I say, it is not proper that I should be your debtor; I will not be your debtor. That is, not in the circumstances in which I now am.

Wer.—Oh! so you would wait till better times. You will borrow money from me another time, when you do not want any; when you have some yourself, and I perhaps none.

Maj. T.—A man ought not to borrow when he has not the means of repaying.

Wer.—A man like yourself cannot always be in want.

Maj. T.—You know the world. . . . Least of all should a man borrow from one who wants his money himself.

Wer.—Oh! yes; I am such a one! Pray, what do I want it for? When they want a sergeant, they give him enough to live on.

Maj. T.—You want it to become something more than a sergeant—to be able to get forward in that path in which even the most deserving, without money, may remain behind.

Wer.—To become something more than a sergeant! I do not think of that. I am a good sergeant; I might easily make a bad captain, and certainly a worse general.

Maj. T.—Do not force me to think ill of you, Werner! I was very sorry to hear what Just has told me. You have sold your farm, and wish to rove about again. Do not let me suppose that you do not love the profession of arms so much as the wild, dissolute way of living which is unfortunately connected with it. A man should be a soldier for his own country, or from love of the cause for which he fights. To serve without any purpose—to-day here, to-morrow there—is only travelling about like a butcher's apprentice, nothing more.

Wer.—Well, then, Major, I will do as you say. You know better what is right. I will remain with you. But, dear Major, do take my money in the meantime. Sooner or later your affairs must be settled. You will get money in plenty, then; and then

you shall repay me with interest. I only do it for the sake of the interest.

Maj. T.—Do not talk of it.

Wer.—Upon my life, I only do it for the sake of the interest. Many a time I have thought to myself: "Werner, what will become of you in your old age? when you are crippled? when you will have nothing in the world? when you will be obliged to go and beg!" And then I thought again: "No, you will not be obliged to beg: you will go to Major Tellheim; he will share his last penny with you; he will feed you till you die; and with him you can die like an honest fellow."

Maj. T.—(Taking Werner's hand.) And, comrade, you do not think so still?

Wer.—No, I do not think so any longer. He who will not take anything from me when he is in want and I have to give, will not give me anything when he has to give and I am in want. So be it. (Is going.)

Maj. T.—Man, do not drive me mad! Where are you going? (Detains him.) If I assure you now, upon my honor, that I still have money—if I assure you, upon my honor, that I will tell you when I have no more—that you shall be the first and only person from whom I will borrow anything—will that content you?

Wer.—I suppose it must. Give me your hand on it, Major.

Maj. T.—There, Paul! And now enough of that. I came here to speak with a certain young woman.

SCENE VIII.

Franziska (coming out of Minna's room), Major von Tellheim,
Paul Werner.

Franziska.—(Entering.) Are you there still, Mr. Sergeant? (Seeing Tellheim.) And you there, too, Major? I will be at your service instantly. (Goes back quickly into the room.)

SCENE IX.

Major von Tellheim, Paul Werner.

Maj. T.—That was she! But it seems you know her, Werner.

Wer.—Yes, I know her.

Maj. T.—Yet, if I remember rightly, when I was in Thuringia you were not with me.

Wer.—No; I was seeing after the uniforms in Leipsic.

Maj. T.—Where did you make her acquaintance, then?

Wer.—Our acquaintance is very young. Not a day old. But young friendship is warm.

Maj. T.—Have you seen her mistress, too?

Wer.—Is her mistress a young lady? She told me you are acquainted with her mistress.

Maj. T.—Did not you hear? she comes from Thuringia.

Wer.—Is the lady young?

Maj. T.—Yes.

Wer.—Pretty?

Maj. T.—Very pretty.

Wer.—Rich?

Maj. T.—Very rich.

Wer.—Is the mistress as fond of you as the maid is? That would be capital!

Maj. T.—What do you mean?

SCENE X.

Franziska (with a letter in her hand), Major von Tellheim,
Paul Werner.

Franziska.—Major——

Maj. T.—Franziska, I have not yet been able to give you a “welcome” here.

Fran.—In thought, I am sure that you have done it. I

know you are friendly to me; so am I to you. But it is not at all kind to vex those who are friendly to you so much.

Wer.—(Aside.) Ah! now I see it. It is so!

Maj. T.—My destiny, Franziska! Did you give her the letter?

Fran.—Yes; and here I bring you (Holding out a letter.)

Maj. T.—An answer?

Fran.—No, your own letter again.

Maj. T.—What! She will not read it!

Fran.—She would have liked, but—we can't read writing well.

Maj. T.—You are joking!

Fran.—And we think that writing was not invented for those who can converse with their lips whenever they please.

Maj. T.—What an excuse! She must read it. It contains my justification—all the grounds and reasons—

Fran.—My mistress wishes to hear them all from you yourself, not to read them.

Maj. T.—Hear them from me myself! That every look, every word of hers, may embarrass me; that I may feel in every glance the greatness of my loss.

Fran.—Without any pity! Take it. (Giving him his letter.) She expects you at three o'clock. She wishes to drive out and see the town; you must accompany her.

Maj. T.—Accompany her!

Fran.—And what will you give me to let you drive out by yourselves? I shall remain at home?

Maj. T.—By ourselves!

Fran.—In a nice close carriage.

Maj. T.—Impossible!

Fran.—Yes, yes, in the carriage, Major. You will have to submit quietly; you cannot escape there! And that is the reason. In short, you will come, Major, and punctually at three. . . . Well, you wanted to speak to me, too, alone. What have you to say to me? Oh! we are not alone. (Looking at Werner.)

Maj. T.—Yes, Franziska; as good as alone. But as your mistress has not read my letter, I have nothing, now, to say to you.

Fran.—As good as alone! Then you have no secrets from the sergeant?

Maj. T.—No, none.

Fran.—And yet I think you should have some from him.

Maj. T.—Why so?

Wer.—How so, little woman?

Fran.—Particularly secrets of a certain kind. . . . All twenty, Mr. Sergeant! (Holding up both her hands, with open fingers.)

Wer.—Hist! hist! girl.

Maj. T.—What is the meaning of that?

Fran.—Presto! conjured on to his finger, Mr. Sergeant. (As if she was putting a ring on her finger.)

Maj. T.—What are you talking about?

Wer.—Little woman, little woman, don't you understand a joke?

Maj. T.—Werner, you have not forgotten, I hope, what I have often told you—that one should not jest beyond a certain point with a young woman!

Wer.—Upon my life, I may have forgotten it! Little woman, I beg—

Fran.—Well, if it was a joke, I will forgive you this once.

Maj. T.—Well, if I must come, Franziska, just see that your mistress reads my letter beforehand. That will spare me the pain of thinking again—of talking again of things which I would willingly forget. There, give it to her! (He turns the letter in giving it to her, and sees that it has been opened.) But do I see aright? Why, it has been opened.

Fran.—That may be. (Looks at it.) True, it is open. Who can have opened it? But really we have not read it, Major; really not. And we do not wish to read it, because the writer is coming himself. Come; and I tell you what, Major! don't come as you are now—in boots, and with such a head. You are excusable, you do not expect us. Come in shoes, and have

your hair fresh dressed. You look too soldier-like, too Prussian, for me as you are.

Maj. T.—Thank you, Franziska.

Fran.—You look as if you had been bivouacking last night.

Maj. T.—You may have guessed right.

Fran.—We are going to dress—directly, too—and then have dinner. We would willingly ask you to dinner, but your presence might hinder our eating; and observe, we are not so much in love that we have lost our appetites.

Maj. T.—I will go. Prepare her somewhat, Franziska, beforehand, that I may not become contemptible in her eyes and in my own. Come, Werner, you shall dine with me.

Wer.—At the table d'hôte here in the house? I could not eat a bit there.

Maj. T.—With me, in my room.

Wer.—I will follow you directly. One word, first, with the little woman.

Maj. T.—I have no objection to that.

(Exit.)

SCENE XI.

Paul Werner, Franziska.

Fran.—Well, Mr. Sergeant!

Wer.—Little woman, if I come again, shall I, too, come smartened up a bit?

Fran.—Come as you please; my eyes will find no fault with you. But my ears will have to be so much the more on their guard. Twenty fingers, all full of rings. Ah! ah! Mr. Sergeant!

Wer.—No, little woman; that is just what I wished to say to you. I only rattled on a little. There is nothing in it. One ring is quite enough for a man. Hundreds and hundreds of times I have heard the Major say: "He must be a rascally soldier who can mislead a young girl." So think I, too, little woman. You may trust to that! I must be quick and follow him. A good appetite to you.

(Exit.)

Fran.—The same to you! I really believe I like that man!

(Going in, she meets Minna coming out.)

SCENE XII.

Minna, Franziska.

Minna.—Has the Major gone, already, Franziska? I believe I should have been sufficiently composed again, now, to have detained him here.

Fran.—And I will make you still more composed.

Min.—So much the better! His letter! oh! his letter! Each line spoke the honorable, noble man. Each refusal to accept my hand declared his love for me. I suppose he noticed that we had read his letter. I don't mind that, if he does but come. But are you sure he will come? There only seems to me to be a little too much pride in his conduct. For not to be willing to be indebted for his good fortune even to the woman he loves, is pride, unpardonable pride! If he shows me too much of this, Franziska——

Fran.—You will discard him!

Min.—See there! Do you begin to pity him again already! No, silly girl, a man is never discarded for a single fault. No; but I have thought of a trick—to pay him off a little for this pride with pride of the same kind.

Fran.—Indeed, you must be very composed, my lady, if you are thinking of tricks again.

Min.—I am so; come. You will have a part to play in my plot.
(Exeunt.)

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Minna's room. Minna (dressed handsomely and richly, but in good taste), Franziska.

(They have just risen from a table, which a servant is clearing.)

Franziska.—You cannot possibly have eaten enough, my lady.

Minna.—Don't you think so, Franziska? Perhaps I had no appetite when I sat down.

Fran.—We had agreed not to mention him during dinner. We should have resolved, likewise, not to think of him.

Min.—Indeed, I have thought of nothing but him.

Fran.—So I perceived. I began to speak of a hundred different things, and you made wrong answers to each. (Another servant brings coffee.) Here comes a beverage more suited to fancies—sweet, melancholy coffee.

Min.—Fancies! I have none. I am only thinking of the lesson I will give him. Did you understand my plan, Franziska?

Fran.—Oh! yes; but it would be better if he spared us the putting it in execution.

Min.—You will see that I know him thoroughly. He who refuses me now with all my wealth, will contend for me against the whole world, as soon as he hears that I am unfortunate and friendless.

Fran.—(Seriously.) That must tickle the most refined self-love.

Min.—You moralist! First you convict me of vanity—now of self-love. Let me do as I please, Franziska. You, too, shall do as you please with your Sergeant.

Fran.—With my Sergeant?

Min.—Yes. If you deny it altogether, then it is true. I have not seen him yet, but from all you have said respecting him, I foretell your husband for you.

SCENE II.

Riccaut de la Marlinière, Minna, Franziska.

Riccaut.—(Before he enters.) Est-il permis, Monsieur le Major?

Fran.—Who is that? Any one for us? (Going to the door.)

Ric.—Parbleu! I am wrong. Mais non—I am not wrong. C'est la chambre——

Fran.—Without doubt, my lady, this gentleman expects to find Major von Tellheim here still.

Ric.—Oui, dat is it! Le Major de Tellheim; juste, *ma belle enfant*, c'est lui que je cherche. Où est-il?

Fran.—He does not lodge here any longer.

Ric.—Comment? Dere is four-and-twenty hour ago he did lodge here, and not lodge here any more? Where lodge he den?

Min.—(Going up to him.) Sir——

Ric.—Ah! *madame*, *mademoiselle*, pardon, lady.

Min.—Sir, your mistake is quite excusable, and your astonishment very natural. Major von Tellheim has had the kindness to give up his apartments to me, as a stranger who was not able to get them elsewhere.

Ric.—Ah! voilà de ses politesses! C'est un très-galant homme que ce Major!

Min.—Where has he gone now? Truly I am ashamed that I do not know.

Ric.—Madame not know? C'est dommage; j'en suis fâché.

Min.—I certainly ought to have inquired. Of course his friends will seek him here.

Ric.—I am vary great his friend, *madame*.

Min.—Franziska, do you not know?

Fran.—No, my lady.

Ric.—It is vary nécessaire dat I speak him. I come and bring him a nouvelle of which he will be vary much at ease.

Min.—I regret it so much the more. But I hope to see him, perhaps, shortly. If it is a matter of indifference from whom he hears this good news, I would offer, sir——

Ric.—I comprehend. *Mademoiselle* parle français? Mais sans doute; telle que je la vois! La demande était bien impolie; vous me pardonnerez, *mademoiselle*.

Min.—Sir——

Ric.—No! You not speak French, *madame*?

Min.—Sir, in France I would endeavor to do so; but why here? I perceive that you understand me, sir; and I, sir, shall doubtless understand you; speak as you please.

Ric.—Good, good! I can also explain me in your *langue*. Sachez donc, *mademoiselle*, you must know, *madame*, dat I

come from de table of de ministre, ministre de, ministre de What is le ministre out dere, in de long street, on de broad place?

Min.—I am a perfect stranger here.

Ric.—Si, le ministre of de war departement. Dere I have eat my dinner; I ordinary dine dere, and de conversation did fall on Major Tellheim; et le ministre m'a dit en confidence, car son excellence est de mes amis, et il n'y a point de mystères entre nous; son excellence, I say, has trust to me dat l'affaire from our Major is on de point to end, and to end good. He has made a rapport to de king, and de king has resolved et tout à fait en faveur du Major. "Monsieur," m'a dit son excellence, "vous comprenez bien, que tout dépend de la manière, dont on fait envisager les choses au roi, et vous me connaissez. Cela fait un très-joli garçon que ce Tellheim, et ne sais-je pas que vous l'aimez? Les amis de mes amis sont aussi les miens. Il coûte un peu cher au roi ce Tellheim, mais est-ce que l'on sert les rois pour rien? Il faut s'entr'aider en ce monde; et quand il s'agit de pertes, que ce soit le roi qui en fasse, et non pas un honnête homme de nous autres. Voilà le principe, dont je ne me dépars jamais." But what say madame to it? N'est pas, dat is a fine fellow! Ah! que son excellence a le cœur bien placé! He assure me au reste, if de Major has not reçu already une lettre de la main—a royal letter—dat to-day infailiblement must he receive one.

Min.—Certainly, sir, this news will be most welcome to Major von Tellheim. I should like to be able to name the friend to him who takes such an interest in his welfare.

Ric.—Madame, you wish my name? Vous voyez en moi—you see, lady, in me, le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière, Seigneur de Prêt-au-val, de la branche de Prens d'or. You remain astonished to hear me from so great, great a family, qui est véritablement du sang royal. Il faut le dire; je suis sans doute le cadet le plus aventureux que la maison n'a jamais eu. I serve from my eleven year. Une affaire d'honneur make me flee. Den I serve de holy Papa of Rome, den de republic St. Marino, den de Poles, den de States General, till enfin I am brought here. Ah! mademoiselle, que je voudrais n'avoir jamais vu ce pays-ci. Had one left me in de service of de

States General, should I be now at least colonel. But here always to remain capitaine, and now also a discharged capitaine.

Min.—That is ill luck.

Ric.—Oui, mademoiselle, me voilà réfromé, et par là mis sur le pavé!

Min.—I am very sorry for you.

Ric.—Vous êtes bien bonne, mademoiselle. . . . No, merit have no reward here. Réformer a man like me! A man who also have ruin himself in dis service! I have lost in it so much as twenty thousand livres. What have I now? Tranchons le mot; je n'ai pas le sou, et me voilà exactement vis-à-vis de rien.

Min.—I am exceedingly sorry.

Ric.—Vous êtes bien bonne, mademoiselle. But, as one say, misfortune never come alone! qu'un malheur ne vient jamais seul: so it arrive with me. What resource rests for an honnête homme of my extraction but play? Now, I always played with luck, so long I not need her. Now I very much need her, je jou avec un guignon, mademoiselle, qui surpasse toute croyance. For fifteen days, not onè is passed dat I always am broke. Yesterday I was broke dree times. Je sais bien, qu'il y avait quelque chose de plus que le jeu. Car parmi mes pontes se trouvaient certaines dames. I will not speak more. One must be very galant to les dames. Dey have invite me again to-day, to give me revanche; mais—vous m'entendez, mademoiselle—one must first have to live before one can have to play.

Min.—I hope, sir——

Ric.—Vous êtes bien bonne, mademoiselle.

Min.—(Takes Franziska aside.) Franziska, I really feel for the man. Will he take it ill if I offer him something?

Fran.—He does not look to me like a man who would.

Min.—Very well! Sir, I perceive that—you play, that you keep the bank; doubtless in places where something is to be won. I must also confess that I . . . am very fond of play.

Ric.—Tant mieux, mademoiselle, tant mieux! Tous les gens d'esprit aiment le jeu à la fureur.

Min.—That I am very fond of winning; that I like to trust my money to a man who—knows how to play. Are you inclined, sir, to let me join you? To let me have a share in your bank?

Ric.—Comment, mademoiselle, vous voulez être de moitié avec moi? De tout mon cœur.

Min.—At first, only with a trifle. (Opens her desk and takes out some money.)

Ric.—Ah! mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante!

Min.—Here is what I won a short time back; only ten pistoles. I am ashamed, so little——

Ric.—Donnez toujours, mademoiselle, donnez. (Takes it.)

Min.—Without doubt, your bank, sir, is very considerable.

Ric.—Oh! yes; vary considerable. Ten pistoles! You shall have, madame, an interest in my bank for one-third, pour le tiers. Yes, one-third part it shall be—something more. With a beautiful lady one must not be too exac. I rejoice myself to make by that a liaison with madame, et de ce moment je recommence à bien augurer de ma fortune.

Min.—But I cannot be present, sir, when you play.

Ric.—For why it nécessaire dat you be present? We other players are honorable people between us.

Min.—If we are fortunate, sir, you will of course bring me my share. If we are unfortunate——

Ric.—I come to bring recruits, n'est pas, madame?

Min.—In time recruits might fail. Manage our money well, sir.

Ric.—What does madame think me? A simpleton, a stupid devil?

Min.—I beg your pardon.

Ric.—Je suis des bons, mademoiselle. Savez vous ce que cela veut dire? I am of the quite practiced——

Min.—But still, sir——

Ric.—Je sais monter un coup——

Min.—(Amazed.) Could you?

Ric.—Je file la carte avec une adresse.

Min.—Never!

Ric.—Je fais sauter la coupe avec une dextérité.

Min.—You surely would not, sir!—

Ric.—What not, madame; what not? Donnez moi un pigeonneau à plumer, et—

Min.—Play false! Cheat!

Ric.—Comment, mademoiselle? Vous appelez cela cheat? Corriger la fortune, l'enchaîner sous ses doigts, être sûr de son fait, dat you call cheat? Cheat! Oh! what a poor tongue is your tongue! what an awkward tongue!

Min.—No, sir; if you think so—

Ric.—Laissez-moi faire, mademoiselle, and be tranquille! What matter to you how I play? Enough! to-morrow, madame, you see me again or with hundred pistol, or you see me no more. Votre très-humble, mademoiselle, votre très-humble.
(Exit quickly.)

Min.—(Looking after him with astonishment and displeasure.) I hope the latter, sir.

SCENE III.

Minna and Franziska.

Fran.—(Angrily.) What can I say? Oh! how grand! how grand!

Min.—Laugh at me; I deserve it. (After reflecting, more calmly.) No, do not laugh; I do not deserve it.

Fran.—Excellent! You have done a charming act—set a knave upon his legs again.

Min.—It was intended for an unfortunate man.

Fran.—And what is the best part of it, the fellow considers you like himself. Oh! I must follow him and take the money from him. (Going.)

Min.—Franziska, do not let the coffee get quite cold; pour it out.

Fran.—He must return it to you; you have thought better of it; you will not play in partnership with him. Ten pistoles! You heard, my lady, that he was a beggar! (Minna pours out the coffee herself.) Who would give such a sum to a beggar? And to endeavor, into the bargain, to save him the humiliation of having begged for it! The charitable woman who, out of generosity, mistakes the beggar, is in return mistaken by the beggar. It serves you right, my lady, if he considers your gift as—I know not what. (Minna hands a cup of coffee to Franziska.) Do you wish to make my blood boil still more? I do not want any. (Minna puts it down again.) “Parbleu, madame, merit have no reward here.” (Imitating the Frenchman.) I think not, when such rogues are allowed to walk about unhanged.

Min.—(Coldly and slowly, while sipping her coffee.) Girl, you understand good men very well; but when will you learn to bear with the bad? And yet they are also men; and frequently not so bad as they seem. One should look for their good side. I fancy this Frenchman is nothing worse than vain. Through mere vanity he gives himself out as a false player; he does not wish to appear under an obligation to one; he wishes to save himself the thanks. Perhaps he may now go, pay his small debts, live quietly and frugally on the rest as far as it will go, and think no more of play. If that be so, Franziska, let him come for recruits whenever he pleases. (Gives her cup to Franziska.) There, put it down! But tell me, should not Tellheim be here by this time?

Fran.—No, my lady, I can neither find out the bad side in a good man, nor the good side in a bad man.

Min.—Surely he will come!

Fran.—He ought to remain away! You remark in him—in him, the best of men—a little pride; and therefore you intend to tease him so cruelly!

Min.—Are you at it again? Be silent! I will have it so. Woe to you if you spoil this fun of mine . . . if you do not say and do all, as we have agreed. I will leave you with him alone; and then—but here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Paul Werner (comes in, carrying himself very erect, as if on duty), Minna, Franziska.

Fran.—No, it is only his dear Sergeant.

Min.—Dear Sergeant! Whom does the “dear” refer to.

Fran.—Pray, my lady, do not make the man embarrassed. Your servant, Mr. Sergeant; what news do you bring us?

Werner.—(Goes up to Minna, without noticing Franziska.) Major von Tellheim begs to present, through me, Sergeant Werner, his most respectful compliments to Fräulein von Barnhelm, and to inform her that he will be here directly.

Min.—Where is he, then?

Wer.—Your ladyship will pardon him; we left our quarters before it began to strike three; but the paymaster met us on the way, and because conversation with those gentlemen has no end, the Major made me a sign to report the case to your ladyship.

Min.—Very well, Mr. Sergeant. I only hope the paymaster may have good news for him.

Wer.—Such gentlemen seldom have good news for officers. Has your ladyship any orders? (Going.)

Fran.—Why, where are you going again, Mr. Sergeant? Had not we something to say to each other?

Wer.—(In a whisper to Franziska, and seriously.) Not here, little woman; it is against respect, against discipline. . . . Your ladyship—

Min.—Thank you for your trouble. I am glad to have made your acquaintance. Franziska has spoken in high praise of you to me.
(Werner makes a stiff bow, and goes.)

SCENE V.

Minna, Franziska.

Min.—So that is your Sergeant, Franziska?

Fran.—(Aside.) I have not time to reproach her for that jeering "your." (Aloud.) Yes, my lady, that is my Sergeant. You think him, no doubt, somewhat stiff and wooden. He also appeared so to me just now; but I observed he thought he must march past you, as if on parade. And when soldiers are on parade, they certainly look more like wooden dolls than men. You should see and hear him when he is himself.

Min.—So I should, indeed!

Fran.—He must still be in the next room; may I go and talk with him a little?

Min.—I refuse you this pleasure unwillingly; but you must remain here, Franziska. You must be present at our conversation. Another thing occurs to me. (Takes her ring from her finger.) There, take my ring; keep it for me, and give me the Major's in the place of it.

Fran.—Why so?

Min.—(Whilst Franziska is fetching the ring.) I scarcely know myself, but I fancy I see, beforehand, how I may make use of it. Some one is knocking. Give it to me, quickly. (Puts the ring on.) It is he.

SCENE VI.

Major von Tellheim (in the same coat, but otherwise as *Franziska* advised), Minna, Franziska.

Major von Tellheim.—Madame, you will excuse the delay.

Min.—Oh! Major, we will not treat each other in quite such a military fashion. You are here now; and to await a pleasure is itself a pleasure. Well (looking at him and smiling), dear Tellheim, have we not been like children?

Maj. T.—Yes, madame; like children, who resist when they ought to obey quietly.

Min.—We will drive out, dear Major, to see a little of the town, and afterwards to meet my uncle.

Maj. T.—What!

Min.—You see, we have not yet had an opportunity of mentioning the most important matters, even. He is coming here

to-day. It was accident that brought me here without him, a day sooner.

Maj. T.—Count von Bruchsal! Has he returned?

Min.—The troubles of the war drove him into Italy; peace has brought him back again. Do not be uneasy, Tellheim; if we formerly feared on his part the greatest obstacle to our union——

Maj. T.—To our union!

Min.—He is now your friend. He has heard too much good of you, from too many people, not to become so. He longs to become personally acquainted with the man whom his heiress has chosen. He comes as uncle, as guardian, as father, to give me to you.

Maj. T.—Ah! dear lady, why did you not read my letter? Why would you not read it?

Min.—Your letter! Oh! yes, I remember you sent me one. What did you do with that letter, Franziska? Did we, or did we not read it? What was it you wrote to me, dear Tellheim?

Maj. T.—Nothing but what honor commands me.

Min.—That is, not to desert an honorable woman who loves you. Certainly that is what honor commands. Indeed, I ought to have read your letter. But what I have not read, I shall hear, shall not I?

Maj. T.—Yes, you shall hear it.

Min.—No, I need not even hear it. It speaks for itself. As if you could be guilty of such an unworthy act as not to take me! Do you know that I should be pointed at for the rest of my life? My countrywomen would talk about me and say, "That is she, that is the Fräulein von Barnhelm, who fancied that because she was rich she could not marry the noble Tellheim; as if such men were to be caught with money." That is what they would say, for they are all envious of me. That I am rich, they cannot deny; but they do not wish to acknowledge that I am also a tolerably good girl, who would prove herself worthy of her husband. Is that not so, Tellheim?

Maj. T.—Yes, yes, madame, that is like your countrywomen. They will envy you exceedingly, a discharged officer, with sullied honor, a cripple and a beggar.

Min.—And are you all that? If I mistake not, you told me something of the kind this forenoon. Therein is good and evil mixed. Let us examine each charge more closely. You are discharged? So you say. I thought your regiment was only drafted into another. How did it happen that a man of your merit was not retained?

Maj. T.—It has happened, as it must happen. The great ones are convinced that a soldier does very little through regard for them, not much more from a sense of duty, but everything for his own advantage. What, then, can they think they owe him? Peace has made a great many, like myself, superfluous to them; and at last we shall all be superfluous.

Min.—You talk as a man must talk to whom, in return, the great are quite superfluous. And never were they more so than now. I return my best thanks to the great ones that they have given up their claims to a man whom I would very unwillingly have shared with them. I am your sovereign, Tellheim; you want no other master. To find you discharged is a piece of good fortune I dared scarcely dream of! But you are not only discharged; you are more. And what are you more? A cripple, you say! Well! (Looking at him from head to foot.) The cripple is tolerably whole and upright—appears still to be pretty well and strong. Dear Tellheim, if you expect to go begging on the strength of your limbs, I prophesy that you will be relieved at very few doors; except at the door of a good-natured girl like myself.

Maj. T.—I only hear the joking girl now, dear Minna.

Min.—And I only hear the “dear Minna” in your chiding. I will not joke any longer; for I recollect that, after all, you are something of a cripple. You are wounded by a shot in the right arm; but, all things considered, I do not find much fault with that. I am so much the more secure from your blows.

Maj. T.—Madame!

Min.—You would say “you are so much the less secure from mine.” Well, well, dear Tellheim, I hope you will not drive me to that.

Maj. T.—You laugh, madame. I only lament that I cannot laugh with you.

Min.—Why not? What have you to say against laughing?

Cannot one be very serious even whilst laughing? Dear Major, laughter keeps us more rational than vexation. The proof is before us. Your laughing friend judges of your circumstances more correctly than you do yourself. Because you are discharged, you say your honor is sullied; because you are wounded in the arm, you call yourself a cripple. Is that right? Is that no exaggeration? And is it my doing that all exaggerations are so open to ridicule? I dare say, if I examine your beggary, that it will also be as little able to stand the test. You may have lost your equipage once, twice or thrice; your deposits in the hands of this or that banker may have disappeared together with those of other people; you may have no hope of seeing this or that money again which you may have advanced in the service; but are you a beggar on that account? If nothing else remained to you but what my uncle is bringing for you——

Maj. T.—Your uncle, madame, will bring nothing for me.

Min.—Nothing but the two thousand pistoles which you so generously advanced to our government.

Maj. T.—If you had but read my letter, madame!

Min.—Well, I did read it. But what I read in it on this point is a perfect riddle. It is impossible that any one should wish to turn a noble action into a crime. But explain to me, dear Major.

Maj. T.—You remember, madame, that I had orders to collect the contribution for the war most strictly in cash in the districts in your neighborhood. I wished to forego this severity, and advanced the money that was deficient myself.

Min.—I remember it well. I loved you for that deed before I had seen you.

Maj. T.—The government gave me their bill, and I wished, at the signing of the peace, to have the sum entered among the debts to be repaid by them. The bill was acknowledged as good, but my ownership of the same was disputed. People looked incredulous when I declared that I had myself advanced the amount in cash. It was considered as bribery, as a *douceur* from the government, because I at once agreed to take the smallest sum with which I could have been satisfied in a case of the greatest exigency. Thus the bill went from my posses-

sion, and if it be paid, will certainly not be paid to me. Hence, madame, I consider my honor to be suspected! not on account of my discharge, which, if I had not received, I should have applied for. You look serious, madame! Why do you not laugh? Ha! ha! ha! I am laughing.

Min.—Oh! stifle that laugh, Tellheim, I implore you! It is the terrible laugh of misanthropy. No, you are not the man to repent of a good deed because it may have had a bad result for yourself. Nor can these consequences possibly be of long duration. The truth must come to light. The testimony of my uncle, of our government——

Maj. T.—Of your uncle! Of your government! Ha! ha! ha!

Min.—That laugh will kill me, Tellheim! If you believe in virtue and Providence, Tellheim, do not laugh so! I never heard a curse more terrible than that laugh! But, viewing the matter in the worst light, if they are determined to mistake your character here, with us you will not be misunderstood. No, we cannot, we will not, misunderstand you, Tellheim. And if our government has the least sentiment of honor, I know what it must do. But I am foolish; what would that matter? Imagine, Tellheim, that you have lost the two thousand pistoles on some gay evening. The king was an unfortunate card for you; the queen (pointing to herself) will be so much the more favorable. Providence, believe me, always indemnifies a man of honor—often even beforehand. The action which was to cost you two thousand pistoles, gained you me. Without that action, I never should have been desirous of making your acquaintance. You know I went uninvited to the first party where I thought I should meet you. I went entirely on your account. I went with a fixed determination to love you—I loved you already!—with the fixed determination to make you mine, if I should find you as dark and ugly as the Moor of Venice. So dark and ugly you are not; nor will you be so jealous. But, Tellheim, Tellheim, you are yet very like him! Oh! the unmanageable, stubborn man, who always keeps his eye fixed upon the phantom of honor, and becomes hardened against every other sentiment! Your eyes this way! Upon me, me, Tellheim! (He remains thoughtful and immovable, with his eyes fixed on one spot.) Of what are you thinking? Do you not hear me?

Maj. T.—(Absently.) Oh, yes; but tell me, how came the Moor into the service of Venice? Had the Moor no country of his own? Why did he hire his arm and his blood to a foreign land?

Min.—(Alarmed.) Of what are you thinking, Tellheim? It is time to break off. Come! (Taking him by the hand.) *Franziska*, let the carriage be brought round.

Maj. T.—(Disengaging his hand, and following *Franziska*.) No, *Franziska*; I cannot have the honor of accompanying your mistress. Madame, let me still retain my senses unimpaired for to-day, and give me leave to go. You are on the right way to deprive me of them. I resist it as much as I can. But hear, whilst I am still myself, what I have firmly determined, and from which nothing in the world shall turn me. If I have not better luck in the game of life; if a complete change in my fortune does not take place; if—

Min.—I must interrupt you, Major. We ought to have told him that at first, *Franziska*. You remind me of nothing. Our conversation would have taken quite a different turn, *Tellheim*, if I had commenced with the good news which the Chevalier de la Marlinière brought just now.

Maj. T.—The Chevalier de la Marlinière! Who is he?

Fran.—He may be a very honest man, Major von *Tellheim*, except that—

Min.—Silence, *Franziska*! Also a discharged officer from the Dutch service, who—

Maj. T.—Ah! Lieutenant *Riccaut*!

Min.—He assured us he was a friend of yours.

Maj. T.—I assure you that I am not his.

Min.—And that some minister or other had told him, in confidence, that your business was likely to have the very best termination. A letter from the king must now be on its way to you.

Maj. T.—How came *Riccaut* and a minister in company? Something certainly must have happened concerning my affair, for just now the paymaster of the forces told me that the king had set aside all the evidence offered against me, and that I might take back my promise, which I had given in writing, not

to depart from here until acquitted. But that will be all. They wish to give me an opportunity of getting away. But they are wrong; I shall not go. Sooner shall the utmost distress waste me away before the eyes of my calumniators than——

Min.—Obstinate man!

Maj. T.—I require no favor; I want justice. My honor——

Min.—The honor of such a man——

Maj. T.—(Warmly.) No, madame, you may be able to judge of any other subject, but not of this. Honor is not the voice of conscience, not the evidence of a few honorable men——

Min.—No, no, I know it well. Honor is . . . honor.

Maj. T.—In short, madame . . . You did not let me finish. I was going to say, if they keep from me so shamefully what is my own; if my honor be not perfectly righted—I cannot, madame, ever be yours, for I am not worthy, in the eyes of the world, of being yours. Minna von Barnhelm deserves an irreproachable husband. It is a worthless love which does not scruple to expose its object to scorn. He is a worthless man who is not ashamed to owe a woman all his good fortune; whose blind tenderness——

Min.—And is that really your feeling, Major? (Turning her back suddenly.) Franziska!

Maj. T.—Do not be angry.

Min.—(Aside, to Franziska.) Now is the time! What do you advise me, Franziska?

Fran.—I advise nothing. But certainly he goes rather too far.

Maj. T.—(Approaching to interrupt them.) You are angry, madame.

Min.—(Ironically.) I? Not in the least.

Maj. T.—If I loved you less——

Min.—(Still in the same tone.) Oh! certainly, it would be a misfortune for me. And hear, Major, I also will not be the cause of your unhappiness. One should love with perfect disinterestedness. It is as well that I have not been more open! Perhaps your pity might have granted to me what your love refuses. (Drawing the ring slowly from her finger.)

Maj. T.—What does this mean, madame?

Min.—No, neither of us must make the other either more or less happy. True love demands it. I believe you, Major; and you have too much honor to mistake love.

Maj. T.—Are you jesting, madame?

Min.—Here! take back the ring with which you plighted your troth to me. (Gives him the ring.) Let it be so! We will suppose we have never met.

Maj. T.—What do I hear?

Min.—Does it surprise you? Take it, sir. You surely have not been pretending only!

Maj. T.—(Takes the ring from her.) Heavens! can Minna speak thus?

Min.—In one case you cannot be mine; in no case can I be yours. Your misfortune is probable; mine is certain. Farewell! (Is going.)

Maj. T.—Where are you going, dearest Minna?

Min.—Sir, you insult me now by that term of endearment.

Maj. T.—What is the matter, madame? Where are you going?

Min.—Leave me. I go to hide my tears from you, deceiver!
(Exit.)

SCENE VII.

Major von Tellheim, Franziska.

Maj. T.—Her tears? And I am to leave her. (Is about to follow her.)

Fran.—(Holding him back.) Surely not, Major. You would not follow her into her own room!

Maj. T.—Her misfortune? Did she not speak of misfortune?

Fran.—Yes, truly; the misfortune of losing you, after—

Maj. T.—After? After what? There is more in this. What is it, Franziska? Tell me! Speak!

Fran.—After, I mean, she has made such sacrifices on your account.

Maj. T.—Sacrifices for me!

Fran.—Well, listen. It is a good thing for you, Major, that you are freed from your engagement with her in this manner. Why should I not tell you? It cannot remain a secret long. We have fled from home. Count von Bruchsal has disinherited my mistress, because she would not accept a husband of his choice. On that every one deserted and slighted her. What could we do? We determined to seek him whom—

Maj. T.—Enough! Come, and let me throw myself at her feet.

Fran.—What are you thinking about? Rather go, and thank your good fortune.

Maj. T.—Pitiful creature! For what do you take me? Yet no, my dear Franziska, the advice did not come from your heart. Forgive my anger!

Fran.—Do not detain me any longer. I must see what she is about. How easily something might happen to her. Go now, and come again, if you like. (Follows Minna.)

SCENE VIII.

Major von Tellheim.

Maj. T.—But, Franziska! Oh! I will wait your return here. No, that is more torturing! If she is in earnest, she will not refuse to forgive me. Now I want your aid, honest Werner! No, Minna, I am no deceiver! (Rushes off.)

ACT V. SCENE I.

Major von Tellheim (from one side), Werner (from the other).

Major von Tellheim.—Ah! Werner! I have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been?

Werner.—And I have been looking for you, Major; that is always the way. I bring you good news.

Maj. T.—I do not want your news now; I want your money. Quick, Werner, give me all you have; and then raise as much more as you can.

Wer.—Major! Now, upon my life, that is just what I said: “He will borrow money from me when he has got it himself to lend.”

Maj. T.—You surely are not seeking excuses!

Wer.—That I may have nothing to upbraid you with, take it with your right hand, and give it me again with your left.

Maj. T.—Do not detain me, Werner. It is my intention to repay you; but when and how, God knows!

Wer.—Then you do not know yet that the treasury has received an order to pay you your money? I just heard it at——

Maj. T.—What are you talking about? What nonsense have you let them palm off on you? Do you not see that if it were true I should be the first person to know it? In short, Werner, money! money!

Wer.—Very well, with pleasure. Here is some! A hundred louis d'ors there, and a hundred ducats there. (Gives him both.)

Maj. T.—Werner, go and give Just the hundred louis d'ors. Let him redeem the ring again on which he raised the money this morning. But whence will you get some more, Werner? I want a good deal more.

Wer.—Leave that to me. The man who bought my farm lives in the town. The date for payment is a fortnight hence, certainly; but the money is ready, and by a reduction of one-half per cent.——

Maj. T.—Very well, my dear Werner! You see that I have had recourse to you alone—I must also confide all to you. The young lady you have seen is in distress——

Wer.—That is bad!

Maj. T.—But to-morrow she shall be my wife.

Wer.—That is good!

Maj. T.—And the day after, I leave this place with her. I can go; I will go. I would sooner throw over everything here! Who knows where some good luck may be in store for me. If you will, Werner, come with us. We will serve again.

Wer.—Really? But where there is war, Major?

Maj. T.—To be sure. Go, Werner; we will speak of this again.

Wer.—Oh! my dear Major! The day after to-morrow! Why not to-morrow? I will get everything ready. In Persia, Major, there is a famous war. What do you say?

Maj. T.—We will think of it. Only go, Werner!

Wer.—Hurrah! Long live prince Heraclius! (Exit.)

SCENE II.

Major von Tellheim.

Maj. T.—How do I feel! . . . My whole soul has acquired a new impulse. My own unhappiness bowed me to the ground, made me fretful, short-sighted, shy, careless: her unhappiness raises me. I see clearly again, and feel myself ready and capable of undertaking anything for her sake. Why do I tarry? (Is going toward Minna's room, when Franziska comes out of it.)

SCENE III.

Franziska, Major von Tellheim.

Franziska.—Is it you? I thought I heard your voice. What do you want, Major?

Maj. T.—What do I want! What is she doing? Come!

Fran.—She is just going out for a drive.

Maj. T.—And alone? Without me? Where to?

Fran.—Have you forgotten, Major?

Maj. T.—How silly you are, Franziska! I irritated her, and she was angry. I will beg her pardon, and she will forgive me.

Fran.—What! After you have taken the ring back, Major?

Maj. T.—Ah! I did that in my confusion. I had forgotten about the ring. Where did I put it? (Searches for it.) Here it is.

Fran.—Is that it? (Aside, as he puts it again in his pocket.) If he would only look at it closer!

Maj. T.—She pressed it upon me so bitterly. But I have forgotten that. A full heart cannot weigh words. She will not for one moment refuse to take it again. And have I not hers?

Fran.—She is now waiting for it in return. Where is it, Major? Show it to me, do!

Maj. T.—(Embarrassed.) I have . . . forgotten to put it on. Just—Just will bring it directly.

Fran.—They are something alike, I suppose; let me look at that one. I am very fond of such things.

Maj. T.—Another time, Franziska. Come, now.

Fran.—(Aside.) He is determined not to be drawn out of his mistake.

Maj. T.—What do you say? Mistake?

Fran.—It is a mistake, I say, if you think that my mistress is still a good match. Her own fortune is far from considerable; by a few calculations in their own favor, her guardians may reduce it to nothing. She expected everything from her uncle; but this cruel uncle—

Maj. T.—Let him go! Am I not man enough to make it all good to her again?

Fran.—Do you hear? She is ringing. I must go in again.

Maj. T.—I will accompany you.

Fran.—For heaven's sake, no! She forbade me expressly to speak with you. Come in, at any rate, a little time after me.
(Goes in.)

SCENE IV.

Major von Tellheim.

Maj. T.—(Calling after her.) Announce me! Speak for me, Franziska! I shall follow you directly. What shall I say to her? Yet where the heart can speak, no preparation is necessary. There is one thing only which may need a studied turn . . . this reserve, this scrupulousness of throwing herself, unfortunate as she is, into my arms; this anxiety to make a false show of still possessing that happiness which she has lost through me. How she is to exculpate herself to herself—for by

me it is already forgiven—for this distrust in my honor, in her own worth. . . . Ah! here she comes.

SCENE V.

Minna, Franziska, Major von Tellheim.

Minna.—(Speaking as she comes out, as if not aware of the Major's presence.) The carriage is at the door, Franziska, is it not? My fan!

Maj. T.—(Advancing to her.) Where are you going, madame?

Min.—(With forced coldness.) I am going out, Major. I guess why you have given yourself the trouble of coming back—to return me my ring. Very well, Major von Tellheim, have the goodness to give it to Franziska. Franziska, take the ring from Major von Tellheim! I have no time to lose. (Is going.)

Maj. T.—(Stepping before her.) Madame! Ah! what have I heard? I was unworthy of such love.

Min.—So, Franziska, you have—

Fran.—Told him all.

Maj. T.—Do not be angry with me, madame. I am no deceiver. You have, on my account, lost much in the eyes of the world, but not in mine. In my eyes you have gained beyond measure by this loss. It was too sudden. You feared it might make an unfavorable impression on me; at first you wished to hide it from me. I do not complain of this mistrust. It arose from the desire to retain my affection. That desire is my pride. You found me in distress, and you did not wish to add distress to distress. You could not divine how far your distress would raise me above any thoughts of my own.

Min.—That is all very well, Major, but it is now over. I have released you from your engagement; you have, by taking back the ring—

Maj. T.—Consented to nothing! On the contrary, I now consider myself bound more firmly than ever. You are mine, Minna, mine forever. (Takes off the ring.) Here, take it for the second time—the pledge of my fidelity.

Min.—I take that ring again! That ring?

Maj. T.—Yes, dearest Minna, yes.

Min.—What are you asking me? that ring?

Maj. T.—You received it for the first time from my hand, when our positions were similar and the circumstances propitious. They are no longer propitious, but are again similar. Equality is always the strongest tie of love. Permit me, dearest Minna! (Seizes her hand to put on the ring.)

Min.—What! by force, Major? No, there is no power in the world which shall compel me to take back that ring! Do you think that I am in want of a ring? Oh! you may see (pointing to her ring) that I have another here which is in no way inferior to yours.

Fran.—(Aside.) Well, if he does not see it now!

Maj. T.—(Letting fall her hand.) What is this? I see Fräulein von Barnhelm, but I do not hear her. You are pretending. Pardon me, that I use your own words.

Min.—(In her natural tone.) Did those words offend you, Major?

Maj. T.—They grieved me much.

Min.—(Affected.) They were not meant to do that, Tellheim. Forgive me, Tellheim.

Maj. T.—Ah! that friendly tone tells me you are yourself again, Minna; that you still love me.

Fran.—(Exclaims.) The joke would soon have gone a little too far.

Min.—(In a commanding tone.) Franziska, you will not interfere in our affairs, I beg.

Fran.—(Aside, in a surprised tone.) Not enough yet!

Min.—Yes, sir, it would only be womanish vanity in me to pretend to be cold and scornful. No! Never! You deserve to find me as sincere as yourself. I do love you still, Tellheim, I love you still; but notwithstanding—

Maj. T.—No more, dearest Minna, no more! (Seizes her hand again, to put on the ring.)

Min.—(Drawing back her hand.) Notwithstanding, so much the more am I determined that that shall never be—

never! Of what are you thinking, Major? I thought your own distress was sufficient. You must remain here; you must obtain by obstinacy—no better phrase occurs to me at the moment—the most perfect satisfaction, obtain it by obstinacy. . . . And that even though the utmost distress should waste you away before the eyes of your calumniators—

Maj. T.—So I thought, so I said, when I knew not what I thought or said. Chagrin and stifling rage had enveloped my whole soul; love itself, in the full blaze of happiness, could not illumine it. But it has sent its daughter, pity, more familiar with gloomy misfortune, and she has dispelled the cloud, and opened again all the avenues of my soul to sensations of tenderness. The impulse of self-preservation awakes when I have something more precious than myself to support, and to support through my own exertions. Do not let the word “pity” offend you. From the innocent cause of our distress we may hear the term without humiliation. I am this cause; through me, Minna, have you lost friends and relations, fortune and country. Through me, in me, must you find them all again, or I shall have the destruction of the most lovely of her sex upon my soul. Let me not think of a future in which I must detest myself. No, nothing shall detain me here longer. From this moment I will oppose nothing but contempt to the injustice which I suffer. Is this country the world? Does the sun rise here alone? Where can I not go? In what service shall I be refused? And should I be obliged to seek it in the most distant clime, only follow me with confidence, dearest Minna—we shall want for nothing. I have a friend who will assist me with pleasure.

SCENE VI.

An Orderly, Major von Tellheim, Minna, Franziska.

Fran.—(Seeing the Orderly.) Hist, Major!

Maj. T.—(To the Orderly.) Whom do you want?

Orderly.—I am looking for Major von Tellheim. Ah! you are the Major, I see. I have to give you this letter from his majesty the king. (Taking one out of his bag.)

Maj. T.—To me?

Ord.—According to the direction.

Min.—Franziska, do you hear? The Chevalier spoke the truth, after all.

Ord.—(Whilst Tellheim takes the letter.) I beg your pardon, Major; you should properly have had it yesterday, but I could not find you out. I learnt your address this morning only from Lieutenant Riccaut, on parade.

Fran.—Do you hear, my lady? That is the Chevalier's minister. "What is the name of de ministre out dere, on de broad place?"

Maj. T.—I am extremely obliged to you for your trouble.

Ord.—It is my duty, Major. (Exit.)

SCENE VII.

Major Tellheim, Minna, Franziska.

Maj. T.—Ah! Minna, what is this? What does this contain?

Min.—I am not entitled to extend my curiosity so far.

Maj. T.—What! You would still separate my fate from yours? But why do I hesitate to open it? It cannot make me more unhappy than I am; no, dearest Minna, it cannot make us more unhappy—but perhaps more happy! Permit me.

(While he opens and reads the letter, the Landlord comes stealthily on the stage.)

SCENE VIII.

Landlord, the rest as before.

Landlord.—(To Franziska.) Hist! my pretty maid! A word!

Fran.—(To the Landlord.) Mr. Landlord, we do not yet know ourselves what is in the letter.

Land.—Who wants to know about the letter! I come about the ring. The lady must give it to me again, directly. Just is there and wants to redeem it.

Min.—(Who in the meantime has approached the Landlord.) Tell Just that it is already redeemed; and tell him by whom—by me.

Land.—But——

Min.—I take it upon myself. Go! (Exit Landlord.)

SCENE IX.

Major von Tellheim, Minna, Franziska.

Fran.—And now, my lady, make it up with the poor Major.

Min.—Oh! kind intercessor! As if the difficulties must not soon explain themselves!

Maj. T.—(After reading the letter, with much emotion.) Ah! nor has he herein belied himself! Oh! Minna, what justice! what clemency! This is more than I expected; more than I deserve! My fortune, my honor, all is reestablished! Do I dream? (Looking at the letter, as if to convince himself.) No, no delusion born of my own desires! Read it yourself, Minna; read it yourself!

Min.—I would not presume, Major.

Maj. T.—Presume! The letter is to me; to your Tellheim, Minna. It contains—what your uncle cannot take from you. You must read it! Do read it.

Min.—If it affords you pleasure, Major. (Takes the letter and reads.)

“My dear Major von Tellheim: I hereby inform you that the business which caused me some anxiety on account of your honor, has been cleared up in your favor. My brother had a more detailed knowledge of it, and his testimony has more than proved your innocence. The Treasury has received orders to deliver again to you the bill in question, and to reimburse the sum advanced. I have also ordered that all claims which the Paymaster's Office brings forward against your accounts be nullified. Please to inform me whether your health will allow of your taking active service again. I can ill spare a man of your courage and sentiments. I am your gracious king,” etc.

Maj. T.—Now, what do you say to that, Minna?

Min.—(Folding up and returning the letter.) I? Nothing.

Maj. T.—Nothing?

Min.—Stay—yes. That your king, who is a great man, can also be a good man. But what is that to me? He is not my king.

Maj. T.—And do you say nothing more? Nothing about ourselves?

Min.—You are going to serve again. From major you will become lieutenant-colonel, perhaps colonel. I congratulate you with all my heart.

Maj. T.—And you do not know me better? No, since fortune restores me sufficient to satisfy the wishes of a reasonable man, it shall depend upon my Minna alone whether for the future I shall belong to any one else but her. To her service alone my whole life shall be devoted! The service of the great is dangerous, and does not repay the trouble, the restraint, the humiliation which it costs. Minna is not among those vain people who love nothing in their husbands beyond their titles and positions. She will love me for myself; and for her sake I will forget the whole world. I became a soldier from party feeling—I do not myself know on what political principles—and from the whim that it is good for every honorable man to try the profession of arms for a time, to make himself familiar with danger, and to learn coolness and determination. Extreme necessity alone could have compelled me to make this trial a fixed mode of life, this temporary occupation a profession. But now that nothing compels me, my whole and sole ambition is to be a peaceful and a contented man. This with you, dearest Minna, I shall infallibly become; this in your society I shall unchangeably remain. Let the holy bond unite us to-morrow; and then we will look round us, and in the whole wide habitable world seek out the most peaceful, the brightest, most smiling nook which wants but a happy couple to be a Paradise. There we will dwell; there shall each day . . . What is the matter, Minna? (Minna turns away uneasily, and endeavors to hide her emotion.)

Min.—(Regaining her composure.) It is cruel of you, Tellheim, to paint such happiness to me, when I am forced to renounce it. My loss——

Maj. T.—Your loss! Why name your loss? All that Minna could lose is not Minna. You are still the sweetest, dearest, loveliest, best creature under the sun; all goodness and generosity, innocence and bliss! Now and then a little petulant; at times somewhat willful—so much the better! So much the better! Minna would otherwise be an angel, whom I should honor with trepidation, but not dare to love. (Takes her hand to kiss it.)

Min.—(Drawing away her hand.) Not so, sir. Why this sudden change? Is this flattering, impetuous lover the cold Tellheim? Could his returning good fortune alone create this ardor in him? He will permit me during his passionate excitement to retain the power of reflection for us both. When he could himself reflect, I heard him say: "It is a worthless love which does not scruple to expose its object to scorn." True; and I aspire to as pure and noble a love as he himself. Now, when honor calls him, when a great monarch solicits his services, shall I consent that he shall give himself up to love-sick dreams with me? that the illustrious warrior shall degenerate into a toying swain? No, Major, follow the call of your higher destiny.

Maj. T.—Well! if the busy world has greater charms for you, Minna, let us remain in the busy world! How mean, how poor is this busy world! You now only know its gilded surface. Yet certainly, Minna, you will . . . But let it be so! until then! Your charms shall not want admirers, nor will my happiness lack enviers.

Min.—No, Tellheim, I do not mean that! I send you back into the busy world, on the road of honor, without wishing to accompany you. Tellheim will there require an irreproachable wife! A fugitive Saxon girl who has thrown herself upon him——

Maj. T.—(Starting up and looking fiercely about him.) Who dare say that? Ah! Minna, I feel afraid of myself when I imagine that any one but yourself could have spoken so. My anger against him would know no bounds.

Min.—Exactly! That is just what I fear. You would not endure one word of calumny against me, and yet you would have to put up with the very bitterest every day. In short,

Tellheim, hear what I have firmly determined, and from which nothing in the world shall turn me——

Maj. T.—Before you proceed, I implore you, Minna, reflect for one moment that you are about to pronounce a sentence of life or death upon me!

Min.—Without a moment's reflection! . . . As certainly as I have given you back the ring with which you formerly pledged your troth to me, as certainly as you have taken back that same ring, so certainly shall the unfortunate Minna never be the wife of the fortunate Tellheim!

Maj. T.—And herewith you pronounce my sentence.

Min.—Equality is the only sure bond of love. The happy Minna only wished to live for the happy Tellheim. Even Minna in misfortune would have allowed herself to be persuaded either to increase or to assuage the misfortune of her friend through herself. . . . He must have seen, before the arrival of that letter, which has again destroyed all equality between us, that in appearance only I refused.

Maj. T.—Is that true? I thank you, Minna, that you have not yet pronounced the sentence. You will only marry Tellheim when unfortunate? You may have him. (Coolly.) I perceive now that it would be indecorous in me to accept this tardy justice; that it will be better if I do not seek again that of which I have been deprived by such shameful suspicion. Yes; I will suppose that I have not received the letter. Behold my only answer to it! (About to tear it up.)

Min.—(Stopping him.) What are you going to do, Tellheim?

Maj. T.—Obtain your hand.

Min.—Stop!

Maj. T.—Madame, it is torn without fail if you do not quickly recall your words. Then we will see what else you may have to object to in me.

Min.—What! In such a tone? Shall I, must I, thus become contemptible in my own eyes? Never! She is a worthless creature who is not ashamed to owe her whole happiness to the blind tenderness of a man!

Maj. T.—False! utterly false!

Min.—Can you venture to find fault with your own words when coming from my lips?

Maj. T.—Sophistry! Does the weaker sex dishonor itself by every action which does not become the stronger? Or can a man do everything which is proper in a woman? Which is appointed by nature to be the support of the other?

Min.—Be not alarmed, Tellheim! . . . I shall not be quite unprotected, if I must decline the honor of your protection. I shall still have as much as is absolutely necessary. I have announced my arrival to our ambassador. I am to see him to-day. I hope he will assist me. Time is flying. Permit me, Major—

Maj. T.—I will accompany you, madame.

Min.—No, Major; leave me.

Maj. T.—Sooner shall your shadow desert you! Come, madame, where you will, to whom you will, everywhere, to friends and strangers, will I repeat in your presence—repeat a hundred times each day—what a bond binds you to me, and with what cruel caprice you wish to break it—

SCENE X.

Just, the rest as before.

Just.—(Impetuously.) Major! Major!

Maj. T.—Well!

Just.—Here, quick! quick!

Maj. T.—Why? Come to me. Speak! What is the matter?

Just.—What do you think? (Whispers to him.)

Min.—(Aside, to Franziska.) Do you notice anything, Franziska?

Fran.—Oh! you merciless creature! I have stood here on thorns!

Maj. T.—(To Just.) What do you say? . . . That is not possible! . . . You? (Looking fiercely at Minna.) Speak it out; tell it to her face. Listen, madame.

Just.—The landlord says that Fräulein von Barnhelm has taken the ring which I pledged to him; she recognized it as her own, and would not return it.

Maj. T.—Is that true, madame? No, that cannot be true!

Min.—(Smiling.) And why not, Tellheim? Why can it not be true?

Maj. T.—(Vehemently.) Then it is true! . . . What terrible light suddenly breaks in upon me! . . . Now I know you—false, faithless one!

Min.—(Alarmed.) Who, who is faithless?

Maj. T.—You, whom I will never more name!

Min.—Tellheim!

Maj. T.—Forget my name . . . You came here with the intention of breaking with me . . . It is evident! . . . Oh, that chance should thus delight to assist the faithless! It brought your ring into your possession. Your craftiness contrived to get my own back into mine!

Min.—Tellheim, what visions are you conjuring up! Be calm, and listen to me.

Fran.—(Aside.) Now she will catch it!

SCENE XI.

Werner (with a purse full of gold), the rest as before.

Werner.—Here I am already, Major!

Maj. T.—(Without looking at him.) Who wants you?

Wer.—I have brought more money! A thousand pistoles!

Maj. T.—I do not want them!

Wer.—And to-morrow, Major, you can have as many more.

Maj. T.—Keep your money!

Wer.—It is your money, Major. . . . I do not think you see whom you are speaking to!

Maj. T.—Take it away! I say.

Wer.—What is the matter with you? I am Werner.

Maj. T.—All goodness is dissimulation; all kindness, deceit.

Wer.—Is that meant for me?

Maj. T.—As you please!

Wer.—Why, I have only obeyed your commands.

Maj. T.—Obey once more, and be off!

Wer.—Major! (Vexed.) I am a man——

Maj. T.—So much the better!

Wer.—Who can also be angry.

Maj. T.—Anger is the best thing we possess.

Wer.—I beg you, Major.

Maj. T.—How often must I tell you? I do not want your money!

Wer.—(In a rage.) Then take it who will! (Throws the purse on the ground, and goes to the side.)

Min.—(To Franziska.) Ah! Franziska, I ought to have followed your advice. I have carried the jest too far. Still, when he hears me (Going to him.)

Fran.—(Without answering Minna, goes up to Werner.)
Mr. Sergeant——

Wer.—(Pettishly.) Go along!

Fran.—Ah! what men these are!

Min.—Tellheim! Tellheim! (Tellheim, biting his fingers with rage, turns away his face, without listening.) No, this is too bad. . . . Only listen! You are mistaken! A mere misunderstanding. Tellheim, will you not hear your Minna? Can you have such a suspicion? I break my engagement with you? I come here for that purpose? Tellheim!

SCENE XII.

Two Servants (running into the room from different sides), the rest as before.

First Servant.—Your ladyship, his excellency the Count!

Second Servant.—He is coming, your ladyship!

Fran.—(Running to the window.) It is! it is he!

Min.—Is it? Now, Tellheim, quick!

Maj. T.—(Suddenly recovering himself.) Who, who comes? Your uncle, madame! this cruel uncle! Let him come; just let him come! Fear not! He shall not hurt

you even by a look. He shall have to deal with me. . . .
You do not, indeed, deserve it of me.

Min.—Quick, Tellheim! one embrace and forget all.

Maj. T.—Ah! did I but know that you could regret—

Min.—No, I can never regret having obtained a sight of your whole heart! . . . Ah! what a man you are! . . . Embrace your Minna, your happy Minna: and in nothing more happy than in the possession of you. (Embracing.) And now to meet him!

Maj. T.—To meet whom?

Min.—The best of your unknown friends.

Maj. T.—What!

Min.—The Count, my uncle, my father, your father. . . . My flight, his displeasure, my loss of property—do you not see that all this is a fiction, credulous knight?

Maj. T.—Fiction! But the ring? the ring?

Min.—Where is the ring that I gave back to you?

Maj. T.—You will take it again? Ah! now I am happy. . . . Here, Minna. (Taking it from his pocket.)

Min.—Look at it first! Oh! how blind are those who will not see! . . . What ring is that? the one you gave me, or the one I gave to you? Is it not the one which I did not like to leave in the landlord's possession?

Maj. T.—Heavens! what do I see! What do I hear!

Min.—Shall I take it again now? Shall I? Give it to me! give it! (Takes it from him, and then puts it on his finger herself.) There, now all is right!

Maj. T.—Where am I? (Kissing her hand.) Oh! malicious angel, to torture me so!

Min.—As a proof, my dear husband, that you shall never play me a trick without my playing you one in return. . . . Do you suppose that you did not torture me also?

Maj. T.—Oh! you actresses! But I ought to have known you.

Fran.—Not I, indeed; I am spoilt for acting. I trembled and shook, and was obliged to hold my lips together with my hand.

Min.—Nor was mine an easy part. But come, now——

Maj. T.—I have not recovered myself yet. How happy, yet how anxious, I feel! It is like awaking suddenly from a frightful dream.

Min.—We are losing time. . . . I hear him coming now.

SCENE XIII.

Count von Bruchsal (accompanied by several servants and the Landlord.) The rest as before.

Count.—(Entering.) She arrived in safety, I hope?

Min.—(Running to meet him.) Ah! my father!

Count.—Here I am, dear Minna. (Embracing her.) But what, girl (seeing Tellheim), only four-and-twenty hours here, and friends—company already!

Min.—Guess who it is!

Count.—Not your Tellheim, surely!

Min.—Who else? Come, Tellheim. (Introducing him.)

Count.—Sir, we have never met; but at the first glance I fancied I recognized you. I wished it might be Major von Tellheim. Your hand, sir; you have my highest esteem; I ask for your friendship. My niece, my daughter, loves you.

Min.—You know that, my father! And was my love blind?

Count.—No, Minna, your love was not blind; but your lover—is dumb.

Maj. T.—(Throwing himself in the Count's arms.) Let me recover myself, my father!

Count.—Right, my son. I see your heart can speak, though your lips cannot. I do not usually care for those who wear this uniform. But you are an honorable man, Tellheim; and one must love an honorable man, in whatever garb he may be.

Min.—Ah! did you but know all!

Count.—Why should I not hear all? Which are my apartments, landlord?

Landlord.—Will your excellency have the goodness to walk this way?

Count.—Come, Minna! Pray come, Major!

(Exit with the Landlord and servants.)

Min.—Come, Tellheim!

Maj. T.—I will follow you in an instant, Minna. One word first with this man. (Turning to Werner.)

Min.—And a good word, methinks, it should be. Should it not, Franziska? (Exit.)

SCENE XIV.

Major von Tellheim, Werner, Just, Franziska.

Maj. T.—(Pointing to the purse which Werner had thrown down.) Here, Just, pick up the purse and carry it home. Go!

(Just takes it up and goes.)

Wer.—(Still standing, out of humor, in a corner, till he hears the last words.) Well, what now?

Maj. T.—(In a friendly tone, while going up to him.) Werner, when can I have the other two thousand pistoles?

Wer.—(In a good humor again instantly.) To-morrow, Major, to-morrow.

Maj. T.—I do not need to become your debtor; but I will be your banker. All you good-natured people ought to have guardians. You are, in a manner, spendthrifts. I irritated you just now, Werner.

Wer.—Upon my life, you did! But I ought not to have been such a dolt. Now I see it all clearly. I deserve a hundred lashes. You may give them to me if you will, Major. Only no more ill will, dear Major!

Maj. T.—Ill will! (Shaking him by the hand.) Read in my eyes all that I cannot say to you—Ah! let me see the man with a better wife and a more trusty friend than I shall have. Eh! Franziska? (Exit.)

SCENE XV.

Werner, Franziska.

Fran.—(Aside.) Yes, indeed, he is more than good! Such

a man will never fall in my way again. It must come out. (Approaching Werner bashfully.) Mr. Sergeant!

Wer.—(Wiping his eyes.) Well!

Fran.—Mr. Sergeant——

Wer.—What do you want, little woman?

Fran.—Look at me, Mr. Sergeant.

Wer.—I can't yet; there's something, I don't know what, in my eyes.

Fran.—Now, do look at me!

Wer.—I am afraid I have looked at you too much already, little woman! There; now I can see you. What then?

Fran.—Mr. Sergeant—don't you want a Mrs. Sergeant?

Wer.—Do you really mean it, little woman?

Fran.—Really I do.

Wer.—And would you go with me to Persia, even?

Fran.—Wherever you please.

Wer.—You will! Hullo, Major, no boasting! At any rate, I have got as good a wife, and as trusty a friend, as you. Give me your hand, my little woman! It's a match! In ten years' time you shall be a general's wife—or a widow!

Though as with all the dramas of Lessing, *Minna von Barnhelm* shows few traces of originality, it is none the less a masterpiece. "If," wrote the author, "it is not better than all my former dramatic pieces, I am firmly resolved to have nothing more to do with the theatre." In the plot and motives of *Minna*, in the situations and characters, the works of Shakespeare, Farquhar, Goldoni and Molière have been freely laid under contribution, and yet the characters, whatever may have been their models, are lifelike and natural. There is in them nothing of the stiffness that might have been expected from his vast reading, from one

who had made the dramatic literature of the world his study, and yet had nothing of the inventive faculty. Lessing had before been acknowledged as the foremost of critics. After the appearance of *Minna von Barnhelm* he was recognized as the leading dramatic writer of the time. It is, moreover, one of the very few eighteenth century comedies which have still the power to hold the stage.

Kleist, it is said, was the model that served for Major von Tellheim, and in Just and Werner are reproduced two of the heroes who fought under Frederick the Great. If there is any fault to be found with the play it is in the overstrained sense of honor displayed by the major; for army officers are not apt to be so sensitive, especially where a rich and handsome woman is the prize. But, notwithstanding some minor faults, there are few comedies in the German language; there are few in any language that contain so many lively situations, so much of sprightly dialogue, and so many moral lessons, not by way of preaching, but by way of example.

THE CAMP OF WALLENSTEIN

BY

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

(Translated by James Churchill.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SERGEANT-MAJOR, }
TRUMPETER, } *Of a regiment of Terzky's carabineers.*

ARTILLERYMAN.

SHARPSHOOTERS.

MOUNTED YAGERS, *of Holk's corps.*

DRAGOONS, *of Buttler's regiment.*

ARQUEBUSIERS, *of Tiefenbach's regiment.*

CUIRASSIER, *of a Walloon regiment.*

CUIRASSIER, *of a Lombard regiment.*

CROATS.

HULANS.

RECRUIT.

CITIZEN.

PEASANT.

PEASANT BOY.

CAPUCHIN.

REGIMENTAL SCHOOLMASTER.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

SERVANT GIRL.

SOLDIERS' BOYS.

MUSICIANS.

SCENE—THE CAMP BEFORE PILSEN, IN BOHEMIA.

PRELUDE.

The *Camp of Wallenstein* is the first drama of Schiller's Wallenstein trilogy, or rather it is an introduction to the *Piccolomini* and *Death of Wallenstein*, that form the tragedy proper. It contains a vivid picture of the condition of the general's army, and gives a clue to the spell of his unlimited power. There is shown the blind belief in the uniform success of his arms, and in the supernatural agencies by which that success is attained; the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, and the disregard of all law, save that of the camp; the oppression of the peasantry and the plunder of the country; all these elements giving to the soldiery the idea of unlimited sway.

SCENE I.

Sutlers' tents—in front, a Slop-shop. Soldiers of all colors and uniforms thronging about. Tables all filled. Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire. Sutler-woman serving out wine. Soldier-boys throwing dice on a drum-head. Singing heard from the tent.

Enter a Peasant and his Son.

Son.—Father, I fear it will come to harm,
So let us be off from this soldier swarm;
But boist'rous mates will ye find in the shoal—
'Twere better to bolt while our skins are whole.

Father.—How now, boy! the fellows won't eat us, tho'
 They may be a little unruly, or so.
 See, yonder, arriving a stranger train,
 Fresh comers are they from the Saal and Mayn.
 Much booty they bring of the rarest sort—
 'Tis ours, if we cleverly drive our sport.
 A captain, who fell by his comrade's sword,
 This pair of sure dice to me transferr'd;
 To-day I'll just give them a trial, to see
 If their knack's as good as it used to be.
 You must play the part of a pitiful devil,
 For these roaring rogues, who so loosely revel,
 Are easily smooth'd, and trick'd, and flatter'd,
 And, free as it came, their gold is scatter'd.
 But we—since by bushels our all is ta'en,
 By spoonfuls must ladle it back again;
 And, if with their swords they slash so highly,
 We must look sharp, boy, and do them slyly.

(Singing and shouting in the tent.)

Hark, how they shout! God help the day!
 'Tis the peasant's hide for their sport must pay.
 Eight months in our beds and stalls have they
 Been swarming here, until far around
 Not a bird or a beast is longer found,
 And the peasant, to quiet his craving maw,
 Has nothing now left but his bones to gnaw.
 Ne'er were we crush'd with a heavier hand,
 When the Saxon was lording it o'er the land:
 And these are the Emperor's troops, they say!—

Son.—From the kitchen a couple are coming this way,
 Not much shall we make by such blades as they.

Father.—They're born Bohemian knaves—the two—
 Belonging to Terzky's carabineers,
 Who've lain in these quarters now for years,
 The worst are they of the worthless crew.
 Strutting, swaggering, proud and vain,
 They seem to think they may well disdain
 With the peasant a glass of his wine to drain.
 But, soft—to the left o' the fire I see
 Three riflemen, who from the Tyrol should be.

Emmerick, come, boy, to them will we—
Birds of this feather 'tis luck to find,
Whose trim's so spruce, and their purse well lined.
(They move toward the tent.)

SCENE II.

The above. Sergeant-Major, Trumpeter, Hulan.

Trumpeter.—What would the boor?—Out, rascal, away!

Peasant.—Some victuals and drink, worthy masters, I pray,
For not a warm morsel we've tasted to-day.

Trump.—Ay, guzzle and guttle—'tis always the way.

Hulan.—(With a glass.) Not broken your fast!—there—drink,
ye hound!

(He leads the peasant to the tent—the others come forward.)

Sergeant.—(To the Trumpeter.) Think ye, they've done it without good ground?

Is it likely they double our pay to-day,
Merely that we may be jolly and gay?

Trump.—Why, the duchess arrives to-day, we know,
And her daughter, too—

Serg.— Tush! that's mere show—

'Tis the troops collected from other lands
Who here at Pilsen have joined our bands—
We must do the best we can t' allure 'em,
With plentiful rations, and thus secure 'em,
Where such abundant fare they find,
A closer league with us to bind.

Trump.—Yes!—there's something in the wind.

Serg.—The generals and commanders, too—

Trump.—A rather ominous sight, 'tis true.

Serg.—Who're met together so thickly here—

Trump.—Have plenty of work on their hands, that's clear.

Serg.—The whispering and sending to and fro—

Trump.—Ay! Ay!

Serg.—The big-wig from Vienna, I trow,
 Who since yesterday's seen to prow about
 In his golden chain of office there—
 Something's at bottom of this, I'll swear.

Trump.—A bloodhound is he, beyond a doubt,
 By whom the duke's to be hunted out.

Serg.—Mark ye, well, man!—they doubt us now,
 And they fear the duke's mysterious brow;
 He hath clomb too high for them, and fain
 Would they beat him down from his perch again.

Trump.—But we will hold him still on high—
 That all would think as you and I!

Serg.—Our regiment, and the other four
 Which Terzky leads—the bravest corps
 Throughout the camp, are the general's own,
 And have been trained to the trade by himself alone.
 The officers hold their command of him,
 And are all his own, or for life, or limb.

SCENE III.

Enter Croat with a Necklace. Sharpshooter following him.
 The above.

Sharpshooter.—Croat, where stole you that necklace, say?
 Get rid of it, man—for thee 'tis unmeet:
 Come, take these pistols in change, I pray.

Croat.—Nay, nay, Master Shooter, you're trying to cheat.

Sharpshooter.—Then I'll give you this fine blue cap as well.
 A lottery prize which just I've won:
 Look at the cut of it—quite the swell!

Croat.—(Twirling the necklace in the sun.) But this is of
 pearls and of garnets bright,
 See, how it plays in the sunny light!

Sharp.—(Taking the necklace.) Well, I'll give you to boot, my
 own canteen—
 I'm in love with this bauble's beautiful sheen.

(Looks at it.)

Trumpeter.—See, now!—how cleanly the Croat is done:

Snacks! Master Shooter, and mum's the word.

Croat.—(Having put on the cap.) I think your cap is a smartish one.

Sharp.—(Winking to the Trumpeter.) 'Tis a regular swop—as these gents have heard.

SCENE IV.

The above. An Artilleryman.

Artilleryman.—(To the Sergeant.) How is it, I pray, brother Carabineer?

Shall we longer stay here, our fingers warming,
While the foe in the field around is swarming?

Sergeant.—Art thou, indeed, in such a hasty fret?

Why the roads, as I think, are scarce passable yet.

Art.—For me they are not—I'm snug enough here—

But a courier's come, our wits to waken
With the precious news that Ratisbon's taken.

Trumpeter.—Ha! then we soon shall have work in hand.

Serg.—Indeed! to protect the Bavarian's land,

Who hates the duke, as we understand,
We won't put ourselves in a violent sweat.

Art.—Heyday!—you'll find you're a wiseacre yet.

SCENE V.

The above. Two Yagers. Afterwards Sutler-woman, Soldier-boy, Schoolmaster, Servant Girl.

First Yager.— See! see!

Here meet we a jovial company!

Trumpeter.—Who can those green coats be, I wonder,

That strut so gay and sprucely yonder?

Sergeant.—They're the Yagers of Holk—and the lace they wear,

I'll be sworn, was ne'er purchased at Leipzig fair.

Sutler-woman.—(Bringing wine.) Welcome, good sirs!

First Yag.— Zounds, how now?

Gustel of Blasewitz here, I vow!

Sut.-wom.—The same in sooth—and you, I know,
Are the lanky Peter of Itzeho;
Who at Glückstadt once, in a revelling night,
With the wags of our regiment, put to flight
All his father's shiners—then crown'd the fun——

First Yag.—By changing his pen for a rifle gun.

Sut.-wom.—We're old acquaintance, then, 'tis clear.

First Yag.—And to think we should meet in Bohemia here!

Sut.-wom.—Oh, here to-day—to-morrow yonder—
As the rude war-broom, in restless trace,
Scatters and sweeps us from place to place.
Meanwhile I've been doom'd far round to wander.

First Yag.—So one would think, by the look of your face.

Sut.-wom.—Up the country I've rambled to Temsewar,
Whither I went with the baggage car
When Mansfield before us we chased away;
With the duke near Stralsund next we lay,
Where trade went all to pot, I may say.
I jogged with the succours to Mantua;
And back again came, under FERIA
Then, joining a Spanish regiment,
I took a short cut across to Ghent;
And now to Bohemia I'm come to get
Old scores paid off, that are standing yet,
If a helping hand by the duke be lent—
And yonder you see my sutler's tent.

First Yag.—Well, all things seem in a flourishing way,
But what have you done with the Scotchman, say,
Who once in the camp was your constant flame?

Sut.-wom.—A villain, who trick'd me clean, that same!
He bolted, and took to himself, whate'er
I'd managed to scrape together, or spare,
Leaving me naught but the urchin there.

Soldier-boy.—(Springing forward.) Mother, is it my papa you
name?

First Yag.—Well, the emperor now must father this elf,
For the army must ever recruit itself.

Schoolmaster.—Forth to the school, ye rogue—d'ye hear?

First Yag.—He, too, of a narrow room has fear.

Servant Girl.—(Entering.) Aunt, they'll be off.

Sut.-wom.— I come apace.

First Yag.—What gypsy is that with the roguish face?

Sut.-wom.—My sister's child from the south, is she.

First Yag.—Ay, ay, a sweet little niece—I see.

Second Yag.—(Holding the girl.) Softly, my pretty one! stay
with me.

Girl.—The customers wait, sir, and I must go.

(Disengages herself, and exit.)

First Yag.—That maiden's a dainty morsel, I trow!

And her aunt—by Heav'n! I mind me well,

When the best of the regiment loved her so,

To blows for her beautiful face they fell.

What different folks one's doomed to know!

How time glides off with a ceaseless flow!

And what sights as yet we may live to see!

(To the Sergeant and Trumpeter.)

Your health, good sirs, may we be free,

A seat beside you here to take?

SCENE VI.

The Yagers, Sergeant and Trumpeter.

Sergeant.—We thank ye—and room will gladly make
To Bohemia welcome.

First Yager.— Snug enough here!

In the land of the foe our quarters were queer.

Trumpeter.—You hav'n't the look on't—you're spruce to view.

Serg.—Ay, faith, on the Saal, and in Meissen too,

Your praises are heard from the lips of few.

Second Yag.—Tush, man!—why, what the plague d'ye mean?

The Croat had swept the fields so clean,

There was little, or nothing, for us to glean.

Trump.—Yet your pointed collar is clean and slightly,
And, then, your hose, that fit so tightly!
Your linen so fine, with the hat and feather,
Make a show of the smartest altogether!

(To Sergeant.)

That fortune should upon younkers shine—
While nothing in your way comes, or mine.

Serg.—But then we're the Friedlander's regiment,
And, thus, may honor and homage claim.

First Yag.—For us, now, that's no great compliment,
We, also, bear the Friedlander's name.

Serg.—True—you form part of the general mass.

First Yag.—And you, I suppose, are a separate class!
The difference lies in the coats we wear,
And I have no wish to change with you there!

Serg.—Sir Yager, I can't but with pity melt,
When I think how much among boors you've dwelt:
The clever knack and the proper tone,
Are caught by the general's side alone.

First Yag.—Then the lesson is wofully thrown away—
How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say
You've copied and caught in the cleverest way;
But his spirit, his genius—oh, these I ween,
On your guard parade are but seldom seen.

Second Yag.—Why, zounds! ask for us wherever you will,
Friedland's wild hunt is out title still!
Never shaming the name, all undaunted we go
Alike thro' the field of a friend, or a foe;
Through the rising stalk, or the yellow corn,
Well know they the blast of Holk's Yager horn.
In the flash of an eye we are far or near,
Swift as the deluge, or there or here—
As at midnight dark, when the flames outbreak
In the silent dwelling where none awake;
Vain is the hope in weapons or flight,
Nor order nor discipline thwart its might.
Then struggles the maid in our sinewy arms,
But war hath no pity, and scorns alarms.

Go ask—I speak not with boastful tongue—
In Bareuth, Westphalia, Voigtland, where'er
Our troop has traversed—go, ask them there—
Children and children's children long,
When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,
Of Holk will tell and his Yager corps.

Serg.—Why, hark! Must a soldier then be made
By driving this riotous, roaring trade?
'Tis drilling that makes him, skill and sense—
Perception—thought—intelligence.

First Yag.—'Tis liberty makes him! Here's a fuss!
That I should such twaddle as this discuss.
Was it for this that I left the school?
That the scribbling desk, and the slavish rule,
And the narrow walls, that our spirits cramp,
Should be met with again in the midst of the camp?
No! Idle and heedless, I'll take my way,
Hunting for novelty every day;
Trust to the moment with dauntless mind,
And give not a glance or before or behind.
For this to the emperor I sold my hide,
That no other care I might have to bide.
Through the foe's fierce firing bid me ride,
Through fathomless Rhine, in his roaring flow,
Where ev'ry third man to the devil may go,
At no bar will you find me boggling there;
But, farther than this, 'tis my special prayer,
That I may not be bother'd with aught like care.

Serg.—If this be your wish, you needn't lack it,
'Tis granted to all with the soldier's jacket.

First Yag.—What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made
By that man-tormentor, Gustavus the Swede,
Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said
At morning réveille and evening tattoo;
And, whenever it chanced that we frisky grew,
A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.

Serg.—Ay, that was a man with the fear of God.

First Yag.—Girls he detested; and, what's rather odd,

If caught with a wench, you in wedlock were tack'd—
I could stand it no longer, so off I pack'd.

Serg.—Their discipline now has a trifle slack'd.

First Yag.—Well, next to the League I rode over; their men
Were must'ring in haste against Magdeburg then.
Ha! that was another guess sort of a thing!—
In frolic and fun we'd a glorious swing;
With gaming, and drinking, and girls at call,
I'faith, sirs, our sport was by no means small.
For Tilly knew how to command, that's plain;
He held himself in, but gave us the rein;
And, long as he hadn't the bother of paying,
"Live, and let live!" was the general's saying.
But fortune soon gave him the slip; and ne'er,
Since the day of that villainous Leipzig affair,
Would aught go a right. 'Twas of little avail
That we tried, for our plans were sure to fail.
If now we drew nigh, and rapp'd at a door,
No greeting awaited, 'twas opened no more;
From place to place we went sneaking about,
And found that their stock of respect was out.
Then touch'd I the Saxon bounty, and thought
Their service with fortune must needs be fraught.

Serg.—You join'd 'em then just in the nick to share
Bohemia's plunder?

First Yag.— I'd small luck there;
Strict discipline sternly ruled the day,
Nor dared we a foeman's force display.
They set us to guard the imperial forts,
And plagued us all with the farce of the courts;
War they waged as a jest 'twere thought—
And but half a heart to the business brought.
They would break with none; and thus 'twas plain,
Small honor 'mong them could a soldier gain.
So heartily sick in the end grew I,
That my mind was the desk again to try;
When suddenly, rattling near and far,
The Friedlander's drum was heard to war.

Serg.—And how long here may you mean to stay?

First Yag.—You jest, man. So long as he bears the sway,
By my soul! not a thought of change have I.
Where better than here could the soldier lie?
Here the true fashion of war is found,
And the cut of power's on all things round;
While the spirit, whereby the movement's given,
Mightily stirs, like the winds of heaven,
The meanest trooper in all the throng.
With a hearty step shall I tramp along;
On a burgher's neck as undaunted tread,
As our general does on the prince's head.
As 'twas in the times of old 'tis now,
The sword is the sceptre, and all must bow.
One crime alone can I understand,
And that's to oppose the word of command.
What's not forbidden, to do make bold,
And none will ask you what creed you hold.
Of just two things in this world I wot,
What belongs to the army, and what does not—
To the banner alone is my service brought.

Serg.—Thus, Yager, I like thee—thou speak'st, I vow,
With the tone of a Friedland trooper now.

First Yag.—'Tis not as an office he holds command,
Or a power received from the emperor's hand,
For the emperor's service what should he care?
What better for him does the emperor fare?
With the mighty power, he wields at will,
Has ever he shelter'd the land from ill?
No; a soldier-kingdom he seeks to raise,
And for this would set the world in a blaze,
Daring to risk and to compass all——

Trump.—Hush—who shall such words as these let fall?

First Yag.—Whatever I think may be said by me,
For the general tells us the word is free.

Serg.—True—that he said so I fully agree,
I was standing by. “The word is free—

The deed is dumb—obedience blind!”
His very words I can call to mind.

First Yag.—I know not if these were his words or no,
But he said the thing, and 'tis even so.

Second Yag.—Victory ne'er will his flag forsake,
Though she's apt from others a turn to take;
Old Tilly outlived his fame's decline,
But, under the banner of Wallenstein,
There am I certain that victory's mine!
Fortune is spell-bound to him, and must yield.
Whoe'er under Friedland shall take the field
Is sure of a supernatural shield:
For, as all the world is aware full well,
The duke has a devil in hire from hell.

Serg.—In truth that he's charm'd is past a doubt,
For we know how, at Lutzen's bloody affair,
Where firing was thickest, he still was there,
As coolly as might be, sirs, riding about.
The hat on his head was shot through and through,
In coat and boots the bullets that flew
Left traces full clear to all men's view;
But none got so far as to scratch off his skin,
For the ointment of hell was too well rubb'd in.

First Yag.—What wonder so strange can you all see there?
An elk-skin jacket he happens to wear,
And through it the bullets can make no way.

Serg.—'Tis an ointment of witches' herbs, I say,
Kneaded and cook'd by unholy spell.

Trump.—No doubt 'tis the work of the powers of hell—

Serg.—That he reads in the stars, we also hear.
Where the future he sees—distant or near—
But I know better the truth of the case:
A little gray man, at the dead of night,
Through bolted doors to him will pace—
The sentinels oft have hailed the sight,
And something great was sure to be nigh,
When this little Gray Coat had glided by.

First Yag.—Ay, ay, he's sold himself to the devil,
Wherefore, my lads, let's feast and revel.

SCENE VII.

The above. Recruit, Citizen, Dragon.

(The Recruit advances from the tent, wearing a tin cap on his head and carrying a wine flask.)

Recruit.—To father and uncle pray make my bow,
And bid 'em good-bye—I'm a soldier now.

First Yager.—See, yonder they're bringing us something new.

Citizen.—O, Franz, remember, this day you'll rue.

Rec.—(Sings.) The drum and the fife,
 War's rattling throng,
 And a wandering life
 The world along!
Swift steed—and a hand
To curb and command—
With a blade by the side,
We're off far and wide,
As jolly and free,
As the finch in its glee,
On thicket or tree,
Under Heaven's wide hollow—

Hurrah! for the Friedlander's banner I'll follow!

Second Yag.—Foregad! a jolly companion, though.

(They salute him.)

Cit.—He comes of good kin; now pray let him go.

First Yag.—And we weren't found in the streets you must
know.

Cit.—I tell you his wealth is a plentiful stock;
Just feel the fine stuff that he wears for a frock.

Trumpeter.—The emperor's coat is the best he can wear.

Cit.—To a cap manufactory he is the heir.

Second Yag.—The will of a man is his fortune alone.

Cit.—His grandmother's shop will soon be his own.

First Yag.—Pish! traffic in matches! who would do 't?

Cit.—A wine-shop his godfather leaves to boot,
A cellar with twenty casks of wine.

Trump.—These with his comrades he'll surely share.

Second Yag.—Hark ye, lad—be a camp-brother of mine.

Cit.—A bride he leaves sitting, in tears, apart.

First Yag.—Good—that now's a proof of an iron heart.

Cit.—His grandmother's sure to die with sorrow.

Second Yag.—The better—for then he'll inherit to-morrow.

Sergeant.—(Advances gravely and lays his hand on the Recruit's tin cap.) The matter, no doubt, you have duly weighed,

And here a new man of yourself have made;
With hanger and helm, sir, you now belong
To a nobler and more distinguished throng.
Thus, a loftier spirit, 'twere well to uphold—

First Yag.—And, specially, never be sparing of gold.

Serg.—In Fortune's ship, with an onward gale,
My friend, you have made up your mind to sail.
The earth-ball is open before you—yet there
Nought's to be gained, but by those who dare.
Stupid and sluggish your citizen's found,
Like a dyer's dull jade, in his ceaseless round;
While the soldier can be whatever he will,
For war o'er the earth is the watchword still.
Just look now at me, and the coat I wear.
You see that the emperor's baton I bear—
And all good government, over the earth,
You must know from the baton alone has birth;
For the sceptre that's sway'd by the kingly hand
Is nought but a baton, we understand.
And he who has corporal's rank obtain'd,
Stands on the ladder where all's to be gained,
And you, like another, may mount to that height—

First Yag.—Provided you can but read and write.

Serg.—Now, hark to an instance of this from me,
And one which I've lived myself to see:
There's Buttler, the chief of dragoons, why he,
Whose rank was not higher a whit than mine,
Some thirty years since, at Cologne on Rhine,
Is a major-general now—because

He put himself forward and gained applause;
 Filling the world with his martial fame,
 While slept my merits without a name.
 And ev'n the Friedlander's self—I've heard—
 Our general and all-commanding lord,
 Who now can do what he will at a word,
 Had at first but a private squire's degree;
 In the goddess of war yet trusting free,
 He rear'd the greatness, which now you see,
 And, after the emperor, next is he.
 Who knows what more he may mean or get?
 (Slyly.) For all-day's evening isn't come yet.

First Yag.—He was little at first, though now so great—
 For, at Altorf, in student's gown, he play'd,
 By your leave, the part of a roaring blade,
 And rattled away at a queerish rate.
 His fag he had well nigh kill'd by a blow,
 And their Nur'mberg worships swore he should go
 To jail for his pains—if he liked it or no.
 'Twas a new-built nest to be christen'd by him,
 Who first should be lodged. Well, what was his whim?
 Why, he sent his dog forward to lead the way,
 And they call the jail from the dog to this day.
 That was the game a brave fellow should play,
 And of all the great deeds of the general, none
 E'er tickled my fancy like this one.

(During this speech the Second Yager has begun
 toying with the Girl, who has been in waiting.)

Dragoon.—(Stepping between them.) Comrade—give over this
 sport, I pray.

Second Yag.—Why, who the devil shall say me nay?

Drag.—I've only to tell you the girl's my own.

First Yag.—Such a morsel as this, for himself alone!—
 Dragoon, why say, art thou crazy grown?

Second Yag.—In the camp to be keeping a wench for one!
 No! the light of a pretty girl's face must fall,
 Like the beams of the sun to gladden us all.

(Kisses her.)

Drag.—(Tears her away.) I tell you again that it shan't be done.

First Yag.—The pipers are coming, lads! now for fun!

Second Yag.—(To Dragoon.) I sha'n't be far off, should you look for me.

Serg.—Peace, my good fellows!—a kiss goes free.

SCENE VIII.

Enter miners, and play a waltz—at first slowly, and afterward quicker. The First Yager dances with the Girl, the Sutler-woman with the Recruit. The Girl springs away, and the Yager, pursuing her, seizes hold of a Capuchin Friar just entering.

Capuchin.—Hurrah! halloo! tol, lol, de rol, le!

The fun's at its height! I'll not be away!

Is't an army of Christians that join in such works?

Or are we all turn'd Anabaptists and Turks?

Is the Sabbath a day for this sport in the land,

As though the great God had the gout in his hand,

And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band?

Say, is this a time for your revelling shouts,

For your banquetings, feasts, and holiday bouts?

Quid hic statis otiosi? declare

Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there?

While the furies of war on the Danube now fare,

And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low,

And Ratisbon's fast in the clutch of the foe.

Yet, the army lies here in Bohemia still,

And caring for nought, so their paunches they fill!

Bottles far rather than battles you'll get,

And your bills than your broadswords more readily whet;

With the wenches, I ween, is your dearest concern,

And you'd rather roast oxen than Oxenstiern.

In sackcloth and ashes while Christendom's grieving,

No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving.

'Tis a time of misery, groans and tears!

Portentous the face of the heavens appears!

And forth from the clouds behold blood-red,
The Lord's war-mantle is downward spread—
While the comet is thrust as a threatening rod,
From the window of Heaven by the hand of God.
The world is but one vast house of woe,
The ark of the church stems a bloody flow,
The Holy Empire—God help the same!
Has wretchedly sunk to a hollow name.
The Rhine's gay stream has a gory gleam,
The cloister's nests are robbed by roysters;
The church-lands now are changed to lurch-lands;
Abbacies, and all other holy foundations
Now are but Robber-sees—rogues' habitations.
And thus is each once-blest German state
Deep sunk in the doom of the desolate!
Whence comes all this? O, that will I tell—
It comes of your doings, of sin and of hell;
Of the horrible, heathenish lives ye lead,
Soldiers and officers, all of a breed.
For sin is the magnet, on every hand,
That draws your steel throughout the land.
As the onion causes the tear to flow,
So Vice must ever be followed by Woe—
The W duly succeeds the V,
This is the order of A, B, C.
Ubi erit victoriæ spes,
Si offenditur Deus? which says,
How, pray ye, shall victory e'er come to pass,
If thus you play truant from sermon and mass,
And do nothing but lazily loll o'er the glass?
The woman, we're told in the Testament,
Found the penny, in search whereof she went.
Saul met with his father's asses again,
And Joseph his precious fraternal train;
But he, who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see
God's fear, or shame, or discipline—he
From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,
Though a hundred lamps in the search he burn.
To the wilderness preacher, th' evangelist says,
The soldiers, too, throng'd to repent of their ways,

And had themselves christen'd in former days.
Quid faciemus nos? they said:
Tow'rd Abraham's bosom what path must we tread?
Et ait illis, and, said he,
Neminem concutiatis;
From bother and wrongs leave your neighbors free.
Neque calumniam faciat;
And deal nor in slander nor lies, d'ye see?
Contenti estote—content ye, pray,
Stipendiis vestris—with your pay—
And curse forever each evil way.
There is a command—thou shalt not utter
The name of the Lord thy God, in vain;
But, where is it men most blasphemies mutter?
Why here, in Duke Friedland's headquarters, 'tis plain.
If for every thunder—and every blast!
Which blazing ye from your tongue-points cast,
The bells were but rung, in the country round,
Not a bellman, I ween, would there soon be found;
And if for each and ev'ry unholy prayer
Which to vent from your jabbering jaws you dare,
From your noddles were pluck'd but the smallest hair,
Ev'ry crop would be smooth'd ere the sun went down,
Though at morn 'twere as bushy as Absalom's crown.
Now Joshua, methinks, was a soldier as well—
By the arm of King David the Philistine fell;
But where do we find it written, I pray,
That they ever blasphemed in this villainous way?
One would think ye need stretch your jaws no more,
To cry, "God help us!" than "Zounds!" to roar.
But, by the liquor that's pour'd in the cask, we know
With what it will bubble and overflow.
Again, it is written—thou shalt not steal,
And this you follow, i' faith! to the letter,
For open-faced robbery suits ye better.
The grips of your vulture claws you fix
On all—and your wiles and rascally tricks
Make the gold unhid in our coffers now,
And the calf unsafe while yet in the cow—
Ye take both the egg and the hen, I vow.

Contenti estote—the preacher said;
Which means—be content with your army bread.
But how should the slaves not from duty swerve—
The mischief begins with the lord they serve,
Just like the members so is the head.
I should like to know who can tell me his creed.

First Yager.—Sir Priest, 'gainst ourselves rail on as you will—
Of the general we warn you to breathe no ill.

Cap.—*Ne custodias gregem meam!*
An Ahab is he, and a Jerobeam,
Who the people from faith's unerring way,
To the worship of idols would turn astray.

Trumpeter and Recruit.—Let us not hear that again, we pray.

Cap.—Such a Bramarbas, whose iron tooth
Would seize all the strongholds of earth, forsooth!
Did he not boast, with ungodly tongue,
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,
Though to heaven itself with a chain 'twere strung?

Trump.—Will none put a stop to this slanderous bawl?

Cap.—A wizzard he is!—and a sorcerer Saul!—
Holofernes!—a Jehu!—denying, we know,
Like St. Peter, his Master and Lord below;
And hence must he quail when the cock doth crow.

Both Yags.—Now, parson, prepare; for thy doom is nigh.

Cap.—A fox more cunning than Herod I trow—

Trump. and both Yags.—(Pressing against him.) Silence,
again—if thou wouldst not die!

Croats.—(Interfering.) Stick to it, father; we'll shield you,
ne'er fear,

The close of your preachment now let's hear.

Cap.—(Still louder.) A Nebuchadnezzar, in towering pride!
And a vile and heretic sinner beside!
He calls himself rightfully the stone of a wall;
For, faith! he's a stumbling-stone to us all.
And ne'er can the emperor have peace indeed,
Till of Friedland himself the land is freed.

(During the last passage, which he pronounces in an
elevated voice, he has been gradually retreating,
the Croats keeping the other soldiers off.)

SCENE IX.

The above, without the Capuchin.

First Yager.—(To the Sergeant.) But, tell us, what meant he
'bout chanticleer,
Whose crowing the general dares not hear?
No doubt it was uttered in spite and scorn.

Sergeant.—Listen—'tis not so untrue as 't appears;
For Friedland was rather mysteriously born,
And is specially troubled with ticklish ears;
He can never suffer the mew of a cat;
And, when the cock crows, he starts thereat.

First Yag.—He's one and the same with the lion in that.

Serg.—Mouse-still must all around him creep,
Strict watch in this the sentinels keep,
For he ponders on matters most grave and deep.
(Voices in the tent. A tumult.)
Seize the rascal! lay on! lay on!

Peasant's Voice.—Help!—mercy!—help!

Others.— Peace! peace! begone!

First Yag.—Deuce take me, but yonder the swords are out!

Second Yag.—Then I m^ust be off, and see what 'tis about.
(Yagers enter the tent.)

Sutler-woman.—(Comes forward.) A scandalous villain! a
scurvy thief!

Trumpeter.—Good hostess, the cause of this clamorous grief?

Sut.-wom.—A cut-purse!—a scoundrel! the villain I call.
That the like in my tent should ever befall!
I'm disgraced and undone with the officers all!

Serg.—Well, coz, what is it?

Sut.-wom.— Why, what should it be?
But a peasant they've taken just now with me—
rogue with false dice to favor his play.

Trump.—See! they're bringing the boor and his son this way.

SCENE X.

Soldiers dragging in the Peasant, bound.

First Yager.—He must hang!

Sharpshooters and Dragoons.— To the provost come on!

Sergeant.—'Tis the latest order that forth has gone.

Sutler-woman.—In an hour I hope to behold him swinging!

Serg.—Bad work bad wages will needs be bringing.

First Arquebusier.—(To the others.) This comes of their desperation. We

First ruin them out and out, d'ye see;

Which tempts them to steal, as it seems to me.

Trumpeter.—How now! the rascal's cause would you plead?

The cur!—the devil is in you indeed!

First Arg.—The boor is a man—as a body may say.

First Yag.—(To the Trumpeter.) Let 'em go!—they're of Tief-
enbach's corps, the railers,

A glorious train of glovers and tailors!

At Brieg, in garrison, long they lay;

What should they know about camps, I pray?

SCENE XI.

The above. Cuirassiers.

First Cuirassier.—Peace! what's amiss with the boor, may I
crave?

First Sharpshooter.—He has cheated at play, the cozening
knave!

First Cuir.—But say, has he cheated you, man, of aught?

First Sharp.—Just clean'd me out—and not left me a groat.

First Cuir.—And can you, who've the rank of a Friedland man,
So shamefully cast yourself away,
As to try your luck with a boor at play?
Let him run off, so that run he can.

(The Peasant escapes, the others throng together.)

First Arquebusier.—He makes short work—is of resolute mood—
And that with such fellows as these is good.
Who is he?—not of Bohemia, that's clear.

Sutler-woman.—He's a Walloon—and respect, I trow,
Is due to the Pappenheim cuirassier!

First Dragoon.—(Joining.) Young Piccolomini leads them now,
Whom they chose as colonel, of their own free might,
When Pappenheim fell in Lutzen's fight.

First Arq.—Durst they, indeed, presume so far?

First Drag.—This regiment is something above the rest.
It has ever been foremost throughout the war,
And may manage its laws, as it pleases best;
Besides, 'tis by Friedland himself cared.

First Cuir.—(To the Second.) Is't so in truth, man? Who
averr'd it?

Second Cuir.—From the lips of the colonel himself I heard.

First Cuir.—The devil! we're not their dogs, I ween!

First Yager.—How now, what's wrong? You're swoln with
spleen!

Second Yag.—Is it anything, comrades, may us concern?

First Cuir.—'Tis what none need be wondrous glad to learn.
(The soldiers press round him.)

To the Netherlands they would lend us now—
Cuirassiers, Yagers and Shooters away,
Eight thousand in all must march, they say.

Sut.-wom.—What! what! again the old wandering way—
I got back from Flanders but yesterday!

Second Cuir.—(To the Dragoons.) You of Buttler's corps must
tramp with the rest.

First Cuir.—And we, the Walloons, must doubtless be gone.

Sut.-wom.—Why, of all our squadrons, these are the best.

First Cuir.—To march where that Milanese fellow leads on.

First Yag.—The Infant! that's queer enough in its way.

Second Yag.—The Priest—then, egad! there's the devil to pay.

First Cuir.—Shall we then leave the Friedlander's train,
Who so nobly his soldiers doth entertain—
And drag to the field with this fellow from Spain?
A niggard whom we in our souls disdain!
That'll never go down—I'm off, I swear.

Trumpeter.—Why, what the devil should we do there?

We sold our blood to th' emperor—ne'er
For this Spanish red hat a drop we'll spare!

Second Yag.—On the Friedlander's word and credit alone

We ranged ourselves in the trooper line,
And, but for our love to Wallenstein,
Ferdinand ne'er had our service known.

First Drag.—Was it not Friedland that formed our force?

His fortune shall still be the star of our course.

Sergeant.—Silence, good comrades, to me give ear—

Talking does little to help us here.
Much farther in this I can see than you all,
And a trap has been laid in which we're to fall.

First Yag.—List to the order-book! hush—be still!

Serg.—But first, cousin Gustel, I pray thee fill

A glass of Melneck, as my stomach's but weak;
When I've tost it off, my mind I'll speak.

Sut.-wom.—Take it, good Sergeant. I quake for fear—

Think you that mischief is hidden here?

Serg.—Look ye, my friends, 'tis fit and clear

That each should consider what's most near.

But as the general says, say I,

One should always the whole of a case descry.

We call ourselves all the Friedlander's troops;

The Burgher, on whom we're billeted, stoops

Our wants to supply, and cooks our soups.

His ox, or his horse, the peasant must chain

To our baggage car, and may grumble in vain.

Just let a lance-corp'ral, with seven good men,

Tow'rd a village from far but come within ken,

You're sure he'll be prince of the place, and may

Cut what capers he will, with unquestion'd sway.

Why, zounds! lads, they heartily hate us all—

And would rather the devil should give them a call,

Than our yellow collars. And why don't they fall

On us fairly at once, and get rid of our lumber?

They're more than our match in point of number,

And carry the cudgel as we do the sword.

Why can we laugh them to scorn? By my word,
Because we make up here a terrible horde.

First Yag.—Ay, ay, in the mass lies the spell of our might,
And the Friedlander judged the matter aright,
When, some eight or nine years ago, he brought
The emperor's army together. They thought
Twelve thousand enough for the gen'ral. In vain—
Said he—such a force I can never maintain.
Sixty thousand I'll bring ye into the plain,
And they, I'll be sworn, won't of hunger die,
And thus were we Wallenstein's men, say I.

Serg.—For example—cut one of my fingers off—
This little one, here, from my right hand doff.
Is the taking my finger, then, all you've done?
No, no, to the devil my hand is gone!
'Tis a stump—no more—and use has none.
The eight thousand horse they wish to disband,
May be but a finger of our army's hand.
But, when they're once gone—may we understand
We are but one-fifth the less? Oh, no—
By the Lord, the whole to the devil will go!
All terror, respect, and awe, will be o'er,
And the peasant will swell his crest once more;
And the Board of Vienna will order us where
Our troops must be quartered, and how we must fare,
As of old, in the days of their beggarly care.
Yes—and how long it will be who can say
Ere the general himself they may take away?
For they don't much like him at court, I learn,
And then it's all up with the whole concern!
For who, to our pay, will be left to aid us?
And see that they keep the promise they made us.
Who has the energy—who the mind—
The flashing thought—and the fearless hand—
Together to bring, and thus fastly bind
The fragments that form our close-knit band?
For example, Dragoon—just answer us now,
From which of the countries of earth art thou?

Drag.—From distant Erin came I here.

Serg.—(To the two Cuirassiers.) You're a Walloon, my friend,
that's clear;

And you, an Italian, as all may hear.

First Cuir.—Who I may be, faith! I never could say;
In my infant years they stole me away.

Serg.—And you, from what far land may you be?

First Arg.—I come from Buchau—on the Feder Sea.

Serg.—Neighbor, and you?

Second Arg.— I am a Swiss.

Serg.—(To the Second Yager.) And Yager, let's hear where
your country is?

Second Yag.—Up above Wismar, my fathers dwell.

Serg.—(Pointing to the Trumpeter.) And he's from Eger—
and I as well;

And, now, my comrades, I ask you whether
Would any one think, when looking at us,
That we, from the North and South, had thus
Been hitherward drifted and blown together?
Do we not seem as hewn from one mass?
Stand we not close against the foe
As though we were glued, or molded so?
Like mill-work don't we move, d'ye think!
'Mong ourselves in the nick, at a word or wink?
Who has thus cast us here, all as one,
Now to be sever'd again by none?
Who? why, no other than Wallenstein!

First Yag.—In my life it ne'er was a thought of mine,
Whether we suited each other or not,
I let myself go with the rest of the lot.

First Cuir.—I quite agree in the Sergeant's opinion—
They'd fain have an end of our camp dominion,
And trample the soldier down, that they
May govern alone in their own good way.
'Tis a conspiracy—a plot, I say!

Sut.-wom.—A conspiracy—God help the day!
Then my customers won't have cash to pay.

Serg.—Why, faith, we shall all be bankrupts made;
The captains and generals, most of them, paid

The costs of the regiments with private cash,
And, wishing, 'bove all, to cut a dash,
Went a little beyond their means—but thought,
No doubt, that they thus had a bargain bought.
Now, they'll be cheated, sirs, one and all,
Should our chief, our head, the general fall.

Sut.-wom.—Oh, Heav'n! this curse I never can brook!
Why, half of the army stands in my book.
Two hundred dollars I've trusted madly,
That Count Isolani, who pays so badly.

First Cuir.—Well, comrades, let's fix on what's to be done—
Of the ways to save us, I see but one;
If we hold together we needn't fear;
So let us stand out as one man here;
And then they may order and send as they will,
Fast planted we'll stick in Bohemia still.
We'll never give in—no, nor march an inch,
We stand on our honor, and must not flinch.

Second Yag.—We're not to be driven the country about,
Let 'em come here, and they'll find it out.

First Arq.—Good sirs, 'twere well to bethink ye still,
That such is the emperor's sovereign will.

Trump.—Oh, as to the emperor, we needn't be nice.

First Arq.—Let me not hear you say so twice.

Trump.—Why, 'tis even so—as I just have said.

First Yag.—True, man—I've always heard 'em say,
'Tis Friedland alone you've here to obey.

Serg.—By our bargains with him it should be so,
Absolute power is his, you must know.
We've war, or peace, but as he may please,
Or gold or goods he has power to seize,
And hanging or pardon his will decrees.
Captains and colonels he makes—and he,
In short, by th' Imperial seal is free,
To hold all the marks of sovereignty.

First Arq.—The duke is high and of mighty will,
But yet must remain, for good or for ill,
Like us all, but the emperor's servant still.

Serg.—Not like us all—I there disagree—

Friedland is quite independent and free,
The Bavarian is no more a prince than he;
For, was I not by myself to see,
When on duty at Brandeis, how th' emperor said,
He wished him to cover his princely head.

First Arq.—That was because of the Mecklenburgh land,
Which he held in pawn from the emperor's hand.

First Yag.—(To the Sergeant.) In the emperor's presence,
man! say you so?

That, beyond doubt, was a wonderful go!

Serg.—(Feels in his pocket.) If you question my word in what
I have told,

I can give you something to grasp and hold.

(Showing a coin.)

Whose image and stamp d'ye here behold?

Sut.-wom.—Oh! that is a Wallenstein's, sure!

Sergeant-Major.—Well, there, you have it—what doubt **can**
rest?

Is he not prince just as good as the best?

Coins he not money like Ferdinand?

Hath he not his own subjects and land?

Is he not called your Highness, I pray?

And why should he not have his soldiers in pay?

First Arq.—That no one has ever meant to gainsay;
But we're still at the emperor's beck and call,
For his majesty 'tis who pays us all.

Trump.—In your teeth I deny it—and will again—
His majesty 'tis who pays us not,
For this forty weeks, say, what have we got
But a promise to pay, believed in vain?

First Arq.—What then! 'tis kept in safe hands, I suppose.

First Cuir.—Peace, good sirs, will you come to blows?
Have you a quarrel and squabble to know
If the emperor be our master or no?
'Tis because of our rank, as his soldiers brave,
That we scorn the lot of the herded slave;
And will not be driven from place to place,

As priests or puppies our path may trace.
And, tell me, is't not the sovereign's gain,
If the soldiers their dignity well maintain?
Who but his soldiers give him the state
Of a mighty, wide-ruling potentate?
Make and preserve for him, far and near,
The voice which Christendom quakes to hear?
Well enough they may his yoke-chain bear,
Who feast on his favors, and daily share,
In golden chambers, his sumptuous fare.
We—we of his splendors have no part,
Nought but hard wearying toil and care,
And the pride that lives in a soldier's heart.

Second Yag.—All great tyrants and kings have shown
Their wit, as I take it, in what they've done;
They've trampled all others with stern command,
But the soldier they've led with a gentle hand.

First Cuir.—The soldier his worth must understand;
Whoe'er doesn't nobly drive the trade,
'Twere best from the business far he'd staid.
If I cheerily set my life on a throw,
Something still better than life I'll know;
Or I'll stand to be slain for the paltry pelf,
As the Croat still does—and scorn myself.

Both Yags.—Yes—honor is dearer than life itself.

First Cuir.—The sword is no plough nor delving tool,
He who would till with it is but a fool.
For us, neither grass nor grain doth grow,
Houseless the soldier is doomed to go,
A changeful wanderer over the earth,
Ne'er knowing the warmth of a home-lit hearth.
The city glances—he halts—not there—
Nor in village meadows, so green and fair;
The vintage and harvest wreath are twined,
He sees, but must leave them far behind.
Then, tell me, what hath the soldier left,
If he's once of his self-esteem bereft?
Something he must have his own to call,
Or on slaughter and burnings at once he'll fall.

First Arq.—God knows, 'tis a wretched life to live!

First Cuir.—Yet one which I for no other would give.

Look ye—far round in the world I've been,
And all of its different service seen.

The Venetian Republic—the kings of Spain
And Naples I've served, and served in vain.
Fortune still frowned—and merchant and knight,
Craftsman and Jesuit, have met my sight;
Yet, of all their jackets, not one have I known
To please me like this steel coat of my own.

First Arq.—Well—that now is what I can scarcely say.

First Cuir.—In the world, a man who would make his way,

Must plague and bestir himself night and day.
To honor and place, if he choose the road,
He must bend his back to the golden load.
And if home delights should his fancy please,
With children and grandchildren round his knees,
Let him follow an honest trade in peace.
I've no taste for this kind of life—not I!
Free will I live, and as freely die.
No man's spoiler nor heir will I be—
But, throned on my nag, I will smile to see
The coil of the crowd that is under me.

First Yag.—Bravo!—that's as I've always done.

First Arq.—In truth, sirs, it may be far better fun

To trample thus over your neighbor's crown.

First Cuir.—Comrade, the times are bad of late—

The sword and the scales live separate.
But do not then blame that I've preferr'd,
Of the two, to lean, as I have, to the sword.
For mercy in war I will yield to none,
Though I never will stoop to be drumm'd upon.

First Arq.—Who but the soldier the blame should bear,

That the laboring poor so hardly fare?
The war with its plagues, which all have blasted,
Now sixteen years in the land hath lasted.

First Cuir.—Why, brother, the blessed God above

Can't have from us all an equal love.

One prays for the sun, at which t'other will fret;
 One is for dry weather—t'other for wet.
 What you now regard as with misery rife,
 Is to me the unclouded sun of life.
 If 'tis at the cost of the burgher and boor,
 I really am sorry that they must endure;
 But how can I help it? Here, you must know,
 'Tis just like a cavalry charge 'gainst the foe;
 The steeds loud snorting, and on they go!
 Whoever may lie in the mid career—
 Be it my brother or son so dear—
 Should his dying groan my heart divide,
 Yet over his body I needs must ride,
 Nor pitying stop to drag him aside.

First Yag.—True—who ever asks how another may bide?

First Cuir.—Thus, my lads, 'tis my counsel, while
 On the soldier dame Fortune deigns to smile,
 That we with both hands her bounty clasp,
 For it mayn't be much longer left to our grasp.
 Peace will be coming some over night,
 And then there's an end of our martial might.
 The soldier unhorsed, and fresh-mounted the boor,
 Ere you can think it, 'twill be as before.
 As yet we're together firm bound in the land,
 The hilt is yet fast in the soldier's hand.
 But let 'em divide us, and soon we shall find
 Short commons is all that remains behind.

First Yag.—No, no, by the Lord! that won't do for me.
 Come, come, lads, let's all now, as one, agree.

Second Yag.—Yes, let us resolve on what 'tis to be.

First Arq.—(To the Sutler-woman, drawing out his leather purse.) Hostess, tell us how high you've scored.

Sut.-wom.—Oh, 'tis unworthy a single word.

(They settle.)

Trump.—You do well, sirs, to take a farther walk,
 Your company only disturbs our talk.

(Exeunt Arquebusiers.)

First Cuir.—Plague take the fellows—they're brave, I know.

First Yag.—They haven't a soul 'bove a soapboiler's though.

Second Yag.—We're now alone, so teach us who can,
How best we may meet and mar their plan.

Trump.—How? Why, let's tell 'em we will not go!

First Cuir.—Despising all discipline! no, my lads, no;
Rather his corps let each of us seek,
And quietly then with his comrades speak,
That every soldier may clearly know,
It were not for his good so far to go;
For my Walloons to answer I'm free,
Every man of 'em thinks and acts with me.

Serg.—The Terzky regiments, both horse and foot,
Will thus resolve, and will keep them to 't.

Second Cuir.—(Joining the First.) The Walloons and the Lombards, one intent.

First Yag.—Freedom is Yagers' own element.

Second Yag.—Freedom must ever with might entwine—
I live and will die by Wallenstein.

First Sharp.—The Lorrainers go on with the strongest tide,
Where spirits are light and courage tried.

Drag.—An Irishman follows his fortune's star.

Second Sharp.—The Tyrolese for the sovereign war.

First Cuir.—Then, comrades, let each of our corps agree
A *pro memoriâ* to sign—that we,
In spite of all force or fraud, will be
To the fortunes of Friedland firmly bound;
For in him is the soldier's father found.
This we will humbly present, when done,
To Piccolomini—I mean the son—
Who understands these kind of affairs,
And the Friedlander's highest favor shares.
Besides, with the emperor's self, they say
He holds a capital card to play.

Second Yag.—Well, then, in this let us all agree,
That the colonel shall our spokesman be!

All.—(Going.) Good! the colonel shall our spokesman be!

Serg.—Hold, sirs—just toss off a glass with me
To the health of Piccolomini.

Sut.-wom.—(Brings a flask.) This shall not go to the list of scores,

I gladly give it—success be yours!

Cuir.—The soldier shall sway!

Both Yag.—The peasant shall pay!

Drags. and Sharp.—The army shall flourishing stand!

Trump. and Serg.—And the Friedlander keep the command!

Second Cuir.—(Sings.) Arouse ye, my comrades, to horse, to horse!

To the field and to freedom we guide!

For there a man feels the pride of his force,

And there is the heart of him tried.

No help to him there by another is shown,

He stands for himself and himself alone.

(The soldiers from the background have come forward during the singing of this verse, and form the chorus.)

Chorus.—No help to him there by another is shown,

He stands for himself and himself alone.

Drag.—Now freedom hath fled from the world, we find

But lords and their bondsmen vile;

And nothing holds sway in the breast of mankind

Save falsehood and cowardly guile.

Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,

The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

Cho.—Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,

The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

First Yag.—With the troubles of life he ne'er bothers his pate,

And feels neither fear nor sorrow;

But boldly rides onward to meet with his fate—

He may meet it to-day or to-morrow!

And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,

Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

Cho.—And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,

Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

(The glasses are here refilled, and all drink.)

Serg.—'Tis from heaven his jovial lot has birth;

Nor needs he to strive or toil.

The peasant may grope in the bowels of earth,
 And for treasure may greedily moil;
 He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,
 And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

Cho.—He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,
 And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

First Yag.—The rider and lightning steed—a pair
 Of terrible guests, I ween!

From the bridal-hall as the torches glare,
 Unbidden they join the scene.
 Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;
 By storm he carries the prize of love!

Cho.—Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove;
 By storm he carries the prize of love!

Second Cuir.—Why mourns the wench with so sorrowful face?
 Away, girl, the soldier must go!

No spot on earth is his resting-place,
 And your true love he never can know.
 Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,
 He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

Cho.—Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,
 He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

(First Yager takes the two next to him by the
 hand—all do the same, and form a semicircle.)

First Yag.—Then rouse, ye, my comrades—to horse! to horse!
 In battle the breast doth swell!

And deep be the stake, as the prize is high—
 Who life would win, he must dare to die!

Cho.—And deep be the stake, as the prize is high—
 Who life would win, he must dare to die!

(The curtain falls before the Chorus has finished.)

The reader who may peruse the three dramas that form the *Wallenstein* trilogy will probably agree with the opinion expressed in Blackwood's magazine, not many years after its appearance: "Upon the whole there can be no doubt that this trilogy forms, in its

original tongue, one of the most splendid specimens of tragic art the world has witnessed."

In the *Robbers* and the *Cabal and Love* the chief interest is produced by the excitement of curiosity, by terrible and extraordinary incidents; but in the *Wallenstein* series the author deals with the facts of German history, which are presented, indeed, in a dramatic framework, but without the attractions of the Romantic drama, to which, it may be said, belongs the *Robbers* and in minor degree the *Cabal and Love*. While Schiller cannot be aptly compared with Shakespeare, those who would so compare him, should read the *Wallenstein* tragedies side by side with *Richard II* or the three parts of *Henry VI*. In an historical play rapidity of action cannot, of course be expected, and many prolix speeches must be pardoned from characters whose names and deeds have furnished some of the most entertaining stories in the annals of the Fatherland.

In the *Camp*, as given above, and in the passages quoted elsewhere from the *Piccolomini* and *Death of Wallenstein*, due allowance should be made for the difficulties of translation, and especially of the rendering of poetry into poetry, where the translator is expected to infuse a certain brilliancy or sparkle into his language, but cannot reproduce the warmth of the original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord. To render a drama literally as to sense impairs the spirit of the composition, while to give a free translation, subjects the workman to the charge of vanity or misrepresentation.

THE
TWENTY-FOURTH OF FEBRUARY
(DER VIERUNDZWANZIGSTE FEBRUAR)

OF

F. L. Z. WERNER.

(Translated by W. H. H. Chambers.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KUNZ KURUTH, a Swiss Farmer.

TRUDE, his Wife.

*KURT, their Son, as a traveller, unrecognized by
his parents.*

*The scene is laid in Switzerland, at Schwarrbach,
in an Alpine inn, isolated among the rocks, in
the pass of Gemmi, between Kanderstaeg and
Leuk.*

The Twenty-fourth of February.

ARGUMENT.

In an Alpine inn, isolated amidst the eternal snow, lives Kunz Kuruth with his wife, Trude. Kunz was once well-to-do, but is now so poverty-stricken that there is neither a chip of wood nor a crust of bread in his house. He firmly believes that his constant ill-luck is due to a curse pronounced years before, on the 24th of February, by his dying father, and has spent the day, another 24th of February, vainly endeavoring to soften a hard-hearted creditor. He returns home with a copy of the lieutenant-governor's mandate, ordering his house and pasture-field to be sold the next day and condemning him, Kunz, and his wife to hard labor at the work-house.

He swears that rather than be the first of his name and race to be imprisoned, he will cast himself into the lake. While Trude is pleading with him not to do so, there is a knock on the door and a traveller enters, begging shelter. The new-comer is Kurt, their son, who was sent away from home while still a boy by his mother, after the father, Kunz, had pronounced, on still another 24th of February, a curse upon him, in

consequence of a boyish prank. Many years have passed since then and Kurt, now grown rich, is returning home on this 24th of February, as it happens, to make his parents' declining days happy; but he wishes, before making himself known to learn if the curse has been withdrawn. He therefore plies his father with wine and questions; learns the history of his father's life and tells his own, carefully concealing his identity and, although he learns that he has been forgiven, decides to put off the happy dénouement until the morrow; then he retires.

Kunz, somewhat the worse for wine, hearing the chink of the traveller's gold, and under the pressure of need, resolves to rob him. Kurt suddenly awakened, shouts murder, and in the ensuing struggle is done to death by his father on this predestined day of crime, the 24th of February.

SCENE I.

The interior of the inn. The living-room and small bed-chamber are separated by a thin partition, upon which are hung a wooden clock, a scythe and a large knife. In the rear, a straw bed and an old arm chair. The room is lighted by a lamp placed on a table. It is night. The clock strikes eleven.

Trude.—(Alone, seated at a spinning-wheel.) Already eleven, and Kunz has not yet returned. He left, however, at a very early hour for Leuk. If only no accident has happened to him! What a howling tempest! It seems as if the Evil One were whistling from the Gellihorne to have it rent asunder and flung at the Gemmi-Alp as Kunz flung his knife—— But what am I thinking of! Yes, it was just about this time; it was in February also, I believe, that our late father died. Twas long

ago, and yet, when I think of it, cold sweat covers me. Where can my husband be? Perhaps, O God! an avalanche has swallowed him. I shudder with fear. And not a chip of wood in the fireplace nor a crust of bread in the house. Nothing but misery and want. Our pitiless creditors have taken almost the last rag from off our back. How heavy my heart is! The curse is grievously fulfilled; and terrible is the fourth commandment! Other mothers have a son, yet mine, who fled into the world at a tender age—cursed by a father that already bore a curse, red with his sister's blood—has been long said to be dead. Would that I were dead likewise!—then I should be freed from these torments. I'll sing something: it must be good to sing when the Archfiend with the book of our sins threatens us. (She sings.)

Pray tell me why thy sword is red,
Edward, Edward.
Just now I struck a vulture dead;
And that is why my sword is red.
Oh, woe! oh, woe!

A horrible song. It has such a stupid ending. (Br-r-r.) What a noise! There's a knock on the window—I must look; 'tis certainly my husband. (She goes to the window.) It's an owl clinging to the window frame. He, too, seeks shelter from the storm. What glaring eyes he has! How they stare at me! Begone! He flies away and screeches as he flies, "Come with me!" Ah! if you'll take me, then shall I be delivered from all care. (She again sits at the spinning-wheel.) They say that owls can scent death; and I'm nearly dead, yet anguish does not leave me. Here, on the Gemmi, it is so lonesome. This house stands alone, and for three leagues around not a living soul but us. When winter comes, others retire into some secure valley; we alone, as if enchained by the spirits of the Alps, remain here. And to-day I am alone with my torments. Perhaps a gay song will shorten these sombre hours. (She sings.)

And when he is a peasant,
He gayly drives his plow,
And when he has a hat and shirt,
Then has he clothes enow.

His hat on his head
Has feathers red;
His shepherd's shirt
Bright ribbons girt;
Yet he is no nobleman.
The peasant is a peasant,
And 'tis hard to plow and plant.

O Father in Heaven! was this not the song that Kunz whistled while he sharpened his scythe? (A knock is heard.) Some one is knocking. Shall I open? (She runs to the door and opens it.) Ah! it's my husband.

SCENE II.

Enter Kunz, covered with snow, an Alpine stick in one hand and an almost extinguished lantern in the other.

Trude.—(Brushing the snow from Kunz' clothes.) You poor old soul, how long you remained away!

Kunz.—I'm wet to the skin. Make a fire.

Trude.—With what?

Kunz.—That's so; we've no wood. Well, never mind; only be merry.

Trude.—Be merry?

Kunz.—Yes, for our fate is decided. (He draws a paper from his pocket.) The magistrate of Leuk gave me this mandate, while I was on my knees begging a month's delay.

Trude.—And it orders?

Kunz.—(Handing her the paper.) Just read it.

Trude.—You make me quake. (She reads.)

"Whereas, Kunz Kuruth, an honorably discharged soldier of the Swiss Republic, formerly landlord of, and now inhabiting the inn of Schwarrbach, on the Gemmi-Alp, according to the formal complaint of the herdsman John Jugger, has failed, notwithstanding the delays accorded him, in payment of a promissory note made by said Kunz Kuruth for the sum of three hundred Berne guildens: it is hereby ordered that, unless before 8 A. M. to-morrow, February the twenty-fifth, the said

Kunz Kuruth and his wife shall satisfy their creditor, their irrelevant excuses will be listened to no longer, but the constable shall seize and sell at public auction their house and pasture, and the sum realized shall be first applied in payment of the costs and interest, and the balance in payment of said promissory note; and whereas, the sum realized will be insufficient to wholly satisfy the debt, the said Kunz Kuruth and his wife are hereby ordered to be brought to the workhouse prison, and there to be kept at hard labor until the said debt shall be paid. According to the law.

(Signed) "Under-Governor and Magistrate.

"Leuk, February 24th, 1804."

Merciful heaven! And did you not go to this cruel fellow and ask for more time?

Kunz.—The wretch! What did I not do to touch his heart and obtain a delay of but two weeks? But all in vain. No stone is harder than this rich blockhead. "I have nothing to lose," he said, "and I'm thoroughly tired of your begging. If by to-morrow my money is not paid, the constable shall drag you to prison."

Trude.—Didn't you go to our neighbors and our cousins?

Kunz.—They shut the door in my face.

Trude.—And they call themselves relatives!

Kunz.—A relative is one who helps you last and kicks you first.

Trude.—When we were rich, they nevertheless often satisfied their hunger at our table.

Kunz.—After digestion 'tis forgotten.

Trude.—Then you brought nothing home?

Kunz.—(Taking from his pocket a piece of bread and tossing it on the table.) Nothing but this bit of bread, which was given me by poor Heiny. He knows what pangs of hunger are! and this is why he gave it to me. 'Twill at least keep us from dying to-day.

Trude.—And to-morrow?—

Kunz.—To-morrow, when the constables come—then—only a knave submits to dishonorable treatment—then—as I have lived, so shall I die—a free Switzerman.

Trude.—You make me shudder. Have you tried everything?

Kunz.—Everything—and all in vain. He who once bears a curse, bears it forever.

Trude.—What are you thinking of? Do not look at me so savagely. Only three leagues from here the rich Staeffly lives, in the Kanderthal. He has unnumbered cattle, and might pave the Alps with his cheese. He has as much money as hay. He lives in sin and shame—and is always drunk at night. He lives alone. How would it do if you were to sneak into his house to-night and?—don't stare at me so; you could return it if God blessed us.

Kunz.—And if he cursed?

Trude.—It's only borrowing, to take in this way. Robbing—God preserve us!—no! Yet, in such dire need, to save our life and honor by taking what one can—to be replaced some day by toil and sweat—can this be sin?

Kunz.—Wife! Do you dare, shameless woman, to raise your eyes to mine? I, an old soldier of the Confederation, that even had a seat and a voice in the Diet, and that sustained with my wealth and blood the decrees I helped to make; I, that know how to read and write, and know the history of my native land; I, that know what patriots Tell and Winkelried were, and what in olden times each Switzer did, at cost of blood and money, for the common weal; I, that at the time of my honorable discharge, thirteen years ago, received a certificate from the Council of Berne for having taken, alone, a flag from the enemy—I steal? Do not dare to ever repeat such a proposition.

Trude.—In God's name, be not angry with me.

Kunz.—Your father was a minister of the gospel, and you, his daughter, would have me steal! Fie! Shame on you!

Trude.—Your anger is breaking my heart. Would that at the cost of my blood I might save you.

Kunz.—Look out for yourself alone. I know what I shall do. No one named Kuruth has ever yet been in prison. Must I be the first to cover with disgrace my name and that of my fathers? No! I am resolved, and cannot change my resolution. When to-morrow they come to lead me to prison, I shall fol-

low them to that turn in the path which leads from the Lamm glacier to Daubensee, then—may God have pity on me!—then—there is no other way—I shall cast myself into the lake!

Trude.—Merciful God!

Kunz.—It is better thus to die—though 'tis a cruel death—than prove myself unworthy of my fathers and steal or be dishonored.

Trude.—Oh, live, and we will go and beg our bread in far-away cantons. I never want to see again the place where I was born, inhabited, as it is, by such a wretched race. In another region, where they do not breathe the Alpine air, they know at least pity and humanity. Come—let us fly. Let us abandon this house to the curse alone. The place is already overburdened with debt—not a nail is ours. Come, let us beg of strangers; they will be more human.

Kunz.—Now—to go and beg! Are you crazy? Do you want me to become your murderer, wife? For that I should become if now, in winter, I were to take you from this place—you, a feeble woman. Do you think that it is a mere trifle, in this season, when avalanches hurl themselves headlong, when in each Alpine pass brooks, now become raging torrents, threaten, like a father's curse, ruin and death? A father's curse!—you helped to earn it, I have shared it with you, and you have faithfully borne it for twenty-eight years. Let me now expiate it alone. As soon as you are freed from me, the cursed one, you can more easily earn your bread—earn it, I said, not miserably beg it. No, may the wife of the brave Kuruth never be scorned.

Trude.—And you?

Kunz.—I will dare to appear before my God—to expiate my curse.

Trude.—And that you may purge yourself from the curse which cannot be expiated, you would tarnish the honor of your fathers, and drive me, your dearly bought chattel, to the grave in despair.

Kunz.—You think, then, that it is dishonorable to kill one's self?

Trude.—Fly from the snare that the Evil One would set for you! The blood of the Mediator was also shed for you. Oh!

take the Bible; let us pray and sing, and wash our sins in a flood of bitter tears. Although darkness may already hang over our eyes like a pall, it may yet be possible to be saved.

Kunz.—Really—you think so? Frankly, 'tis a hard thing to do, and I never thought I should attempt it.

Trude.—Well, pray.

Kunz.—I have not prayed for twenty-eight years—not since the old man died. You pray for me.

Trude.—Go get the Bible. O God, what anguish fills my heart!

Kunz.—I'll get it down at once. (He takes the Bible down from a shelf over the fireplace, and as he is handing it to Trude a paper falls out.) Here it is.

Trude.—A paper has fallen from it.

Kunz.—(Picking up the paper.) There is something written on it. Let me see. (He reads.) "This 24th of February, 1776, at midnight, my father, Christopher Kuruth, died, in his seventy-fifth year, of"—and then there is a large cross. Just look at it. Is the cross large enough to cover the curse?

Trude.—Oh! death's icy shiver passes over me!

Kunz.—What day of the month is it?

Trude.—What is done is done.

Kunz.—Let me see that mandate again.

Trude.—(While taking the paper from the table and handing it to Kunz.) Oh, pray to him who washes away all sin!

Kunz.—It's dated to-day. (Reading the date.) "Leuk, the 24th of February." To-day, then, is the anniversary of his death! Now everything is clear to me.

Trude.—And to me also.

Kunz.—Now, listen. This evening, when returning from Leuk, I arrived at that Alpine pass which ever higher and higher winds zig-zag like a serpent. You know that I am a man, and fear nothing save dishonor; moreover, I have travelled that path more than a thousand times, by day and by night. Yet to-day, while going back and forth along this never-ending wall of rock, I felt—how shall I express it?—afraid. All my life turned round and round me like an endless range of rocks—like one of those gorges of the Alps in which I

ever sought, yet never found, an outlet; as one who, deeply dreaming, travels far and wide with painful labor, and wakes to find himself in bed. 'Twas with such painful feelings I at length reached the mountain top. There I paused to look into the valley. 'Twas sombre as my conscience. Pushing on, I took the western path, and, suddenly raising my eyes, saw in the framework of a leaden-colored yet fleecy cloud, the Lamermer glacier near me, its hoary front crowned with white—just like my father when he was seated there. (Pointing to the arm chair.) In death's sleep, purple. The 24th of February fell heavy on my heart. I felt the executioner's cold steel lay on my neck. The cloud parts, and a sudden glow opens as if a fiery furnace meant to swallow me. And so I came to Daubensee and found the surface of the lake iced like my blood. My lantern, too, like my life, was almost at an end. Suddenly, with a hoarse croak, a raven, one of those that dwell upon the borders of the lake, hurled himself against my lantern, doubtless attracted by the flame. With both his claws he clutched the lantern's frame, and uttered cries like those my father shrieked as he succumbed to death; then, with its yellow bill, yellow like the handle of this knife (pointing to the knife hanging on the partition), it struck the lantern's glass, which made a sound like the sharpening of a scythe. Wife, for the first time in all my life I trembled like a child.

Trude.—Stop! You're torturing me to death.

Kunz.—'Tis then that the recollection of the paternal curse penetrated my heart. Murderer!—and that fowl that made a murderer of our son rose before me, as in a vision, high in the air.

Trude.—Let hell alone—pray!

Kunz.—No; that outrageous offense shuts me out of heaven. A father's curse fills this house, pregnant in wickedness, with frightful cries and visions horrible! (A knock is heard.)

Trude.—Some one knocks.

Kunz.—It is his spirit returning.

Trude.—No. It appears to be a traveller. Shall I let him in?

Kunz.—If it were the devil himself! What more could he do to us? Open! (*Trude opens the door.*)

SCENE III.

Enter Kurt, dressed as a traveller and covered with snow. He has a game-bag and hunting-knife hanging at his side. A money-belt, in which two pistols are stuck, is buckled around his waist. In one hand he carries an extinguished lantern, and in the other an Alpine staff.

Kurt.—God protect you!

Kunz.—Come right in.

Kurt.—Are you quite willing? (*Aside.*) I can scarcely restrain my joy or keep myself from pressing my father to my suffering heart.

Kunz.—Quite willing.

Kurt.—Yes, quite willing to give me shelter for the night?

Kunz.—Shelter — very willing; and a bundle of straw besides. If that will content you, you may remain.

Kurt.—The traveller soon forgets the fatigues of his journey when seated by the cozy fireplace, engaged in cordial talk.

Kunz.—As to cordial talk — right willingly. You are also quite welcome to the fireplace; but as to a fire—I have none to offer, for I have not a stick of wood in the house, nor bread either, save this bit, scarcely sufficient to mitigate the pangs of hunger.

Kurt.—(*Aside.*) How my parents' misery rends my heart! Would that I could make myself known to them. But no; unknown, I must try them and learn if they have withdrawn the curse.

Trude.—(*Low, to Kunz.*) He seems like a good man.

Kunz.—(*Low, to Trude.*) Seems; but is he?

Trude.—(*While brushing the snow from the traveller's clothes.*) You are very fortunate, sir, not to have been buried by an avalanche. Your light has gone out. Did you ascend the mountain alone at night?

Kurt.—It was yet twilight; and besides, I'm at home on the Alps, and accustomed to climb its steepest walls.

Kunz.—A confederate, a compatriot? Welcome! (*He extends his hand.*)

Kurt.—Oh, this hand! Permit me to kiss your hand.

Kunz.—Stop! This hand is not holy. It is soiled, and prompt to do evil. If no curse rests upon you yet—avoid it.

Kurt.—(Aside.) The power of the tongue still holds enchained—by a father's cruel words.

Kunz.—Come, you are fatigued; stretch yourself out yonder and suffer hunger and cold in company with us.

Kurt.—But there's no need of that. My game-bag is full—toothsome food, roasted and baked—a bottle of kirschwasser and a couple of bottles of wine. (He takes the provisions from his game-bag and puts them on the table.)

Kunz.—You seem to be prodigal.

Kurt.—Each lives as he can or must. Come, sit down; Mother Trude, sit here. (They all sit at the table.)

Trude.—How did you know my name?

Kurt.—Everywhere throughout the Alps there are plenty of Trudes.

Kunz.—(Aside.) What a curious fellow!

Kurt.—(Aside.) How can I escape this combat of joy and pain?

Kunz.—(Aside.) How strange!

Kurt.—(Aside.) How heavy my heart is! (Aloud.) Mine host, I drink your good health; pledge me.

(He takes from the game-bag three goblets and fills them. During the talk which follows, he fills Kunz's glass as rapidly as it is emptied, which happens frequently.)

Kunz.—It is not right that the master of the house should live at the expense of his guest.

Trude.—The gentleman is good, and gives willingly. Oh, may your heart find peace therein!

Kunz.—Very well. (As he drinks.) To a happy ending.

Kurt.—And to reconciliation—give me your hand on it.

Trude.—May the curse be raised!

Kurt.—(Aside.) Curse be raised!

Kunz.—Raised?

Trude.—How it warms the heart, this juice of grapes, so long untasted! How much good it does me!

Kurt.—Now, eat, too. Here is ham, sausage and a fowl; they will do you good also.

Trude.—Of the fowl I shall eat nothing.

Kurt.—Ah! I dare not eat it either.

Kunz.—Why?

Kurt.—Well—but help yourself to it.

Kunz.—No—if you'll permit, I'll keep to the wine; it warms me.

Kurt.—But you must loan me a knife, Mother Trude. I lost mine on the road.

Kunz.—Get it down. (*Trude gets up, takes the large knife from the nail, and hands it to Kurt, then sits down again.*)

Kurt.—This one! Haven't you another?

Trude.—No; it's the only one we have.

Kurt.—(*Aside.*) The blood stain is on it yet. Would that I, ill-starred that I am, had ne'er been born!

Kunz.—Did you remark it?

Kurt.—What? The blood stain?

Kunz.—Blood stain? Hem! You know that this stain was made by blood?

Kurt.—No—the blade appeared reddish.

Kunz.—Pour out the wine, my guest—the past is past—'tis only a fool that thinks of it.

Kurt.—Drink! To the happiness of your son, if you, indeed, have one.

Trude.—Oh!

Kurt.—Mother!

Kunz.—Enough of that; he has reached his end. Heaven grant that we may meet a seemly end!

Trude.—And not the one we merit!

Kurt.—(*Drinking.*) To a godly death which expiates every curse.

Kunz.—I drank to that before. You seem to be a singular guest; with your hunting-knife and pistols in your belt, you look like a hunter. How is it that night surprised you here?

Kurt.—I came from Kanderstaeg; I had intended to reach Leuk to-morrow. This is the reason I travelled at night.

Kunz.—(Reaching out his hand and shaking Kurt's.) Then early to-morrow we'll go together, my countryman.

Kurt.—Your hand is cold as death!

Kunz.—And do you fear it?

Kurt.—No; many times it has menaced me. I have been a soldier.

Kunz.—Let us clink our glasses, comrade, to the Switzer corps. I belonged to it; I know what it is. You must tell me something of your combats; I must steel myself for a combat, too.

Kurt.—You had a son?

Kunz.—Alas! don't speak of him.

Trude.—He was lost when a child.

Kunz.—Keep still—no more on that subject.

Kurt.—If I must tell my tale, pray set me an example. I have often been in this house. In all the districts of Leuk there was no inn to compare with that of Schwarrbach.

Kunz.—Oh, the devil! You know everything.

Kurt.—Now all seems poverty-stricken here. You speak of want and misery.

Kunz.—Of what interest is that to you? Come, let us drink—to the war!

Kurt.—How did you become so reduced?

Kunz.—Well, since you know everything—so be it. You have been a soldier yourself, comrade: you know what a man can bear, and when offended, what he may commit—but you appear very much disturbed also—as if you had a share in the curse.

Trude.—Pardon him; the wine has mounted to his head.

Kunz.—In spite of my white hairs—white before their time—I am yet a vigorous fellow; I was still more vigorous years ago. I have been a soldier; in war we don't stand any nonsense; I was as brave as the bravest, and split open the head of more than one enemy. My bravery earned for me a certificate which I received from the Council of Berne at my dis-

charge. My father, Christopher Kuruth—God grant him peace!—was hot-headed also. He was proprietor of this inn. I was given an honorable discharge—then—well, I'll say no more about it.

Kurt.—This glass to your father's soul!

Kunz.—No.

Trude.—Clink! to expiation!

Kunz.—Wife, how would that be possible? Each drop would burn like fire. Yes, sir, my father was dear to me. Without trembling, I marched gayly into a rain of bullets, but he upon whom a curse is laid trembles——

Kurt.—Steer clear of that.

Kunz.—No—you must judge for yourself. After I had obtained my discharge, my late father took me into his house, for the management of the inn had become difficult to him. I, then a fellow of thirty, full of strength and ardor, wished to share my pleasure and my pain with a woman. Several were offered me, but my feelings were all centred upon Trude, whom you see. She was pretty, knew how to read and write, and we loved each other well. Her father was a minister in the canton of Berne. These godly men leave at their death only books and children. She was poor, while I had house and home. Ought I to disdain, to abandon her, because she had a moment's weakness? Sir, whoever says A must also say B. In short, I married.

Trude.—Against his father's wish. Alas! that has often tormented me.

Kunz.—Yes, we were married secretly—without his knowledge. Ah! sir, that caused me much distress. My father was a fiery man who brawled and wrangled every day. He called her the priest's bastard. That, sir, went straight to my heart; for he that insults your wife injures and angers you more than he that insults you. One day—just twenty-eight years ago to-day the cursed thing took place—at midnight, on the 24th of February, I entered this room, then lighted by the pale rays of the moon. I had returned from the carnival at Leuk, and was in a gay and festive mood. My wife had remained at home, occupied with household cares. The old man, contentious and angry, had poured upon her head his vials of wrath,

as was his daily custom. My blood boiled—I doubled up my fist in rage—she was crying. May God doom me to eternal woe! I knew I was not doing right, yet to see your wife ill-used—a dear and feeble creature—is agonizing. What do you think? Your eyes are swimming in tears.

Kurt.—Man must always be on his guard against those thoughts and passions which come from the lowest depths of hell. But continue.

Kunz.—You are a wiser man. Oh, if I had thought of that! Although my blood was boiling, I pretended to laugh. My father continued his abuse and insults, while I, though fire within, was outwardly cool and tranquil. The old man raged. I looked at him laughingly, then took down yonder scythe. “The grass will soon be growing,” said I, “and the scythe needs sharpening. Our dear father can continue to growl according to his custom, and I’ll furnish a musical accompaniment.” Then, while sharpening my scythe, I whistled a lively air.

“His hat on head
Has feathers red;
His shepherd’s shirt
Bright ribbons girt.”

So sang I gayly. The old man then began to foam with rage, to storm and stamp and threaten. It was more than I could bear. “Strumpet!” he cried to my wife. That, sir, pierced my heart—I could contain myself no longer. That knife, with which I was sharpening my scythe, that instrument of perdition—that very knife I flung at him, and might have split his skull; but it did not strike him. Is it not true, wife, that, praise to God! it did not strike him?

Trude.—It struck him not.

Kunz.—Then the anger of the old man reached its height, and he became purple. “A curse upon you,” he cried, “and upon your wife and your children!” She was then in the third month of her first gravidity, and the old man, seated in that armchair, making one last supreme effort, hurled: “A curse upon you and upon your offspring! May your father’s blood be upon her head and yours! May you be murderers of a murderer, as you have murdered me!” Then apoplexy struck

him. All hell glowed before my eyes as he fell dead in this place.

Trude.—What's the matter, sir? You grow pale.

Kurt.—'Tis nothing. This terrible tale, or perhaps the wine. I'm better now. Come, drink. There—above the stars each curse is effaced.

Trude.—(To Kunz.) Do you hear?

Kunz.—One may learn of you—I think so, too. The old father was an ill-natured man, and in his youth perhaps did worse. When I was still a child, he, the worse for liquor, told us that once upon a time, when his father had angered him, he seized the old man by the hair and floored him. I but threw a knife at my father's head. He is dead, it is true, yet did he die of that? He had already reached a good old age—but who can tell? It is said that when a son has struck his father, the hand with which he struck him rises from the grave—but that is folly. I have more than a thousand times seen my father's grave; I've seen grass rising, but never a hand.

Kurt.—You were to tell me how you became in such reduced circumstances.

Kunz.—Yes. It is most strange, but truly, from the time of my father's death, nothing has succeeded with me. We continued to love each other tenderly, yet since he pronounced the curse it would seem as if his spirit glided between us. Not long after came her lying-in; it was a boy, God pity him! He already bore upon his left arm when born the mark of Cain—a blood-red scythe. Apparently, during her pregnancy this had deeply impressed her and marked the child—the child that later brought me much woe and sorrow. However, I forgive him.

Kurt.—You forgive him?

Kunz.—Thank God, he is dead. Five years afterward my wife bore a daughter—an angelic child. (Kurt rises.) What are you looking for?

Kurt.—Nothing. I can't remain long in one place.

(During the recital of the incidents that follow, Kurt keeps constantly walking to and fro.)

Kunz.—Like our Kurt. Hell was ever driving him, yet was he no fool nor wicked; but he moved in a circle, ever undecided and fickle. Was that due to the curse?

Kurt.—How do I know? 'Tis very cold here.

Kunz.—In short, once in February, when the girl was just two and the boy seven, on the anniversary of the old man's death, this self-same knife lay on the floor beside the door near where the children were playing. Their mother had just killed a fowl——

Trude.—Alas! I tremble yet whenever I think of it. This fowl had recalled the curse and father's death-rattle as he lay there dying on the floor.

Kunz.—The little fellow had seen the killing of the fowl. "Come!" he cried to his little sister; "let's play I'm getting dinner ready. I'll be the cook, and you be the chicken." I saw him reach for the knife; I sprang forward, but 'twas too late; the little one lay bathed in blood, her throat cut by her brother. You weep? Indeed, I have greatly suffered.

Kurt.—And you cursed him for it?

Kunz.—You foresee that? The law, on account of his age, could not punish; so I came to the help of justice and cursed him—yes!

Kurt.—And have you never withdrawn this rash curse?

Kunz.—Freely. God rest his soul! Is it not true that up yonder the burden of a curse is felt no longer?

Kurt.—(Aside.) Oh, father! (Aloud.) And did the poor fellow never come back repentant?

Kunz.—No. Pardon, yes; but no sight of him.

Kurt.—(Aside.) Oh, horror! (Aloud.) And have you never heard of him since?

Trude.—His father, in the first wild rush of anger, wished to kill the boy. I, seized with sudden fear, scarce knew how to save him, but sent him to my uncle near Thun. This uncle was a rector, a deeply learned man, and he wrote: "Your son has a good heart and is sturdy. He learns easily, but fate seems to be against him. He is always building castles in the air—has no application, no judgment; is inattentive and wild; and when I reproach him for these traits, he stares and weeping says that the scythe on his arm gives him no rest." This is what my good uncle wrote, but we never told him the cause of this mark of Cain.

Kurt.—Did you cry when he ran away?

Trude.—Oh!

Kunz.—(Low, to Trude.) Trude, take care. That hunter, like a sorcerer, knows everything that has happened. God grant that he may keep his distance.

Trude.—You know that he ran away?

Kurt.—I thought so.

Trude.—He was never contented with his lot. He often played truant. My uncle apprenticed him to a workman. He ran away several times, but always came back. As nothing seemed to have any effect upon him, my uncle, for correction, put him in the workhouse. From there he ran away for good and all—on the 24th of February, too. He was then, at the most, fourteen years of age. He went to Paris, as some one wrote my uncle, and perished, a soldier in the revolution.

Kurt.—And suppose this unfortunate son should return some day?

Trude.—Who ever returns from there?

Kunz.—I believe you would mock us. You have heard—he is dead. Speak of him no more, by all the devils!

Kurt.—(Still walking to and fro.) All right. But how came you to be so much reduced?

Kunz.—What is there about it to tell? Your questions, your looks, as well as your restless walking to and fro, begin to make me uneasy. Our barn was burned, disease killed our cattle, and an avalanche swallowed the large pasture field I inherited from my father. When coming from Kanderstaeg you must have seen that huge ridge of snow which extends for two leagues round it; it destroyed the most fertile Alpine fields. Well, those fields were mine. Twelve years ago this snow-slide fell from the Rinderhorn, burying unnumbered cattle and dwellers on the slope; 'twas no child's play. And to cap the climax, our last harvest was a failure. That ruined us root and branch, and loaded us with debt—made beggars of us. And whenever a misfortune came that pierced our hearts, 'twas always on the 24th of February.

Kurt.—(Sitting down.) How my heart is touched with your misery! If I could only relieve it!

Kunz.—Well, if you have plenty of money, loan us some.

Kurt.—Money—yes, I have enough—and I would do more than loan. However, rest easy; till to-morrow morning God will care for you sufficiently.

Kunz.—Sufficiently?—to-morrow?—God?—how?—or rather, the devil.

Trude.—You're always tormenting yourself.

Kunz.—Yes, I always have my doubts. (To Kurt.) You seem to be something halfway between a sorcerer and a priest, and I don't care to have anything to do with either one or the other.

Kurt.—Ah, Father Kunz!

Kunz.—'Tis thus I am named. Well, your wine is good, but how does it happen that you are climbing Alpine cliffs at midnight?

Kurt.—Alas! the story of my life is sombre also.

Kunz.—Misery loves company; you are, then, my companion.

Kurt.—When a child, I like your son, in an unhappy moment committed murder.

Kunz.—Ho! ho! How did that happen?

Kurt.—Do not reopen my heart's wound, which already begins to bleed. Pursued by the frightful crime, I fled. In Berne I took service with a gentleman as jockey. Although I was unknown to him, he, judging from my face that I was honest, and knowing me to be his fellow-countryman, took me into his confidence. He was a captain in that Swiss regiment for which the future reserved that terrible day in Paris. Regretfully he left his native land; but duty called, and he obeyed. He must fight for the oppressed king, and I had to go to Paris with him.

Kunz.—All must have been at sixes and sevens there?

Kurt.—Imagine to yourself each and every glacier in the Alps in rapid motion, each crashing into the other, and all precipitated into the peaceful valleys below, overwhelming shepherds who did not even pale, but coolly contemplated the frightful ruin, and, indeed, lighted joyful bonfires upon the

borders of precipices which were already opening beneath their feet. Imagine that—and you have seen Paris.

Kunz.—Then you saw our fellow-countrymen fall—the Swiss Guards in the fight at the Tuileries.

Kurt.—I saw that night which gave birth to so much misfortune. 'Twas a heavy summer's night, sombre and starless, as if the very stars of heaven had been extinguished so that these direful deeds might not be seen. Permit one who bears a curse to remain silent regarding this night, an eternal sign of what may happen when a whole people are cursed.

Kunz.—Well?

Kurt.—When our brothers fell, far from their homes and fatherland, in the service of a king of whom they were not vassals, but to whom they were bound by their honor and their oath—a king who was immolated before the palace of his fathers, himself the father of his people, and who died at his children's hand—

Kunz.—Such things may well happen in this world at the instigation of the devil.

Kurt.—My master, whom I had succeeded in saving through a secret door in the Tuileries, not being able to support the yoke of the rabble, resolved to fly to another part of the world. Our common need and country bound us as with chains together. My roving nature, always ready to change abode, and in addition the truly faithful attachment I felt for my master, would have made me follow him to the ends of the earth. With what ready money we had, we embarked for San Domingo, and, after safely surmounting many difficulties, arrived there at last—no happier than we were before.

Kunz.—You reached, then, through the seas, the new world?

Trude.—Men must be very happy there.

Kurt.—Yes, when they are pure (pointing to his head and heart) here and there. Else it is the same in the new or old world. My master became a planter, and I, dearer to him day by day. "I stake my life," he oft said, laughing, "and my all." Alas! had he not taken me with him, perhaps he would be living to-day—a curse is more contagious than a plague. I was taken with yellow fever, and he, while caring for me, was fatally infected, and died pressing me to his heart.

Kunz.—(Preoccupied.) He, when the knife fell, became purple. The painter Death knows how to lay on colors.

Kurt.—Alas! why did not Death take me, on whom he already had a claim by reason of murder? The plantations of my master fell to me by his will. I was rich, yet always full of woe and sorrow. When our conscience burns within, all the riches in the world cannot quench the consuming fire.

Kunz.—(Whispering, to Trude.) Did you hear that? Must I not?—

Kurt.—However, a faint ray of hope ever followed my despair, and as the mother hen extends her wings over her brood when the hawk makes ready to pounce upon them, so does mercy cover us with her protecting shield 'gainst the arrows of impending vengeance. Hope ever whispered that I should find in my native land remission from all my sins. I ever heard as from a far-off shore the Switzer lakes and cascades murmur "Come." The mighty glaciers, seeing my torments, seemed to cry, "We will melt; come." And the little bells on Alpine lambs seemed miraculously to tinkle, "We, the children of peace, to you announce peace; come." My guiding star also seemed to trace for me a path between the wild new world and the beloved old world. So came I here agreeably to surprise my parents that I have not seen for twenty years. I bring with me a goodly sum from that far-away land. I left my mule at Kanderstaeg; it will be brought to me to-morrow; then, as a faithful and repentant son, I will endeavor to obtain, in place of the curse, a benediction from my parents. And on the morrow I hope in their arms to begin a new life.

(*Kunz* rises from the table. *Trude*, who had arisen from the table some time before, had gone into the little bed-chamber and arranged the straw. She returns during the following dialogue.)

Kunz.—Where are your parents?

Kurt.—Here—only a league from here.

Kunz.—What! I didn't know that. I thought, until now, that for three leagues round there were only naked rocks or snow. Well, all right. You appear to be a singular sort of a person; you have travelled far and wide in the world; have

heard our lakes and cascades speak and our glaciers sing. Indeed, some of us can learn much by travelling!

Trude.—While you were in Paris you heard, perhaps, of our son?

Kurt.—Of the poor Kurt Kuruth?

Kunz.—(Aside.) He knows that name also!

Trude.—He was killed. They say he died a victim to the revolution.

Kurt.—(Aside.) I must try them. (Aloud.) Yes, the savage horde cut his throat—he fell in my arms bathed in his blood.

Trude.—Oh, would that he yet lived! How gladly I would forgive him all!

Kurt.—(On the point of casting himself at his mother's feet.) Oh!

Kunz.—No grimaces, sir; we are not frightened so easily. Go to bed; good-night; you can stretch out in that little room yonder.

Trude.—I shook up the straw for you nicely.

Kurt.—Will you be kind enough to awaken me at eight to-morrow?

Kunz.—If I do not awaken you, you will be at least, awakened by the constables who come to-morrow to take me to prison.

Kurt.—Just God!

Kunz.—That is also, I believe, the cry of the ravens. (*Ge-rechter Gott!*)

Kurt.—What time do the constables come?

Kunz.—Not until your sleep will be ended: at eight.

Kurt.—Oh, then awaken me at seven.

Kunz.—It seems, then, that you do not care to be brought in contact with officers of justice. They have, perhaps, been oft on your trail?

Kurt.—(Aside.) Joy and pain unnerve me and shut out sleep.

Kunz.—Well—go to bed.

Kurt.—Good-night.

Kunz.—All right.

Kurt.—(Aside.) Soon everything will be explained—the deception and the curse.

Trude.—Sleep in peace.

(Trude lights Kunz' lantern at the lamp on the table, then hands it to Kurt.)

Kunz.—And—cross yourself to ward off evil.

(Kurt enters the small bed-chamber with the lantern.)

Trude.—He has left.

Kunz.—Well—clear up the table a little. This meal is like that last meal given a criminal before execution. Well, when to-morrow's gone all folly and all pain will be o'er!

(Trude picks up the knife and hangs it on the partition near the scythe. Kunz seats himself in the arm-chair beside the table.)

Trude.—I can't get that stranger out of my mind.

Kurt.—(Alone in the little room, speaking to himself.) At last I am in the same house and under the same roof as those to whom I owe the light of day. Oh, break in bits, my Alpine staff, and you, O curse, begone! (He undresses during the following dialogue.)

Kunz.—(To Trude, who is looking through a crack in the partition.) Fie! Listening! Are you not ashamed of yourself, wife, to peek and listen?

Trude.—Now he is unbuckling his belt—he lays it on the table—it is large and well filled.

Kunz.—I don't believe the man from whom he took it suffers headache any more.

Trude.—What do you mean?

Kunz.—You go to bed.

Kurt.—(In his room.) In this small and tranquil room, oft, when a child, have I been lulled to sleep by distant Alpine horns. Oh, that this golden dream had never left me!

Trude.—He is talking to himself—of gold!

Kunz.—Go to bed.

Trude.—(Coming toward Kunz.) Well, don't get angry; I'm going. Aren't you coming, too?

Kunz.—Not yet.

Trude.—He spoke of our son—so much, so often.

Kunz.—God punish me, wife, if you do not keep quiet, I shall fly from the house this very night!

Trude.—Kunz—O God, what an idea strikes me! Suppose

he were the son whom we have believed dead, and who is now returning! Suppose he—— Ah! he was always dear to my heart. Oh! be not vexed at this maternal love.

Kunz.—Positively, wife, I can stand this no longer. I really believe you are talking this way simply to irritate me. Have you not yourself read in print that of all the Swiss battalion in which Kurt served not a single man escaped?—that in that terrible night of the revolution, which this lying stranger claims to have seen, they were all murdered? This son who has been so long in the tomb—is it possible that he could return? You might just as well claim that it is our father returning to shriek and menace us. No, my dear, death is the reward of sin, and no one that passes through the valley of the shadow of death ever comes back.

Kurt.—(In his room.) What is it that prevented me to-day from making myself known to them? We were so united, and talked so familiarly. How gladly I would have shed my tears on the paternal breast! Yet it seemed as if the horror of hell raised between us an insurmountable barrier, and that a mighty force pushed back the avowal that would leave my lips!

Trude.—(Half rising from the bed.) But who was he—the stranger?

Kunz.—Who was he? A rascal who hasn't an honest bone in his body.

Trude.—He said his parents lived only a league away.

Kunz.—He lied. In all the Alps round here, especially in winter, there are no living creatures but owls and us.

Trude.—He is so gentle.

Kunz.—Indeed! Did he seem so to you? Did you not notice his restless walking to and fro, and the glowing eyes he fixed on us? I, wife, have been a soldier, and understand such matters. How many men have I not met who were brave even in a rain of bullets, but from their threatening eyes and uneasy wandering one knew that all was not well with them—the Evil One burned within them a consuming fire; they were always agitated, ever running.

Trude.—He has left his wine. Take a swallow; 'twill warm you.

Kunz.—(He drinks.) To his felicity! (During the following scene he drinks repeatedly.)

Trude.—(Half asleep.) May God grant it him when soul and body part! (She sleeps.)

Kunz.—I should like to say amen, but since I committed that cursed deed I cannot. Shall I ever be able?

Kurt.—(In his room.) Do not permit me, O God of Peace! to lose myself in the storm and tumult of my thoughts. Bid the image of that bloody crime sink back to eternal darkness, and permit my sister's spirit, that perhaps at this very moment looks at me pityingly, to pour o'er my icy heart the sweet balm of peace. Thank God! the ice melts and tears now flow.

Kunz.—(Looking at the clock.) 'Twill soon be midnight. To-morrow, when the clock again marks twelve, I will be no more; for to-morrow early I shall— Ah! how the owls screech! They seem to say, March, Kuruth, and cast thyself into the lake. How strange! Must it indeed be so?

Trude.—(Sighing in sleep.) Ah!

Kunz.—She sighs even there. This house is a house of malediction, where crime succeeds crime, and the curse of the father is succeeded by the curse of the son. No being within its doors should be joyful; and yonder hunter alone can be, since he alone has money. Well, let him keep it. Have I not his wine? But you, O wine, can you save me from water—save? The traveller's gold can save me! No; what new demon inspires this thought?

Trude.—(Sleeping.) "Pray tell me why thy sword is red?"

Kunz.—She's singing in her sleep; 'tis curious to hear.

Trude.—"Just now I struck a vulture dead."

Kunz.—That is horrifying! She breathes heavily and with pain. 'Tis a bad dream; I must wake her.

Trude.—(Still dreaming.) "And that is why my sword is red."

Kunz.—(Calling.) Trude!

Trude.—(Awakening.) Eh? What is it?

Kunz.—What's the matter with you?

Trude.—Alas! I'm heart-weary.

Kunz.—You were singing in your sleep.

Trude.—I?

Kunz.—Yes; of striking the vulture dead.

Trude.—I couldn't get that song out of my head all day long.

Kunz.—Isn't that the old song which ends:

“Just now I struck my father dead,
And that is why my sword is red.
But the fault is yours, O mother!”

Trude.—Alas! it is.

Kunz.—A villainous song.

Trude.—Come to bed, won't you? I'm afraid.

Kunz.—Soon.

Trude.—Well, I'm going to get up, then. I can't sleep in peace. O God! the way of the transgressor is indeed hard. (She rises, weeping.)

Kunz.—Yes, and curses are evil weeds.

Kurt.—(Praying on his knees in the little room.) When I am about to depart from this life, do not forsake me, O Christ, but open unto me the doors of heaven, and in virtue of thy sufferings deliver me from mine. (He remains on his knees as if in silent prayer.)

Kunz.—What an idiotic old song that is, that red-sword song!—like steel icy cold on the nape of the neck. My teeth chatter.

Trude.—Mine also.

Kunz.—It's fever—I believe he's bewitched us, the gold thief. If I were sure of that, he'd find his match. In times of war I've separated many another's head from his trunk.

Trude.—(Shivering.) Separated head from trunk!

Kunz.—Are you frightened?—thinking of my father's will? Br-r-r-r— (Looking at the clock.) How quickly that pendulum moves! I'm cold; make a fire.

Trude.—Have I any wood?

Kunz.—Take the scythe; we shall no longer need that unholy thing—it has long deserved burning.

Trude.—I always shiver when I approach it. (She takes the scythe from the wall, breaks up the handle, and makes a fire.)

Kurt.—(Arising from his knees.) I have obtained absolution from my sins; the presentiment is fulfilled; I hear the mellow Alpine bells chime peace. Slumber steals o'er me; at last I sink to repose beneath the paternal roof. My cheerful Alpine horn has oft been hung upon this partition; yes, here's the very nail from which it hung. Memory retraces those

happy childhood days when my little sister's tender fingers engarlanded me with Alpine roses. My sorrows soothed. At home at last! (He hangs his clothes on the nail. The nail pulls out and falls with the clothes to the floor.)

Kunz.—What fell?

Trude.—I don't know.

Kunz.—I'm strangely anxious—give me the Bible again. (Trude hands him the Bible, then reseats herself in the chimney-corner.)

Kurt.—(In his room.) The nail will no longer bear my clothes. Well, they're heavier now. Come, I must pick them up.

Kunz.—(Reading.) "The blessings of the fathers hath built an habitation for the children, but the curses of the mothers hath torn it down." 'Tis untrue; the mother's blessing alone builds: 'tis the father's curse that tears down.

(Kurt, during the reading, has picked up the nail and forced it back into the partition. This operation causes the knife to fall from its nail on the other side; it drops at Trude's feet.)

Trude.—(Frightened, runs to Kunz.) Oh!

Kunz.—(Quickly springing from the armchair.) Hold! an idea strikes me.

Trude.—The knife fell.

Kunz.—Didn't this man say that he is a murderer?

Trude.—No.

Kurt.—(About to retire.) Now, at last, thank God! I have arrived at the end I sought. To-morrow my servant will bring my well-charged mule, left at the village. Then will my gold open the door of an earthly paradise. (He takes his money belt, which had been on the table, and places it under his pillow.) Come, my precious gold; 'twas you that made my return possible. Gold that dwelleth in the deepest depths of chasms. You were honestly acquired, however, the reward of my faithful service. I have brought you from the new world to the old to place you in my parents' hands; then may God grant all of us his blessing! (Lying down.) All hail, my native land! (He falls asleep. The light on his table dies out.)

Kunz.—He told me—that he had committed a murder. Ah! then he is an outlaw, and each is free to plunder or to rob him, since the laws permit; yea, even command it.

Trude.—For heaven's sake, husband!

Kunz.—I might, indeed, kill him, and none would gainsay me, for each is free to kill—a murderer.

Trude.—For the love of God!

Kunz.—Come, no noise—I won't do it—I shall only—there is no time to lose. He is a thief, that is self-evident; perhaps he is a sorcerer; such rascals are dangerous to the republic. I merely desire to share his booty.

Trude.—Oh, beware of such an outrage!

Kunz.—Then must I cast myself into the lake and commit impiety, now that even the law permits me to save myself by taking what has been taken? So be it. I can die.

Trude.—No.

Kunz.—Shall I?

Trude.—Do as you wish.

Kunz.—Then hold the light.

Trude.—(Taking the lamp from the table.) Oh, infernal torment!

Kunz.—It is midnight. 'Tis a favoring hour. 'Tis then one has courage. Even were my father lying there, purple from his stroke—— Well, wife, why do you tremble?

(Trude holds the lamp in one hand, and clutches Kunz's arm with the other. As he advances quietly toward the bedroom door, his foot strikes the knife which had fallen from the partition.)

Kunz.—Ho! ho! So you are lying here, eh, my old comrade? I'll take you with me. (He picks up the knife.)

Trude.—You surely will not shed his blood?

Kunz.—No. You don't, of course, understand these things. I have been a soldier, and a soldier knows how necessary precaution is—a sharp blade like this is always handy to have. (He enters the bedroom quietly, Trude still clutching his arm.) Say, don't you detect a corpse-like odor here?

Trude.—Oh! come back.

Kunz.—He sleeps. Where is his belt and gold? Ah! there it is, beneath the straw. Well, take it.

Trude.—No.

Kunz.—Are you ashamed to? Well, indeed 'tis not a very honest deed—'tis even dishonorable. Say, what do you think? Had not we better leave it alone?

Trude.—Yes; a guardian angel sent that thought!

Kunz.—(Putting the knife in his breast pocket.) Yes, let us die without crime—without crime? No. (The clock strikes twelve; he counts the strokes.) One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven—enough!—twelve. Do not scold, old man—the past is past.

Trude.—(Pulling him toward the door.) Oh, come!

Kunz.—(Opening the door gently, then suddenly closing it with a shiver.) Br-r-r—

Trude.—Heavens! what's the matter with you?

Kunz.—I can't go in there.

Trude.—Why not?

Kunz.—Didn't you see the old man seated in the armchair, his eyes half closed, his face deep purple, turn toward me?

Trude.—(Opening the door and looking into the room.) I see nothing.

Kunz.—(Drawing Trude to him.) Stay here—I fear—come nearer to me—so. (He holds Trude's hands in his and raises them toward heaven, as if he would pray.) Help me pray; help me.

Trude.—(Putting the lamp on the floor and taking Kunz's hands in hers). Oh, that I might obtain help from heaven!

Kunz.—Our father who cursed me. (To Trude.) Look at that stranger's mocking smile. He laughs at me, because I am cursed and he is not.

Trude.—(Drawing him toward the door.) Flee from the power of the demon.

Kunz.—(Again raising his hands toward heaven.) Our Father— (To Trude, who is looking at Kurt.) Listen! his gold is also cursed. Come, it calls to me; its voice rings clear at this midnight hour: Come—as clearly rings the glacier—Come. Don't you hear it?

Trude.—'Tis the owls screeching.

Kunz.—No; 'tis his gold that bids me come and gain my freedom; 'twill save me from eternal woe. Look how he laughs with joy; look at his blooming cheeks. Should this rake, rich and uncursed, alone taste happiness? And I, am I not flesh and blood likewise? Am I not a man?—more of a man

than he, since I stood in rank and file and bravely fought, while that cowardly murderer robs under cover of night? And should I alone, loaded with shame, cast myself into the Daubensee because I'm poor and cursed? No! (Tearing himself loose from Trude, who is trying to pull him toward the door.) No! I must save myself—yes, save myself, even at the cost of eternal woe. (Going to Kurt's bed he shouts:) Cursed sorcerer, your gold is mine!

Kurt.—(As Kunz is trying to get the money belt, Kurt, scarcely awakened from his deep sleep, cries:) Ah! thief! murderer!

Kunz.—(Furious, drawing his knife and stabbing Kurt twice.) Murderer yourself! You!

Kurt.—I—your son—and you bring me—rest?

Trude.—My son! (Kunz recoils affrighted.)

Kurt.—(Summoning all his remaining strength, he half rises from the bed and draws a paper from his breast.) Yes, your son. Here, read. (He sinks in Trude's arms.)

Kunz.—(Grasps the paper eagerly, runs to the lamp, and reads.) Kurth Kuruth, of Schwarrbach—a passport. (It falls from his hands.) Ah! accursed one, 'tis your son's blood! (He throws the knife on the floor so forcibly that it breaks.)

Trude.—(Turning up the left sleeve of Kurt's shirt.) He has the birthmark of the scythe. 'Tis my son. (Holding Kurt in her arms, she falls on her knees and says to Kunz:) Take my life also, you murderer of our child.

Kurt.—(To Kunz and Trude.) Your father—has—forgiven. You have—expiated—his curse.

Kunz.—(Kneeling before Kurt.) And you—will you forgive?

Kurt.—Yes.

Kunz.—And God—will he forgive?

Kurt.—Amen!

Trude.—He is dead.

Kunz.—(Arising.) Well, may God's will be done! I'll expiate willingly that which I richly deserve. I'll go myself to the courts of justice and denounce the murderer. Then, after the executioner's axe has done its work, may God be my judge! From him nothing is concealed. Another 24th of February! Most unhappy day! God's mercy is eternal. Amen.

